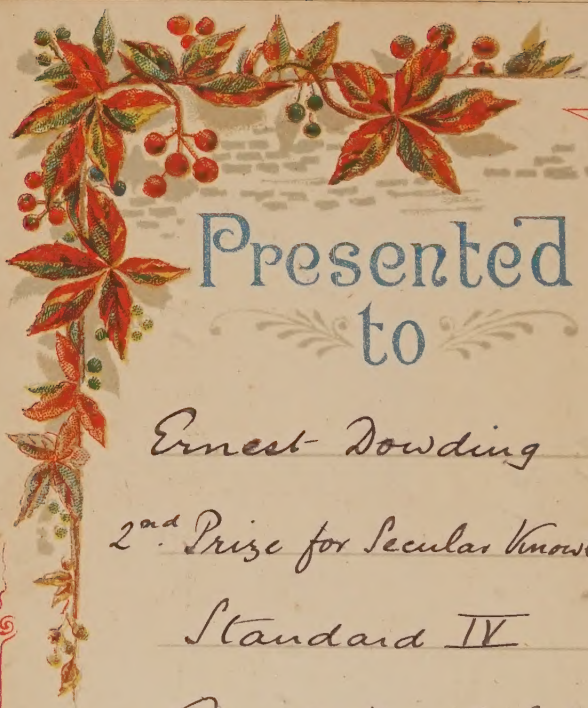
THE PEARLS OF A CROWN

The Castle Series



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The impetuous spirit of Gaston was not to be repressed, and shouting, "He that loves me, follow me!" he charged forward at the head of a thousand horse.—p. 167.

THE

PERILS OF A THRONE

OR

The Lives of some Boy Princes

BY

J. G. EDGAR

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THE

PERILS OF A THRONE

OR

The Lives of some Boy Princes

WILLIAM ATHELING,

PRINCE OF ENGLAND.

ONE day in August, 1100—when the Norman Conquest of England had been fully accomplished, and when William, second son of the Conqueror, had for twelve years domineered over a vanquished people — a gay troop of horsemen cantered down from the eminence crowned with the castle of Malwood, and entered the New Forest to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. At the head of this hunting-party was a short, thick, corpulent man, with red hair, a square forehead, and a countenance indicating some degree of brute courage. As he rode along, swearing and stammering in Norman French, every peasant recognised the second of our Norman kings and cursed him, in bitter derision, as "the Keeper of the Forests" and "the Wild-beast Herd."

The hunters, as was the custom of the period, dis-

persed through the forest to pursue their sport; and when evening came William Rufus was unattended save by one of his favourites, Walter Tyrrel, a knight of France. As the sun was sinking in the west, and the King and the Knight had concealed themselves in a thicket to watch the game, a large stag suddenly bounded up between them. Rufus quickly took aim; but his arrow falling harmless on the grass, he shouted with a fearful oath, "Shoot, Walter, shoot!" The knight, raising his cross-bow, obeyed; and his shaft, glancing aside and leaving the stag unharmed, pierced the left breast of his master. Instantly Rufus fell senseless on the ground, and Tyrrel, in alarm, rushed forward. Finding that life was extinct, he mounted his horse, galloped to the sea-coast, and lost no time in setting foot on the soil of France.

Among those who had attended William Rufus to the New Forest was his younger brother, known in history as Henry Beauclerc. This prince, who had then seen thirty-two summers, was tall and stately, with dark locks, a large, keen eye, and an aspect decidedly pleasing. Beauclerc was so reserved that people fancied he had little wit; but, in truth, his mind was filled with such projects of ambition as he dared hardly have talked of even to the winds. Separated, on this occasion, from the other hunters, and happening to break his cross-bow, he entered the hut of a forester; and there an old weird-woman hailed him as king. While he was exhibiting real or feigned surprise

at her words, the rumour of Rufus's death, spreading through the forest, reached his ears.

Far from manifesting any excessive grief at the fate which had befallen his rude brother, Beauclerc, perceiving that an opportunity such as he must often, in poverty, have panted for, had arrived, sprang upon his steed, spurred to Winchester, and demanded the keys of the King's treasury. While those who had charge of the royal money-chests were hesitating, the treasurer of Rufus—one of the hunting-party—rode up in breathless haste. "You and I," said the Treasurer, "ought to remember your elder brother, Robert Duke of Normandy. He has received our oath of fealty; and, though absent, he has the best right to the crown."

Beauclerc being in no mood for argument like this, high words passed; swords flashed; and there ensued a fray in which he was victorious. He took possession of the royal treasure, caused himself soon after to be crowned at Westminster, and won the favour of the natives by promising to share his throne with a daughter of the Anglo-Saxon kings.

The heart of the destined bride was much more English than her blood. A Scottish princess, reared by a spinster aunt in the Abbey of Romsey, had imbibed, with the air she breathed, those ideas and prejudices cherished by the natives of the island. Her blood, though not pure Anglo-Saxon, was royal enough to satisfy the most exacting genealogist.

Her father, Malcolm Canmore, was King of Scots: her mother was a sister of Edgar Atheling, the heir of the Anglo-Saxon kings, but set aside by the unscrupulous family of Godwin; and her grandmother was the daughter of a German Emperor, whom a son of Edmund Ironside had wedded when an exile in Hungary. This damsel, known by the name of Edith, was learned, accomplished, and so captivating that several Normans had sought her in marriage. Among her suitors it appears that Beauclerc had, in the days of his adversity, been the most successful; yet, when he proposed to make her queen, the royal maiden was with difficulty prevailed on to consent. Then a more serious obstacle was presented. Many argued that Edith had been reared in a convent, that she had worn the veil, and that an earthly husband could not receive the hand of one who had been dedicated to Heaven. The matter must certainly have looked awkward. But a man of Beauclerc's intellect, with the Confessor's crown on his head and the Conqueror's sceptre in his hand, was not likely to forego the fair prize on which he had set his heart. A great assembly was convoked at Rochester, and it soon appeared that Edith had never taken monastic vows, though she had sometimes worn the veil, by way of protection, in days when the Norman adventurers, flushed with recent success, paid little respect to female honour. The evidence proved satisfactory, and a few days later the Anglo-Saxon princess, on being united to the Norman king, abandoned her

name of Edith for that of Maude, as being more agreeable to Norman ears.

At Winchester, which had been the capital of the Anglo-Saxon Empire, and which in Beauclerc's reign reached its highest point of splendour, Queen Maude, in 1102, became mother of an heir to the crown. The boy was baptized by the name of William, after his grandsire, the conqueror of Hastings. But what was doubtless much more pleasing to his mother, he was surnamed "The Atheling," in allusion to his Anglo-Saxon descent, and regarded with hopes, never to be realised, by those who, for their conquerors, tilled the ground, and hewed the wood, and drew the water. The oppressed islanders naturally indulged in anticipation of a bright future; but as young Atheling grew up such delusions were dissipated. The boy's position was favourable to the development of any good qualities which nature might have implanted in his heart or mind. Beauclerc, who, like his grim sire, was in the habit of saying that a king without learning resembled a crowned ass, was not guilty of neglect in educating his heir. Maude, who had ever been distinguished by Christian devotion, proved the most tender and loving of mothers. But whatever William Atheling profited by the intellectual superiority of Beauclerc, it appears too clear that he had no sympathies with the Anglo-Saxon Queen. He inherited none of her piety; and ill did he repay her maternal care. Among the Norman barons he constantly heard

the race from which his mother derived descent spoken of with scorn; nay, more—the courtiers even affected to regard the King's marriage as a *mésalliance*. In Henry's presence, indeed, they preserved a decorous silence on the subject; but, whenever his back was turned, they amused themselves by nicknaming the royal pair Leofric and Godiva.

William Atheling very soon gave indications of a resolution to share the antipathies of the foreign seigneurs among whom he had been educated. This son of the Saxon Maude was also grandson of William the Norman, and had about him a good deal of the tanner of Falaise. He became rather more of a Norman than the Normans themselves had been in their most lawless days, and expressed himself in language which Hugh le Loup or Ivo Taillebois would have been almost ashamed to use. "When I come to reign over the miserable English," he was heard openly to say, "I will make them draw the plough like oxen." So far as men could judge from appearances, there was every probability of this precocious tyrant having an opportunity of executing his threat; and the people, forgetting in their despair that the Prince was young, and might attain to wisdom with years, retaliated with bitterness, and accused him of every evil propensity.

While such was the feeling of the English people towards the prince whose mother had the blood of Alfred in her veins, and while the States of Normandy were swearing fealty to William Atheling in his

fourteenth year, Beauclerc became nervously anxious to have the boy recognised as heir to the crown of England. With the idea of thus securing the succession, he called together the chief men of the realm; and on the 20th of March, 1116, they assembled at Salisbury. The Prince having been invested with the symbols of knighthood, the grand ceremony was enacted with the wonted forms. The barons placed young Atheling's hand in theirs, and did homage to him as the King's heir; the Archbishop of Canterbury, with other prelates and abbots, swore that if the Prince should outlive his royal sire, they would, without fail, put him in possession of the kingdom's crown; and the heart of Arlette's grandson, doubtless, beat high at this feudal spectacle, so grateful to his vanity as a father, and to his pride as a king; for though gifted with that quality called worldly wisdom, and wise in his generation, he was in the habit of forgetting that however man may propose, it is God who disposes.

While pursuing his ambitious career, Beauclerc, with whom no tie was so binding that he would not break it for his selfish purposes, invaded Normandy, forcibly deprived his brother of the dukedom, and brought him to England. About 1118, when Queen Maude died, Duke Robert had for years been in the dungeons of Cardiff Castle; but the unhappy captive had a son alive and at large. On behalf of William Clito—for so the son of Robert was named—confederacy after confederacy was formed on the Continent; and of these

the Count of Anjou was one of the most formidable members. To allure Anjou to his side, and thus break up the confederacy, was Beauclerc's game. With this idea, when war broke out in 1119, he took young Atheling to the Continent, and proposed a union between that Prince and the Count's second daughter, a girl who had scarcely reached her twelfth year.

Anjou, albeit not without sparks of honour in his breast, appears to have been far from proof against temptation; and, being flesh and blood, the prospect of a throne for one of his daughters was more than he had strength of mind to resist. In any case he played the traitor; and the confederacy having been dissolved, the King of France was under the necessity of acknowledging the English Prince as Duke of Normandy, and receiving the royal youth's homage in that capacity.

Elate with triumph, and ambitious that a long line of descendants should flourish as kings, Henry Beauclerc celebrated the marriage of his heir; William Atheling being then in his eighteenth, Matilda of Anjou, the bride, in her twelfth, year. Lisieux was the scene of this wedding. A splendid affair, of course, it was; and the youthful pair remained on the Continent, passing twelve months merrily at feasts and pageants. About the end of that time, Beauclerc, impatient to visit in triumph the land of which he was an unworthy native, gave the word of command for a return to England.

Barfleur was selected as the place of embarkation; and on a December afternoon—it was a Friday—the royal party were preparing to go on board, when a seafaring man approached the King. "O King," said he, presenting a golden mark, "my father, Stephen, served your father all his life upon the sea; and it was he who commanded the ship which carried thy father to the conquest. I entreat you to grant me, in fief, the same office. Here I have 'the White Ship,' fitly provided with rowers."

Beauclerc eyed Fitzstephen with favour, replied that he had already chosen a vessel for himself, but graciously intrusted the son of his hopes to the seaman's care. He, however, took the youthful bride under his own protection; and, little dreaming what the night was to bring forth, sailed with his daughter-in-law at sunset. When on the open sea the crew of the King's ship heard a cry of distress; but not suspecting the cause, sailed onward, and next morning reached the English coast.

When Beauclerc set sail, the Prince, his retinue, and his brother and sister, who, though illegitimate, rejoiced in sounding titles, went on board "the White Ship." It was a gay company that surrounded England's heir, consisting of ladies in the pride of youth and beauty, and lordlings of haughty air, gorged with the wealth, and fattened on the spoils, of the banished Anglo-Saxons. Little thought they that in the midst of life they were so near death! But such was the case.

The sailors asked for wine. The Prince ordered them three hogsheads; and the ship soon became the scene of such riot and dissipation, that several striplings, after surveying the deck with anxious glances, deemed it prudent to go ashore. Nothing daunted by this circumstance, those who remained continued their merriment with unabated ardour.

At length, when the evening had far advanced, when the sailors were drunk, and the skipper flustered, the anchor was hauled up. The mariners, excited by the wine they had quaffed, vowed to overtake the King's vessel. Fitzstephen held the helm; fifty rowers put forth their utmost strength; the wind blew gently; every sail was set; and beneath the pale light of the moon "the White Ship" rode swiftly along the coast. Suddenly a fearful shock filled every heart with terror and apprehension, and a piercing cry was raised by the passengers. The ship had struck violently on one of a cluster of rocks known as the *Ras de Catte*. One of her sides was driven in; the salt water was pouring through the rent; and the hold was filling fast.

It was an awful moment; but the skipper's presence of mind did not desert him. He lowered a boat; he placed the young Atheling and several of his attendants therein; and he told them to row for their lives. The shore was so near that they could hardly have failed to reach the land in safety; but, at that moment, an agonising shriek reached their ears. Prince William looked round. It was his half-sister Mary; and the

boy declaring, with a generosity which had never hitherto appeared to form part of his character, that he would not leave her in such peril, his companions put back; but ere the trembling girl could be rescued, numbers, animated by the instinct of self-preservation, sprang confusedly on board. The boat being upset, was engulfed in the blue waters; and at the same moment "the White Ship" went down, and all on board were at the mercy of the waves.

About three hundred human beings, eighteen of whom were ladies allied to kings and princes, had that evening sailed from Barfleur. Only a poor lad escaped to carry the doleful tale to the haunts of living men. A butcher of Rouen, Berauld by name, and a boy of gentle birth, Gilbert de l'Aigle, clung desperately to the mainmast as it floated heavily along. Fitzstephen, the skipper, after sinking, rose to the surface, and perceiving the survivors, breathlessly inquired, "The King's son—what has become of him?" "He has not appeared, nor have any of his company," was the mournful reply. "Woe is me!" exclaimed Fitzstephen. And he deliberately plunged beneath the waves.

The night was long, and the weather was cold, and weary grew the two survivors. L'Aigle, the gentle youth, lost his strength, yielded to the elements, breathed a prayer, let go the mast, and sank into a watery grave. But Berauld, the butcher, was more hardy and tenacious. Clad in his jacket of sheepskin, he energetically maintained his grasp till daybreak,

when he was picked up by some fishermen, taken into their boat, and thus saved from the fate which had befallen so many of the rich and the noble.

Berauld related the details of the woeful catastrophe, and the tidings speedily reached England. But no one would take heart to tell the sad news to the King; and Beauclerc cherished the hope that the son whom he regarded with pride as the heir of his dominions, his policy, and his renown, had put into some distant port of England. For a time the courtiers allowed him to remain in ignorance of his bereavement. When three days had passed, however, they sent a page—a little boy—who, falling on his knees, told, with sobs and tears, that "the White Ship" had sunk, and that all on board had perished in the deep. Beauclerc, who loved his son perhaps more than all the world, swooned in amaze, and sank on the floor. From that day, it is said, no smile was seen to light up his countenance.

The whole affair must, indeed, have been melancholy to those who were capable of regarding the past with sagacity, and contemplating the future with prescience. At Winchester, in that stately sepulchre where her maternal ancestors and their Danish foes reposed in peace together, the "Good Queen Maude" found a resting-place; and her memory was enshrined in the heart of the nation over which her regal progenitors had reigned. But far otherwise was it with her graceless son.

While no grave among Anglo-Saxon kings and

heroes, martyrs and saints, received the body of William Atheling, those who had shed tears of joy at his birth disdained to bewail his untimely end. Indeed, his epitaph was written with bitterness of soul by the annalists of the race of which he had spoken with scorn so unbecoming—that race which for six centuries had given kings and nobles to Britain. The Anglo-Saxons, not forgetful how this youth had, in the days of his pride, threatened to yoke Englishmen to the plough like oxen, pretended to recognise something supernatural in a shipwreck when the weather was fine, and the waters at rest, and did not hesitate to ascribe the Prince's death to the vengeance of Heaven. "The proud one said, 'I shall reign!'" exultingly exclaims a contemporary; "but God said, 'It shall not be, impious one! it shall not be.' And the brow of the wicked, instead of wearing a diadem of gold, has been dashed against the rocks of the sea."

WILLIAM OF NORMANDY,

SURNAMED CLITO.

Among the Norman warriors, who, with their swords, won lordships in Southern Italy, few maintained greater feudal state than the Count of Conversano. His castle, situated among olive-groves near the Adriatic, was a magnificent abode, and furnished with all the means and appliances that rendered feudal life tolerable and pleasant. Moreover, the Count was blessed with a daughter named Sybil, who was regarded as the fairest nymph in Christendom.

At this castle of Conversano, about the time when William Rufus was killed in the New Forest, a wandering knight arrived as a guest, and proved to be Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy. This prince, who was the eldest son of William the Conqueror, having just taken part in the siege of Jerusalem, and performed prodigies of valour at its capture, was welcomed with enthusiasm. Duke Robert was charmed with his host the Count, and everything about him—with his minstrels and jongleurs, his swift hounds, mettled hawks, and high-spirited horses; and he was charmed above

all with the Count's daughter, Sybil. The crusading hero was on the verge of fifty, and the Italian lady still in her teens; but his rank as a Duke and his fame as a champion of the Cross were fascinations not to be resisted; so Curthose led the fair Sybil to the altar, and carried her in triumph to Rouen.

Proud of his bride, gratified with his reception in Normandy, and utterly reckless as to time and money, the Duke, instead of prosecuting his claims on the crown which his younger brother had just seized, expended the whole of his wife's fortune in pageants and festivals, and appeared most happy while showing her in public, and marking the admiration she excited.

But Curthose's domestic felicity was of short duration. Sybil, in 1102, breathed her last, leaving an infant son, born at Rouen, named William, surnamed Clito, or the Royal Heir, destined to endure strange vicissitudes, and doomed to be carried off by death at a time when he seemed on the point of subduing fortune.

When Clito was still a babe in the cradle, his father, allured by promises of support from the Norman barons, invaded England. A sanguinary conflict seemed inevitable; but the craft of Beauclerc prevailed, and, after the brothers had indulged in a fraternal embrace, Curthose, ever ready to sacrifice the future to the present, was bribed to return to his ducal court. Easy and imprudent, Robert allowed his substance to be devoured by crowds of minstrels, favourites, and women much fairer than honest. Matters soon reached

a crisis, and everything went wrong in Normandy. The Duke's poverty was such that he had frequently to lie in bed all day for want of clothes befitting his rank; and, with no one to hold the reins of government, the country became the scene of such disorder, that the chief men invited interference.

Henry Beauclerc was the last man from whom Curthose, after renouncing his pretensions to the English crown, had cause to expect harsh treatment. Quite the reverse. When Henry, a prince without land and without money, seized Mont St. Michel in Normandy, he was there besieged by his brothers, and pressed so hard for want of water, that he sent messengers to request the free enjoyment of that which belongs to all men. Robert generously ordered his soldiers to allow those of Henry to supply themselves, and Rufus, who hardly knew what compassion was, swore and stammered. "You show great skill in warfare," said the Red King; "you, who supply your enemy with drink; you have now only to furnish him with meat too." "How should I leave a brother to die of thirst?" asked Curthose mildly; "what other brother have we, if we should lose him?" But when Henry became King of England, and wanted to be Duke of Normandy, all this vanished from his memory. "Thou art a lord in title," said he, "but not in reality; for they scorn who should obey thee. Cede to me thy duchy."

Curthose declined to comply with this request, and

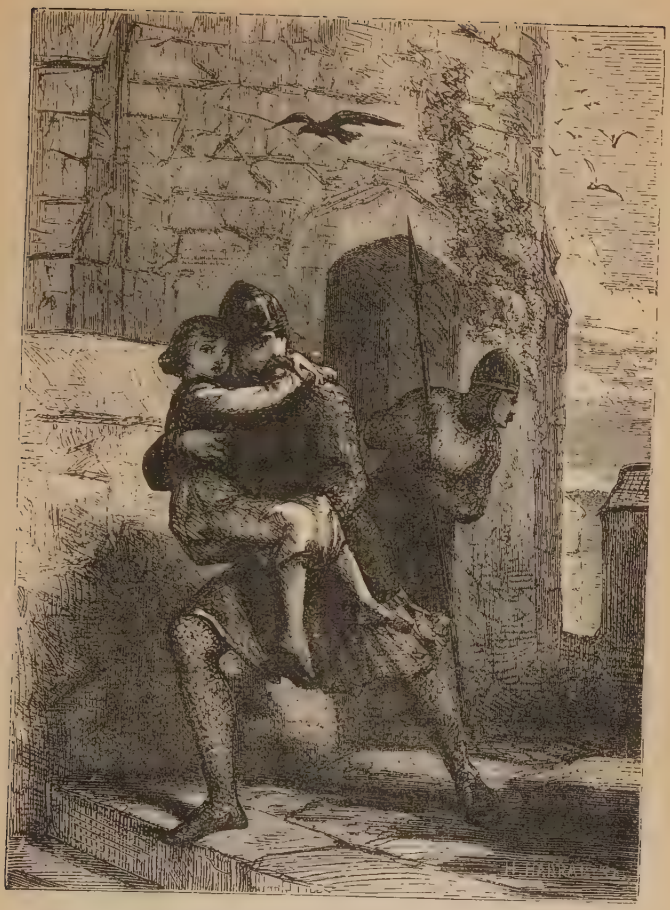
Beauclerc without scruple landed in Normandy with a formidable force. He encountered his brother's army before the walls of Tenchebray, and a severe conflict took place. Curthose resisted his fate with chivalrous valour; but at length he was conquered, taken prisoner, conducted to England, and committed to the Castle of Cardiff.

When first brought to England, Curthose was allowed some slight freedom, and permitted to walk about the woods and fields on the banks of the Severn. One day, however, while musing over his hard fate, the old spirit of adventure took possession of him; and no wonder. The Severn flowed onwards; the salmon leaped in its silver tide; the heron perched on its grassy margin; the eagle soared over the Castle of Cardiff; the very beings whom the conquest had made serfs on their own glebe appeared happy in comparison with the son and heir of the Conqueror. His plight was more than flesh and blood could bear; so he seized a horse, and rode off at a pace which seemed to defy pursuit.

But Curthose found that this was one of those occasions on which the race is not to the swift. His steed floundered in a morass; and the fugitive, being secured, was subjected to a more rigorous durance. Indeed, it is asserted that Beauclerc, in the plenitude of his power, caused his brother to be deprived of sight, by holding a burning hot brass basin before the miserable captive's eyes.

When the catastrophe of Curthose was accomplished, his son, William Clito, was at Falaise; and at that town the boy fell into the hands of his victorious uncle. Clito was then only five years old, harmless as a dove, and the very picture of innocence. Nevertheless, Beauclerc foresaw that, as years passed on, the son of the Conqueror's heir would be used as an instrument to curb his ambition; and the desire to remove such a being from his path must have been strong within a man who was, in all respects, the reverse of scrupulous. But the blue-eyed child, when brought into his presence, wept piteously, and sobbed as if his heart would break; and Henry shrank from rudely parting the soul and body of a being so defenceless. After a struggle, Beauclerc's good angel saved him from adding infanticide to that long list of enormities which made the Anglo-Saxons regard him as the most wicked of men, and gave rise to the memorable expression, "Royalty is Crime." Feeling, doubtless, as if the eyes of his Maker, his neighbour, and posterity, were upon him at the moment, the King of England ordered his little nephew to be removed, and gave him into the charge of Helie de St. Saen, a Norman baron whose fidelity he believed could be relied on, and whose character for probity was such as to preclude suspicion of foul play in the event of the young Prince coming to an untimely end.

Helie de St. Saen, rough and ready of hand as he was, had a tender heart under his chain armour; and



The servants escaped with Clito secretly from the castle, and carried him in safety to their master.—p. 19.

he was naturally attached to the boy, having married an illegitimate daughter of the ill-fated prisoner of Cardiff. He treated "the royal heir" with great kindness, educated him with the utmost care, and manifested towards him much affection. Beauclerc, aware of all this, grew alarmed; and, repenting of his lenity, resolved to get the boy into his own hands without delay, and subject him to perpetual imprisonment. With this object, he commissioned Robert de Beauchamp to make the seizure, and furnished that Norman baron with a body of horse for the purpose.

Thus it happened that, one Sunday, when Clito was eight years old, and St. Saen was absent from his castle, the people, coming out of church, perceived a band of armed men lurking in the neighbourhood. Not relishing such a circumstance during their lord's absence, they hurried to the castle, and gave the alarm. The servants, guessing the truth, hastened to Clito's chamber, found him asleep, awoke him, escaped with him secretly from the castle, and carried him in safety to their master.

Helie St. Saen, in the hour of peril, proved true to the unfortunate son of Robert, and bore, without complaint, the loss of house and lands, which was the result of his generosity. Clinging, with more than parental devotion, to the little Prince, he carried him, for protection, to the Count of Anjou; and, ere three years passed, Clito, under his auspices, had visited the courts, and become acquainted with the sovereigns, of France,

Aquitaine, Burgundy, and Britanny. The beauty and innocence of the little Prince won him many friends among the powerful, while his hapless position and vast claims rendered him an object of general interest.

The noble heart is ever with the unfortunate; and Louis le Gros, the King, who fostered the infant civilisation of France, and figured as the first knight of his age, was as generous as he was politic and brave. He wished Clito well, and had a deep interest in his success. His relations, however, with the King of England were somewhat peculiar, and slightly embarrassing. In other days, when Louis was an heir-apparent and Henry a younger son, the latter paid a visit to the French court at Constance. During a game at chess a fierce quarrel occurred. Louis lost money, cast some chessmen in Henry's face, and reproached him with his father's base birth. Henry furiously threw the chess-board at Louis, and felled him to the floor. Subsequently Louis, having to fly from France to escape the persecution of his step-mother, took refuge in England, and formed with Henry a close intimacy.

Circumstances, however, occurred to change this sentiment of Louis. As years passed on the unscrupulous seizure of Normandy by a man who was King of England inspired him with apprehension, and policy demanded that his feelings as a friend should be sacrificed to his interests as a prince. He therefore pledged himself to espouse Clito's cause when he should be of age,

to invest him with the Duchy of Normandy, and to aid him to the utmost of his power. The Count of Anjou also promised his support; and, as a pledge of sincerity, he consented to give Sybil, his eldest daughter, in marriage to the expatriated Prince.

While matters were in this position, and Clito was yet in his twelfth year, but giving promise of strength and wisdom, events hurried his patrons into war; and the Earl of Flanders, having become the right hand and guiding spirit of their league, Beauclerc sustained a series of harassing attacks all along the frontier of Normandy. He lost fortress after fortress, and town after town. Disaster preyed upon his spirits; he suspected that plots were formed against his life; and he dared not lay himself down to rest without a sword and buckler by his side. Rumour stuffed men's ears with stories of terrible visions that had appeared to Henry in his sleep one night when on his voyage to Normandy, and so frightened him that he thrice sprang from his bed and grasped his weapon.

The prospects of Clito were daily brightening, when suddenly Beauclerc put forth all the powers of his intellect, and accomplished by policy what his arms, however energetically directed, could hardly have done. He knew human nature sufficiently well to be aware that such a man as Anjou might be bribed to prove false to his allies: he resolved to buy off the Count, and he succeeded. Anjou agreed to repudiate the con-

tract between his daughter and Clito, on the ground of consanguinity, to abandon the princely boy's cause, and to leave his confederates to shift for themselves. The estates forfeited by Helie St. Saen were to be given to Anjou in reward for his treachery to the allies, whom he left helpless. The confederacy, which had been so formidable, was soon broken up; and King Louis was under the necessity of sacrificing the interests of his youthful *protégé*.

Clito found refuge at the court of his steady friend, the Earl of Flanders, and became an object of no slight interest to the people of Normandy. Indeed, his influence increased so rapidly, that Beauclerc, feeling the danger of allowing so popular a pretender to be at large, used every artifice to entrap him. Immediate possession of three English earldoms was the enticing bait finally thrown out to lure him to destruction. But Clito declined to barter his birthright for grants that would, in all probability, be withdrawn on fraudulent pretences; and, ere long, events seemed to vindicate the wisdom of his refusal.

These events arose from the unfortunate fact that Beauclerc had not a particle of honour in his bosom, and made promises only to break them. No sooner was the confederacy dissolved than he violated almost every engagement he had made on the Continent. He broke faith with the barons of Normandy; he repudiated his treaty with the Count of Anjou, and he secretly incited the subjects of France to rebel against his and their

liege lord. This wholesale treachery soon produced fruit in the shape of a new league, including the malcontents Normans, as well as the King of France, the Count of Anjou, and the Earl of Flanders. Clito's name again served as a rallying-point to his uncle's enemies; and he now mounted a war-steed, took the field, and was henceforth by turns the pride and sport of his allies—sometimes their hero, sometimes their victim.

Beauclerc had just sustained two great losses. His good queen, who had bound the Anglo-Saxons to the throne, had gone the way of all flesh; and so had his minister, the Earl of Mellent, who, by profound knowledge of continental affairs, had won the reputation of being the wisest statesman in Europe. Notwithstanding these calamities, the King of England faced the confederacy with his wonted energy. Accompanied this time by William Atheling, he appeared on the Continent, and carried matters with so high a hand, that King Louis was fain to beg a suspension of hostilities. The tide of fortune then turned. Beauclerc, losing ground, was exposed to the most serious reverses, and the star of young Clito was rising, when the Earl of Flanders, the heart and soul of the confederacy, was cut off by a wound at the siege of Eu.

Finding himself relieved from so formidable a foe as Flanders had proved himself, Beauclerc again began to practise his diplomatic wiles, and a second time won over Anjou by a large bribe, and a solemn promise that

his second daughter should be espoused by the heir of England. Clito and his royal ally, though thus left in the lurch, maintained the very unequal contest, till it was terminated by a skirmish, which took place one day in August, 1119, and which chroniclers have described as the Battle of Brenville.

The King of France and four hundred of his knights—such is the account—were riding near the town of Noyon, when the tramp of war-steeds and the ring of mail intimated the approach of the foe; and suddenly a gallant little army under Beauclerc and his son appeared in view. The chargers neighed; the trumpets sounded an onset; and each knight, couching his lance, sprang forward like an arrow from a bow. Clito, who led the French van, bore himself with hereditary courage. Closely attended by the stout Count of Evreux, he broke the hostile ranks, penetrated to the standard of England, and was face to face with his father's cruel jailer. Evreux, raising his weapon, aimed two blows at Beauclerc's head; but the royal warrior's steel cap protected its wearer; and the Anglo-Norman knights, closing in, bore back the brave assailants.

Nor was Beauclerc exposed to further peril; for the charge which Clito had gallantly led not being properly supported, the French soon had the worst of the fray. Three of their knights lay dead on the ground; a hundred more were prisoners; the royal standard was in the hands of the enemy; Louis, un-

horsed, was escaping on foot; and Clito, having had his palfrey killed under him in the encounter, was fain to follow the King's example. While wandering about, Louis and his youthful ally lost themselves in a wood, and were in some danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. But a countryman, finding them in this predicament, conducted them in safety to Audely, where they rallied the remains of their little army, and defied the King of England to another trial of strength.

But such a method of closing the controversy was by no means in accordance with the views of Beauclerc. Having full confidence in his diplomatic powers, he chose rather to trust to subtle courtesies and crafty negotiations. He hospitably entertained the captive knights, set them free on the payment of ransoms befitting their rank, sent Louis a war-horse magnificently caparisoned, and caused his son to despatch to Clito a splendid palfrey and many chivalrous compliments. The French monarch, finding how hopeless it was to cope with such an adversary, appealed for redress to Rome.

At Rheims the Pope forthwith convoked a Council, and thither he came to preside in person. Louis acted towards his *protégé* with loyal chivalry. He presented Clito to the Council as the son of a deeply-injured prince; he complained of the gross injustice done to Curthose; and he demanded the aid of the Church in regaining for that brave champion of the Cross the Duchy of Normandy, which was his by hereditary

right. The Pope, without taking one side or the other, mediated between the rival monarchs, and decided that the King of England should remain in possession of Normandy, on condition of his son doing homage for it to France. All efforts to obtain some settlement in favour of Clito proved futile. He had nothing left but the personal friendship of Louis, and that nobility of soul which teaches the brave spirit never to hold counsel with despair.

However, this princely youth, in spite of unpropitious fortune and false friends—in spite of having to eat the bread and climb the stairs of another, continued to grow day by day in favour and popularity. He, unlike Curthose, was so prudent in pecuniary matters that people called him a miser; but he was loved and admired by all who knew him, and especially the Normans, who regarded him with pride as the darling of their nation. His immediate prospects were not cheering, it was true, but hope could still gild the future; and, now that the son of Beauclerc was no more, the probability of William Clito yet wearing the coronal of Normandy and the crown of England was not out of the question. A great confederacy of continental princes was already forming with the object of vindicating his rights, when a transaction, most characteristic of Beauclerc, precipitated the inevitable crisis.

After the young Atheling perished in "the White Ship," the Count of Anjou demanded back his

daughter, with the portion which had accompanied her hand; and Beauclerc unhesitatingly surrendered the fair young Matilda, but meanly insisted on retaining her dower. The Count swore and stormed after the most approved fashion of the day, placed his daughter as a nun in the Couvent of Fontrevaud, and vowed a speedy revenge on the royal knave. Renewing his alliance with the King of France, Anjou affianced his daughter Sybil to Clito, and, as a pledge of his good faith, which the boy had cause to doubt, put him in possession of the Earldom of Mons. Their league soon assumed formidable proportions; the Earls of Mellent and Mowbray raised the standard of insurrection; and a host of Norman barons vowed to stand or fall by the gallant son of the true heir of the Conqueror.

But Beauclerc, though a knave, was no fool; he well understood how to play for kingdoms and crowns —it had been the game of his life. Despairing, after a second marriage with Adeliza of Louvaine, of leaving a son to succeed him, he resolved on a bold stroke of policy. He had a daughter, known as the Empress Maude, who happened to be a widow, and though at that time no woman could properly rule England, he made the barons swear allegiance to her as the heir of his throne. Moreover, he offered this widowed Empress in marriage to Geoffrey Plantagenet, son of the Count of Anjou, in order irrevocably to detach that powerful house from Clito's cause. The Count again deserted the youth without scruple, a third time formed a close

alliance with the man against whom he had vowed vengeance, and a second time breaking a matrimonial contract, dismissed the gallant Prince from his court.

Young Clito had still a friend left, for the King of France did not desert him in the day of adversity. To the French court he went, sad and sorrowful, with traces of grief visible on his countenance. Pity, sympathy, and that romantic honour natural to a man who aspired to be the first knight of his age, prompted the struggling sovereign to stand firmly by his *protégé*. Louis betrothed to Clito the sister of his queen, a daughter of the House of Savoy, and with her agreed to give the country bordering on Normandy. After this Clito went to Gisors, and laid claim to Normandy; but Beauclerc had quite cowed the Normans, and they were afraid to lend countenance to Duke Robert's heir. Ere long, however, his fortunes began to flourish.

The Earl of Flanders having been slain by conspirators at the foot of the altar, the King of France, as liege lord, entered the country to punish the assassins. In this expedition Clito accompanied his royal brother-in-law, and Louis conferred upon him the vacant earldom. As heir of Matilda of Flanders, the Conqueror's queen, Clito's hereditary claim was unexceptionable; and the Flemish people offered no opposition to their new Earl. The King of France, having seen his nominee fairly installed, took his departure, under the impression that his young relative was secure, and in a favourable position for prosecuting his designs on Normandy. But

scarcely was the King's back turned when the Flemings formed a conspiracy, and sent for aid to the English monarch, whose ruling passion now was to accomplish his nephew's ruin.

Clito was at Ypres when the conspiracy was formed, and the Flemings resolved to attack by night the fort where he lay. It happened, however, that the handsome prince had inspired a young lady of the town of Ypres with a romantic attachment; and she, on becoming aware of what was intended, rushed to his presence, and with tears revealed the plot. Upon becoming aware of his peril, Clito hastily left Ypres with his friends, and, taking the damsel with him, caused her to be escorted to William, Duke of Aquitaine, with a request that she should be provided with a suitable husband. After this he prepared for action.

The Flemings said in their haste, "This is a mere tyro in war." They forgot, in their conceit and self-sufficiency, the battles, fortunes, and sieges Clito had passed, and deluded themselves with the anticipation of an easy victory. He soon convinced them how deeply they were mistaken, and scattered their ill-directed host. In their obstinate despair they implored Thierry, Landgrave of Alsace, to place himself at their head. Thierry accepted the pressing invitation, advanced a claim to the earldom, as descendant of some ancient chief of the country, and took the field, after having received from Beauclerc aid in money and promises of men.

The garrisons of Lisle, Ghent, and other places, treacherously surrendered, and the aspect of affairs was most menacing. But, in the midst of danger and difficulty, the spirit and courage of Clito sustained his heart and nerved his arm. His whole career had been a struggle against misfortune, and adversity had taught him skill and wisdom. He encountered Thierry and the turbulent Flemings under the walls of Alost, inflicted a signal defeat on his enemies, and raised the drooping spirits of his adherents. Fortune now seemed to yield to Clito's energy and valour; but there was drawing nigh a foe less easily baffled than Beauclerc, or Thierry of Alsace.

One summer night—so chroniclers assert—poor, old, blind Curthose, who for well-nigh twenty years had known no mate but misery, while sleeping in his dungeon at Cardiff, dreamed that his son was mortally wounded with a lance in the arm, and next morning exclaimed mournfully to his keeper, "Alas! I fear my son is dead." It soon appeared that this dream had come through that gate of horn of which poets have sung. While engaged in a sharp skirmish with the garrison of Alost, Clito, catching at the lance of an antagonist, was slightly cut under the ball of his right thumb. The wound, which at first appeared a mere scratch, ere long, from neglect or improper treatment, produced mortification. Aware that his last hour was approaching, Clito wrote to his uncle, imploring pardon for those Normans who had followed his fortunes.

Having discharged this duty, the gallant Prince expired on the 27th of July, 1128.

Robert Curthose survived for years the young hero who had struggled so bravely to avenge his wrongs; but at last he found his condition intolerable. One day a messenger from Beauclerc having brought the poor captive a scarlet robe, Curthose asked if it had ever been worn. The messenger then told him that the King had tried it on, that he had found the capouch too small, and that he had said, "Carry this garment to my brother; his head is less than mine." "Ah!" exclaimed Curthose, the cup of bitterness overflowing, "methinks I have protracted a miserable life too long, since my brother sends me his old clothes to wear;" and from that hour he refused either to be fed or comforted. Providence, in mercy, soon relieved the aged captive from his misery. The wounded spirit winged its flight; the broken heart ceased to beat; the sightless eyes closed in death; and the weary limbs rested for ever.

Meanwhile Clito had been buried in the Abbey of Bertin, at St. Omers; and a magnificent tomb was erected to mark the spot where reposed the Conqueror's heir.

ARTHUR OF BRITANNY.

In the autumn of 1186 a grand tournament was held at the Court of Paris, then presided over by Philip Augustus. While taking part in the *mêlée* one of the King's guests was unhorsed, and trampled to death by the hoofs of the other combatants' steeds. The knight who thus died ranked as a Prince of England and a Peer of France; he was Geoffrey Plantagenet, son of our second Henry, and husband of Constance, the youthful Duchess of Britanny.

Some months later than the sad event which made her a widow—on Easter-day, the 29th of March, 1187—while residing at Nantes, Constance, who had already an infant daughter, gave birth to a son. This boy was heir to the province which she had brought to the House of Plantagenet; and the inhabitants of Britanny, a wild and imaginative race, were enthusiastic with delight at their little Prince's birth. Cherishing a superstitious veneration for the memory of King Arthur, they, in defiance of the wishes of the powerful Henry, insisted on the infant receiving the name of that British hero of romance. In deference to their ardent

desire the Prince was called Arthur; and the Bretons regaled their fancies with dreams of a period when he should restore their national independence, and rule over them free from the interference of England or France.

Alas for such anticipations! Hardly had the lad been cradled—hardly had the Bretons smiled with complacency at his promising appearance—when Philip Augustus, King of France, assumed the right to govern the province in his name. To this, of course, Henry Plantagenet objected; and the two kings met to arrange matters at Gisors, under an old elm-tree, which grew so exactly on the frontier, that each of the sovereigns could, while conversing, shelter himself from the sun or rain under its peaceful shadow, and yet stand safe on the territory which acknowledged his sway. The conference, like most others between those famous masters of kingcraft, came to nothing; and Henry, being soon after laid at rest in the Abbey of Fontrevaud, the tomb of the early Plantagenets, his son Richard, the famous *Cœur de Lion,* became sovereign of England and Duke of Normandy.

When this had taken place, and Arthur, our little hero, was two years of age, his warlike uncle, faring forth to signalise his prowess in the crusades, affianced the Prince to an infant daughter of the Norman King of the Two Sicilies. Richard, whose reckless and adventurous disposition placed his life in perpetual jeopardy, described Arthur as "his most dear nephew and

heir," and even negotiated a treaty with the King of Scots to support the boy's rights in case of necessity. But Constance of Britanny, a vain woman, who was serious in nothing but her amours and intrigues, indulged her caprice to such an extent, playing off the boy between Richard and his rival Philip, that the lion-hearted Crusader expressed his indignation at the distrust she manifested, and allowed the claims of Arthur, as his heir, to be set aside in favour of his brother, John Lackland.

When Richard, wounded by the poisoned arrow of Bertrand de Gordon, expired in the Castle of Chalus, John, by the production of a will which he affirmed *Cœur de Lion* had executed in his favour, contrived to have the golden coronal of the Duchy of Normandy placed on his head at Rouen. He then crossed the Channel to secure his interests in England; and there his coronation was accomplished without the semblance of opposition. Nor is it wonderful that such should have been the case; for John had been born and educated in the country, while Arthur was utterly unknown to the bulk of the people, and the English as yet made no account of that divine authority supposed to adhere to the blood of kings. Their monarchy was, in name at least, elective; and Lackland so managed matters that, while defying the doctrine of primogeniture, he eluded the responsibility of an elected sovereign. As for poor Arthur, his name does not even appear to have been mentioned.

So far all went smoothly. But the people of Anjou and Britanny, who took a different view of the law of hereditary succession, which was then in a most unsettled state, proclaimed Arthur as their rightful sovereign; and Constance, carrying her handsome boy to Paris, placed him under the protection of the court of France, and tendered the oath of fealty for the provinces claimed by her on his behalf.

Philip Augustus, a cool, patient, and persevering prince, had, like most real heroes, one project around which all his ideas clustered. While paving the streets and improving the architecture of his capital; while enclosing the park at Vincennes, and building the palace of the Louvre; while providing a bazaar for merchants, and securing the privileges of the University; while persecuting Jews or heretics, and resisting the interdicts of the Pope; his cherished aspiration was, by dissolving the continental empire of the Plantagenets, to convert France into the great feudal monarchy of Europe. He knew full well, however, that patience was the condition of success, and acted accordingly.

While King Henry lived the movements of Philip Augustus had been made with extreme caution, and without any clear advantages. While coping with the impetuous Richard he had slightly advanced his scheme by a series of petty victories. But with a rival like King John—a boaster, a coxcomb, a tyrant—he felt that his calm intellect and sagacity must render him a conqueror His policy had hitherto been to

set the Plantagenets at strife with each other, and avail himself of their discord. He had arrayed son against father, and brother against brother, and wife against husband. He regarded Arthur as a fitting instrument to be used in advancing his cherished schemes; and he received the fatherless boy with an affectation of paternal kindness. Moreover, he promised every aid in his power to make good such claims as the ill-fated Prince could advance to the kindgom of England and the duchy of Normandy.

While Arthur, encouraged by Philip, was indulging in boyish dreams, and men were mustering to vindicate his claims, the position of John in England was becoming critical. He appears, indeed, to have been menaced from all quarters. The populace, not without reason, regarded him as the most odious of tyrants; the Anglo-Norman nobles, pretending to sympathise with the people among whom they had been born, openly expressed their contempt; and, to make matters worse, William the Lion, King of Scots, threatened to lay waste the northern counties with fire and sword.

Notwithstanding the menacing aspect of affairs, John crossed over to Normandy to repel aggression, and drew so many great lords around him, that Philip, without fighting, demanded a truce of six weeks. On its expiration he proposed a treaty of peace, by which all the French possessions of the English crown—save Normandy—should be given to Arthur, and part of Normandy handed over to Philip. These demands

were thought far too high, and the war was commenced with the utmost animosity.

And now John's mercenary soldiers fell with savage ferocity on Britanny, and committed fearful havoc. The corn-fields were laid waste; the houses burned; and the inhabitants slain or sold as slaves. A small army of Bretons, under William de la Roche, Arthur's guardian, stood bravely out; and Philip coming to their rescue took several fortified castles. But the French king, though appearing among the Bretons in the character of a friend, destroyed the captured strongholds as unscrupulously as the invaders; and De la Roche, having sufficient penetration to see through the royal politician's designs, in a fit of indignation withdrew Arthur and Constance from the French court.

Being himself a man of generous sentiments, and having confidence in those influences arising from kindred blood, De la Roche was on the point of carrying the mother and the son to the Norman court, and appealing to John for justice and protection. Some say he actually conducted them to Rouen, and effected a reconciliation. But suspicions and vague rumours that John intended putting his nephew to death caused Constance to withdraw privately the same night, and place herself and her son beyond his reach at Philip's court. The return of Arthur and Constance to Paris gave Philip a plausible pretext for carrying on the war and advancing his ambitious schemes. But

John having strengthened himself by an alliance with his nephew, Otho, Emperor of Germany, and with the Earl of Flanders, showed a front so formidable, that the French monarch employed a wily cardinal to negotiate a peace. The rival kings came to terms, and by the treaty, concluded in the spring of 1200, Philip agreed to restore all that he had taken from the crown of England since the death of Richard, and also bound himself to give no further aid to Arthur of Britanny.

After this, John seemed for a brief period to be in full possession of prosperity. But he was one of those whose evil passions are ever unexpectedly hurrying them into new peril. Ere long he took an imprudent and disgraceful step, before which his prosperity vanished like the morning dew.

While making a progress through that continental empire which his father had extended from the Channel to the Pyrenees, John was fascinated with the beauty of Isabel of Angoulême, a lady who, while in her teens, had been betrothed, if not married, to the Count de la Marche. Notwithstanding this contract the King, as if infatuated, insisted on her parents breaking off the match; and it does not appear that they offered any serious objection. But, whatever might have been their sentiments, the fair Isabel, dazzled with the combined lustre of a crown and a coronal, jilted the poor Count without any reluctance; and John, after obtaining a divorce from his own wife, bore off the faithless beauty in triumph to England.

And now De la Marche, who had patiently bided his time, swore to be avenged, raised his standard, and instigated the whole of Poictou to rebellion. John had scarcely reached England with his bride when news of this outbreak arrived, and roused him from luxurious indolence. Having sent the Earl of Pembroke in all haste to Normandy, John crossed the sea, and journeyed to the court of France, where he was received by Philip with a great display of friendship, and entertained with the utmost hospitality. Nothing could have exceeded the affection and esteem Philip expressed for his royal guest. A master of dissimulation, he was merely playing his game. All this time he was in league with the insurgent barons; and while professing an ardent desire for close concord with his brother-king, he was meditating a decisive war. The King of England, who could frighten none but cowards, marched into Aquitaine without striking a blow. The King of France smiled internally at his departed guest's credulity, and prepared to drive him with ignominy from the Continent.

When, by the treaty of 1200, all his interests were unscrupulously sacrificed, Arthur, though conscious that he was a mere tool in the hands of his royal patron, was so apprehensive of the intentions of John, that he was fain to repress his juvenile indignation, and remain as a dependent at the French court. While there he received intelligence of his mother's death. Constance drew her last breath at Nantes, in August

1201; and Arthur, going from Paris to Rennes, received the oaths of fealty, and took possession of his duchy. But when Philip resolved on pushing matters to extremity, the orphan Plantagenet, who had now reached his fifteenth year, was recalled to the French court, received with marks of high distinction, and once more taken under Philip's protection. "You know your rights, and would like to be a king," said the royal politician. "Most assuredly," exclaimed Arthur, renewed hope lighting up his handsome features. "Here, then," said Philip, "I will give you two hundred knights. March at their head, and take possession of your inheritance, while I make an incursion into Normandy."

After knighting his young *protégé*, Philip ordered the militia of Berry and Burgundy to take part in the expedition. Having done this, he endeavoured to prove his sincerity by betrothing his youngest daughter to the Prince, whom he was sending forth to something like certain destruction. Arthur, buoyed up with hope, and glowing with youthful enthusiasm, buckled on his armour, bade adieu to his royal host, grasped his sword, mounted his charger, and raised his standard. The very novelty of his position was naturally fascinating to the imagination of an unfledged warrior; and he rode forth to make good his title, not knowing that it was for his life. The Bretons sent him five hundred knights and four hundred foot soldiers; while Touraine and Poictou furnished a hundred and ten men-at-arms; and

at the head of this force, which was utterly inadequate, he entered upon his enterprise.

With his little army Arthur broke into Poictou, and there he was joined by Hugh de la Marche. When passing Mirabeau, Arthur learned that his grandmother, Eleanor of Aquitaine, was residing there with a weak garrison and frail fortifications. The royal dame had always hated her grandson, and refused to acknowledge his title. "If you can get her into your power," argued Count Hugh, "John will come to terms. To do so, we have only to take this town. Let us lay siege to it forthwith."

Glowing with a juvenile passion for martial renown, and totally inexperienced in military affairs, Arthur consented, and Mirabeau was attacked. At first the adventure was so successful that the outworks were taken by storm, and the town yielded. But Eleanor, though she had seen some fourscore summers, retained her spirit and energy. She threw herself into the citadel, sent to inform John of her peril, and while waiting for his aid made a vigorous defence, and kept her assailants at bay.

While the adherents of Arthur were confident of success, and while the Prince himself was indulging in aspirations never to be realised, an army suddenly appeared before the town. Under the impression that this was a body of roving Brabintins, Arthur and his friends sallied forth to fight them in the open ground With feelings of horror, and a prescience of evil, the

young Prince's soldiers discovered that they were in front of the army of King John, who, having received intelligence of his mother's peril, had come to her rescue with a celerity of which so indolent a man had naturally been deemed incapable.

On perceiving their error, Arthur's associates rushed back to the town, and were followed so closely that fliers and pursuers, mingled in strife, entered the gates. Betwixt the town and the citadel a fierce conflict took place. When it was over, John was a victor, and Arthur a captive. Two hundred of his knights were taken, placed in carts drawn by oxen, and conveyed to the dungeons of Normandy and England.

Arthur himself, falling into the hands of the tyrant, was carried to Falaise, whither John followed. He begged the boy, in gentle terms, to put faith in him as a kind uncle. "First give me mine inheritance," replied Arthur; "give me the kingdom of England." The usurper, highly enraged, ordered him to be removed to Rouen, to be placed in the castle, and to be vigilantly guarded.

Soon after Arthur's removal to the capital of Normandy some of the king's councillors, having represented how seditious the Bretons were, and how many insurrections they projected in the name of their incarcerated Prince, suggested that he should be severely dealt with. Some wretches were commissioned to put out Arthur's eyes, and mutilate him in a manner revolting to humanity. They found the boy loaded

with chains, and wasting with grief, shame, and apprehension; and they were deeply moved with his tears and entreaties. The scene was heart-rending; and it appears that they could not have executed their horrible mission, even if Hubert de Burgh, the warden of the castle, had not interposed his authority, and refused to allow the instructions to be complied with, unless in presence of the King. However, in order to dispirit the captive Prince's adherents, he caused bells to be tolled all over Normandy to apprise the inhabitants that Arthur of Britanny was no more.

On learning that his orders had not been executed, John became furious with disappointment, and requested William de Bray, one of his household, to murder Arthur. "I am a gentleman, and not an executioner," answered De Bray, with becoming scorn. Finding that others shrank from the atrocity, John's evil genius got the better of him, and he resolved upon perpetrating the deed of darkness with his own hand.

Having formed this determination, the tyrant, in the spring of 1203, repaired to Rouen, and on the 3rd of April prepared for the cruel deed. To suppress scruples, and silence the murmurs of conscience, he ate ravenously and drank copiously. He then steeled himself against repentance, and descended to the dungeon. The boy, terror-struck, gazed on his uncle with anxious amaze, and melted into tears. The near prospect of being launched into eternity appalled his spirit. He threw himself on his knees and begged for mercy.

"Oh, mine uncle," he exclaimed, "spare your brother's son; spare your nephew; spare your race!" John made no reply, but imbrued his hands in his young kinsman's blood; and, having fastened heavy stones to the bleeding corpse, caused it to be thrown into the Seine. The whole affair was managed with such secrecy that the fate of the unhappy Prince might long have remained in obscurity but for a simple occurrence.

A fisherman of Rouen, plying his nets in the river, was surprised to drag ashore the body of a boy of sixteen. Whether or not he had his suspicions, he took the corpse to the monks of Bec, who, recognising it as that of Arthur of Britanny, had it interred in the Priory of Notre Dame de Pré, which belonged to their wealthy religious house. The corpse was buried with the utmost secrecy; for, in the eyes of the blood-stained tyrant, even this act of reverence towards his nephew would have appeared a crime to be punished.

Among those who fell into the power of King John at this period was Eleanor, the orphan sister of Arthur, variously known as "La Brette," "The Damsel," "The Pearl," and "The Fair Maid of Britanny." In other days she had been contracted by *Cœur de Lion* to the son of Leopold, the perfidious Duke of Austria; and, in the year 1194, she had actually been sent into Germany. Before reaching her destination Eleanor was freed from her contract by Leopold's death, and she was soon after betrothed to a French prince. But no royal palace was this fair

He threw himself on his knees and begged for mercy. "Oh, mine uncle," he exclaimed, "spare your brother's son."—p. 44.

daughter of the House of Plantagenet to grace. She was sent by John to the Castle of Bristol, between which and a monastery she passed forty years, musing in sorrow and sadness over the misfortunes of her family.

It was early in April when Arthur was assassinated, and ere the month of May arrived a rumour of the atrocious outrage was bruited about. The perpetrator was regarded with the utmost indignation, and in Britanny nothing was heard but the cry for vengeance. The exasperated inhabitants, rallying round Alice, a half-sister of the murdered Prince, allowed her father, Guy de Tours, to assume the title of Duke of Britanny, and deputed him to demand justice at the hands of Philip Augustus. That politic monarch seized so favourable an opportunity to crush a rival king at one blow, and sent him a formal summons to appear before the Court of the Twelve Peers of France, and, as a vassal of the crown, answer for his crime. John sent an ambassador to say he would obey, if granted a safe-conduct. "Ay, let him come in peace and security," said Philip. "And so return, my lord?" asked the ambassador. "Yes, if the judgment of his peers so allow." The ambassador then requested a safe-conduct for his king to come and go. "No, by all the saints of France; not unless he is judged innocent of the crime!" exclaimed Philip, with more passion than he was in the habit of manifesting. John, failing to appear, was tried and condemned; and Philip, eagerly taking up arms,

executed the judgment of the feudal court by depriving him of all the territory that his father Henry had acquired in France, and expelling him with ignominy from continental Europe.

Nor did the cruel usurper's misfortunes terminate here. The shade of his murdered victim followed him across the Channel, and constantly pursued his steps. A strange fatality urged him on to the accomplishment of his ruin. He was always threatening the powerful, but never dared to strike any but the helpless. The feelings of hatred and revenge that had eaten into his heart prompted him to the most vicious and tyrannical courses. At length, after being forced by the barons of England to sign the Great Charter, and compelled, by the threats of the Pope, to resign the English crown to the legate, he died in agony, in bitterness, and in despair, at the Abbey of Swinehead.

DAVID STUART,

DUKE OF ROTHSAY.

A YOUTH in his teens, with features generally recognised as handsome, and a form not tall but seemly and elegant, arrayed in rich garments, worn with that slovenly negligence not seldom distinguishing those pursuing a career of dissipation — such is the picture, by a mighty master, of that Scottish prince of the House of Stuart who, after his ill-starred marriage had involved two kingdoms in war, was starved to death by an unscrupulous uncle and a fierce father-in-law in the prison-vaults of Falkland.

Froissart states that, towards the close of the fourteenth century, hardly any kingdom of Europe was so wretched as that to which Rothsay was born heir. The wars with England had impoverished Scotland to such a degree, that when the Admiral of France arrived with an army to assist the inhabitants against their richer and more powerful neighbours, the knights and gentlemen, accustomed from boyhood to fine houses, splendid chambers, and soft beds, no sooner perceived the state of matters than they laughed in his

face, and said, "We have never known till now what was meant by poverty and hard living." They could not even get so much as iron to shoe their horses, or leather to make saddles and bridles.

The moral state of the court was, it appears, on a par with the material condition of the country; when, in the year 1379, Annabella Drummond, wife of John, Earl of Carrick, the King's eldest son, gave birth to an heir to the crown of that kingdom which the strong hand of Robert Bruce had wrested from the weak grasp of the second Edward. The Prince received the baptismal name of David, acquired a tincture of learning, and as he grew up exhibited some of the qualities that lend grace to the station which he had the prospect of occupying.

When Prince David was in his twelfth year his grandsire, Robert Stuart, King of Scots, departed this life. The Earl of Carrick, before investing himself with the royal robes, remembering that his Christian name had been borne by one of those hapless specimens of humanity, the Baliols, thought it would be unlucky to call himself King John, determined to throw the ill-omened name aside, and ascended the throne with the title of Robert the Third. Before reigning long, the weak, superstitious king found to his cost that fortune is not to be frightened with a name, and that calling himself Robert did not make him quite equal to the hero of Bannockburn.

When Prince David's father thus undertook the

perilous post of Scottish king the royal youth began to figure as Earl of Carrick, and soon after found himself on the Borders, helping to negotiate a treaty with John of Gaunt. Whether or not "time-honoured Lancaster" affected too much superiority over the Caledonian plenipotentiaries on this occasion, it is needless to inquire. It appears to have, somehow or other, occurred to the Scots, that since they had a king of their own—such as he was—they might as well have dukes to keep him in countenance. Their creation would cost little or nothing.

Accordingly, a solemn council was assembled at Scone, an ancient regal residence in the neighbourhood of Perth; and there Robert the Third, having metamorphosed his fair young son from Earl of Carrick into Duke of Rothsay, metamorphosed his dark, designing brother, from Earl of Fife into Duke of Albany. After this ceremony the Queen ordered a grand tournament to be held at Edinburgh; and Rothsay, rejoicing in his new title, figured as the leader of those sons of chivalry who came thither to display their knightly prowess.

Unfortunately for the heir of Scotland, he, ere long, began to display other tastes than such as could be gratified at solemn councils or grand tournaments. Rothsay was gay, wild, and irregular in his habits; and the life he led deeply grieved his royal sire. King Robert being strict, religious, and scrupulously decorous, was, of course, quite shocked; and Albany, who had no love whatever for his nephew, did all he

could to poison the King's mind, and to foment and perpetuate the domestic quarrels caused by the Prince's indiscretions.

While Rothsay was giving scandal to all grave persons, the poor King, marvelling that a son of his could so behave, thought of taking counsel with his spouse; and Queen Annabella, who had been famed for her beauty, and still retained her sense, spirit, and generosity, suggested that the best way to deal with their son was to find him a fitting bride. Albany, who had availed himself of his brother's weakness to seize the reins of government, on being consulted, concurred with the Queen, and recommended that Rothsay should wed the daughter of whatever magnate was willing to pay the largest sum of money to have a royal son-in-law. Accordingly, the ill-starred Rothsay was set up to be disposed of to the highest bidder, and the result of the scheme was one of the most fatal "breach-of-promise cases" on record.

There were then north of the Tweed two great families, rivals in feudal power and baronial grandeur, the house of Dunbar and the house of Douglas. Both had high pretensions of different kinds; but Albany first put his nephew under offer to the chief of the Dunbars; and the latter, George, tenth Earl of March, to secure a prospective throne for his daughter, consented to give her a large dowry, and negotiated a match. The feelings of Rothsay had probably been little consulted in the transaction; but if the Scoto-

Saxon damsel's face was as fair as her blood was red, the royal youth could hardly have been averse to receive her as his bride. In any case he bound himself to the contract by hand and seal, and part of her dowry was paid forthwith.

So far matters were pleasant enough; but the news of the matrimonial project was to Earl Douglas as the sight of scarlet to a wounded bull, and he swore that it should come to nought. Going, therefore, to Albany, he insisted strongly on Rothsay espousing a daughter of his own, tendered a larger sum of money than his feudal rival had agreed to pay, and finally succeeded in accomplishing his object. The consequence was that Margery Douglas became Duchess of Rothsay in the church of Bothwell; and Elizabeth Dunbar, instead of donning the white veil of a bride to conceal her blushes, took the veil of a nun to hide her shame and vexation.

Scotland soon learned that she was to pay dear for this breach of faith on the part of her rulers—this repudiation of the daughter of an illustrious house, whose chiefs the first Edward had addressed as the noblest of men and the dearest of friends. On the celebration of Rothsay's marriage the Earl of March demanded back that portion of the dowry he had paid; but, receiving no satisfactory answer, and considering that insult was thus added to injury, he vowed revenge, and placed himself under the protection of his kinsman, the King of England.

It happened that Henry of Bolingbroke, son of John

of Gaunt, had recently obtained the English throne by deposing his cousin Richard, and had thereby incurred the enmity of the French king, whose daughter Richard had wedded. Albany, to curry favour with the court of Paris, had described Henry as a traitor; and the son of Gaunt, who could not digest the affront, gladly accepted the Scoto-Saxon Earl's allegiance, and, going to Newcastle, concluded with him an alliance offensive and defensive. Having settled that matter, the King of England, in the autumn of 1400, led an army northward, and crossing the frontier entered Scotland near Kelso.

Before leaving the banks of the Tyne, Henry sent to the Scots, requesting their presence at Edinburgh, that they might do him homage. The Scots received the King's message, and did meet him at Edinburgh; but it was to bid him defiance.

At this crisis Rothsay was not found wanting. Indeed, he seems, with all his faults, to have displayed a courage not unworthy of a youthful prince with the blood of Bruce in his veins. Leaving the company of his bride, he held "the Maiden Castle" against the enemies of his country, and sent a herald to say that, in order to prevent the shedding of Christian blood, he was willing to stake all disputes on a combat between one, two, or three Scottish nobles, against as many of those marching in front of the English array. Bolingbroke parried this sally of juvenile vivacity by one of those pieces of wit which never failed him. "He was sur-

prised," he said, "that Rothsay, who expressed so much aversion to shedding Christian blood, should propose a combat of nobles, whose blood was surely Christian."

While the King of England was before Edinburgh a herald came from Albany, pledging his honour that, if the English would remain for the space of six days, he would come and give them battle. Henry rewarded the herald, expressed the satisfaction he would have in waiting for the Duke, and stayed, not only for six days, but six weeks. However, the Scots not appearing, the winter coming on, provisions growing scarce, and disease prevailing in the camp, he thought it prudent to abandon the siege, and, alarmed at the commotion raised by Owen Glendower, returned to England

Henry had accomplished so little during this expedition that his retreat was almost a humiliation—the successful resistance of the Scots almost a triumph. But Earl Douglas, who had the direction of Scottish military affairs, instead of letting well alone, indulged his savage nature by sending forth foraging parties to waste the English borders; and Hepburn of Hailes, ancestor of the infamous Bothwell, at the head of the flower of the youth of Lothian, penetrated far into England. While returning through "the rich Merse" with much booty, Hepburn was suddenly set upon by the Earl of March. A sharp conflict ensued; and when it was over Hepburn lay dead on the ground, with the flower of the youth of Lothian stretched around him.

Eager to avenge this disaster, Douglas assembled an army, crossed the frontier, and ravaged the country as far as Newcastle. After taking much spoil the grim Earl turned back, and encamped on Homeldon, an eminence near Wooler. While Douglas was in this position the injured Earl of March, in company with the Earl of Northumberland and his son Harry Percy, surnamed "Hotspur," came on a September day to give him battle.

When the armies were face to face, Hotspur, with characteristic vehemence, was about to charge up the hill at all hazards; but March, catching the fiery lord's rein, restrained his ardour, and advised him to make the English archers let fly their cloth-yard shafts. The policy of this course soon appeared. At the first flight the Scottish forces were thrown into confusion, and Douglas furiously led them down the hill. Though the armour worn by the Scottish Earl and his comrades had been three years in making, the English arrows proved irresistible. Many of the Scots fell while descending the hill; and Douglas, after losing an eye, was taken with many nobles, knights, and squires. Two brave Scottish knights, bearing the names of Gordon and Swinton, forgetting an old feud, rallied the broken forces, and renewed the battle; but they were slain, and their men were scattered. The rout of the Scots was now complete. Chased over hill and vale to the Tweed, many, not knowing the fords, rushed in at random, and perished in the broad, deep waters. The bright beam

of victory shone on the red cross of St. George; and Elizabeth Dunbar was avenged.

Ere that revenge had been accomplished Rothsay had gone to his account. At the time of his marriage with the daughter of Douglas he had arrived at what are deemed years of discretion; but the levity of his conduct still gave great offence, and Albany began to form a criminal scheme for possessing himself of the crown. Douglas also becoming an enemy of the Prince, on whom he had forced his daughter, conspired with Albany for effecting Rothsay's ruin, and finally formed as diabolical a conspiracy as history tells of.

Among those companions of the Prince enjoying his confidence and sharing his dissipation was a man named Ramorgny, who had at one time been Ambassador at Paris, and learned to talk of assassination without horror. One day Ramorgny, while conversing with Rothsay, recommended that his uncle should be put to death. The Prince, shrinking instinctively from such a proposal, repelled the suggestion with so much indignation that Ramorgny, apprehensive of his revealing the matter to Albany, resolved to be beforehand with him. Repairing without delay to the Duke, he stated that Rothsay was conspiring against his life.

Albany had wanted nothing but a pretext for dealing with his nephew, and he was rejoiced to have one sufficiently specious to impose on the poor, wretched, imbecile, unwarlike King. He repaired to the palace; represented the matter in the very worst light; and

succeeded in persuading the unhappy father of the absolute necessity of confining his son, not only to prevent his murderous purpose being executed, but to work, if possible, a reformation in his life. The stupid old man, a mere royal cipher, granted a warrant, and measures were taken to insure the Prince's arrest.

From the King, Albany went to the Prince, told him that his life was in danger, and advised him to seek safety in the Castle of St. Andrew's. Rothsay took the advice, mounted his horse, and set out with a slender train. But while on the way he was suddenly set upon by Ramorgny and others employed by Albany, and dragged from his charger. The rain beginning to fall heavily, they covered him with one of the russet cloaks then worn by the peasantry, and in this way conducted him to the Castle of Falkland, then a gloomy fortress belonging to Albany. On arrival he was thrown into a dungeon, and committed to the custody of Selkirk and Wright, two ruffians, who received orders to let him starve to death, and who had no scruples about fulfilling their instructions.

The captive was now in despair; but a ray of hope ere long found its way into his gloomy prison, and inspired his breast with vague anticipations. His lamentations reached the ear of his jailer's daughter, and pierced her heart. The woman, moved with pity, resolved at all hazards to save the Prince from dying of hunger. From time to time she brought him cakes concealed in her veil, and slid them through the bars

of the prison. She was, however, detected in her charitable enterprise, and put to death for her humanity. Rothsay was then left without food; and the pangs of hunger became so intolerable that he devoured part of his own flesh. At length, "mad with famine and despair," he expired about Easter, 1402.

Winton thus depicts Rothsay, though, perhaps, in more flattering colours than he appeared to the people who saw him day by day:—

> "Our lord the king's eldest son,
> Sweet and virtuous, young and fair,
> And his nearest lawful heir;
> Honest, able, and awenand,
> Our lord, our prince, is all pleasant,
> Connand into literature,
> A seemly person in stature."

The poor King was, for a time, kept in ignorance of his son's cruel fate; and an inquiry into the circumstance before his councillors resulted in a verdict of death by Divine Providence. But when his suspicions were at last aroused he became most anxious for the safety of his surviving son, who afterwards reigned in Scotland as the first James. The Earl of Orkney was therefore intrusted with the duty of conveying the young prince to France, and set sail. Their vessel, however, was captured by an English privateer, and taken to London. King Henry saw the value of the prize, and resolved to keep the future poet-king as a state prisoner. In vain did Orkney represent that the

mission to France was pacific; in vain did he declare that its object was simply the boy's education. Henry replied jestingly that "he knew the French language indifferently well, and that the King of Scots could not have sent his son to a better master."

Meanwhile the remains of Rothsay had been carried from the prison-vaults of Falkland, and laid, with funeral pomp, in the church of Lindores. In that age of superstition and credulity men could imagine and believe almost anything. It is not, therefore, surprising that strange apparitions were reported to haunt the last resting-place of the murdered Prince, and that miracles were believed to be wrought at his tomb.

LOUIS DE VALOIS,

DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.

On an August morning in the year 1394 a noble army was traversing the forest of Mans. At its head rode a man of twenty-seven or thereabouts, who wore a jacket of black velvet and a crimson hood, on which glittered a chaplet of pearls. His eye wandered wildly and feverishly; his cheek was pale and wan; and his features were haggard, like those of a person on whose mind was preying some secret sorrow. It was Charles the Sixth, King of France; and his grief was caused by the knowledge that the beautiful queen who had presented him with the chaplet that adorned his hood was not, by any means, the most faithful of wives.

King Charles was on his way to arrest an assassin of high rank, who had taken refuge with the Duke of Britanny, when suddenly from among the trees sprang a man in a garment of white russet, with bare head and naked feet, who, seizing the King's bridle, exclaimed with wild gestures, "Oh, King, go no further; for you are betrayed!"

The guards, perceiving that the man was insane,

removed him by force; and the King, pursuing his journey, emerged from the forest about noon, and entered upon a plain. At that time the sun was shining with such excessive brightness as to affect both men and horses; and one of the pages who bore the royal lance falling asleep, let the weapon strike on the steel casque that was carried by another. The King, who was still brooding over the madman's mysterious warning, alarmed at the sharp ring, started, shuddered, drew his sword, and exclaimed, "I am betrayed!" He then turned round, spurred his horse to a gallop, fell upon his attendants with fury, and finally yielding to numbers, was conveyed back to Mans. To acute observers the cause was clear enough. The King of France was a maniac.

When the unhappy man, removed to the Castle of Creil, had recovered his reason, the Queen and a youthful Prince appeared at that place. The Queen was Isabel of Bavaria, a woman of great beauty, but of equivocal reputation; the infant Prince was Louis de Valois, who, as heir to that crown which Hugh Capet had torn from the feeble Carlovingians, enjoyed the title of Dauphin and the Dukedom of Aquitaine. Yet few young serfs who laboured in the sunny fields of France had reason to envy that child, with his royal name, his princely title, and his extensive territory; for hardly could any influences have been less auspicious than those which presided over his boyhood, and consigned him to an untimely grave.

The King, the Queen, and the Dauphin returned to Paris, and occupied the Hôtel de St. Paul, long a royal residence; but the King's malady returned, and his condition was pitiable. The Queen, a votary of pleasure, totally neglecting her husband, formed a close intimacy with his profligate brother, the Duke of Orleans; and the poor demented monarch, whom from the first she had despised for his puerility, becoming a prey to intolerable misery, was incapable of being soothed or calmed save by one person, his sister-in-law, Valentine, Duchess of Orleans.

Valentine, one of the Visconti of Milan, whom the ambition of her family had, at the cost of a million of francs as her dowry, made a royal duchess, possessed numerous personal graces, and manifested a gentle and amiable disposition. As a native of Italy, however, she was suspected of witchcraft and poisoning; and it was said that when her father, the Duke of Milan, took leave of her in Paris after her marriage, he remarked significantly, "I never wish to see you again but as Queen of France." Acting on the paternal hint—such was the popular suspicion—she not only caused the King's lunacy, but occupied herself with the project of destroying the young Dauphin and the other royal children, who stood between her posterity and the throne of France.

The sudden death of one of Valentine's own sons strangely gave colour to these reports. Rumour asserted that one day when the Dauphin was amusing himself

with his little cousin of Orleans in the apartments of the Duchess, a Parisian boy was sent with a beautiful apple as a present to the heir of France. A nurse in the service of the Duchess, passing through the palace garden with an infant prince of the house of Orleans in her arms, happening to meet the boy, requested that the apple might be given to her little charge; but the boy having been ordered to present it to "My Lord the Dauphin," and no one else, persisted in refusing. The nurse, however, took the apple by force, and the little Orleans prince having gratified his appetite, sickened and died.

The apple, it was concluded, had been intended to poison the Dauphin; and suspicion immediately fell on the Italian Duchess. Those in charge of the Dauphin hurried him away, and declared that he should never more enter her apartments; and the credulous Parisians, in the ardour of their exasperation, threatened that if the Italian sorceress were not removed they would forcibly drag her from the palace and drown her in the Seine. This menace was effectual; and the Duke of Orleans, fearful of suspicion falling on himself, sent his Italian spouse to pine for many long months in one of his castles.

Meanwhile the court of France was nothing the better for the absence of Valentine. The King was sometimes overrun with vermin, and most scantily supplied with the necessaries of life; and as for the Dauphin and royal children, their plight was so

wretched that their governess was under the necessity of complaining to the King, during one of his occasional gleams of reason, that she had not the means of obtaining for them proper food and clothing. The unfortunate monarch, who was naturally affable and benevolent, sighed deeply, and, taking a gold cup that stood beside him, requested her to procure with the value of it whatever they required.

While the Duke of Orleans, profiting by his alliance with the Queen, was exercising the functions of regent and daily increasing in influence, a rival to his pretensions arose in the person of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy. This potentate insisted upon the heir of France espousing his eldest daughter; and the Duke was too powerful to be refused any favour he demanded. The Dauphin was in early boyhood, and Margaret of Burgundy was quite as juvenile; but to the youth of persons in such circumstances no exception was taken in that age; so the matrimonial contract was formally signed, and Burgundy, having had his own way, departed to defend the frontier against an attack threatened by the English.

No sooner was the back of John the Fearless turned than Orleans, bent at all hazards on dissolving this match and furnishing his nephew with another bride, made arrangements for carrying off the Dauphin to Chartres, and set out for that place with the Queen. The Dauphin followed in a litter, under the charge of his maternal uncle, Louis of Bavaria; but he had

scarcely reached Corbeil when Burgundy came up with eight hundred horsemen.

The Duke, after professions of respect, asked the Dauphin to return to Paris. "You will be better there than in any other part of the kingdom," said the Duke; "and besides, I am desirous of conversing with you on many matters that concern you." The Dauphin was willing, but Louis of Bavaria interposed. "My lord Duke," he said, "suffer my nephew, the Dauphin, to follow his mother." Burgundy frowned, muttered "No," and shook his head. "He has the consent of his father for so doing," urged the Bavarian. Heedless of this protest, Burgundy ordered the Dauphin's litter to be turned, conveyed him towards Paris, and lodged him in the Louvre. From that day the royal boy was for some time a mere instrument in the hands of the contending factions.

The strife between the rival Dukes commenced forthwith. Orleans and the Queen retraced their steps to Melun, and summoned thither their adherents from all quarters, and with banners displayed advanced upon the capital. Hearing of their approach, Burgundy, who, while aspiring to the character of a De Montfort or a Warwick, only realised the part of a Longbeard or a Cade, gathered the Parisian populace to his standard, and made vigorous preparations for defence.

After some delay the rivals consented to submit their differences to the princes of the blood; and the quarrel having been adjusted, Orleans came to Paris,

and appeared in public with Burgundy, as if they had been the most attached friends. Moreover, they swore several times, on the holy Scriptures and the blessed cross, to live in concord and amity. The Dauphin, who had been the involuntary cause of so much discord and disorder, was placed under the guardianship of his great-uncle, the old Duke of Berry.

While affairs were in this posture, and the King had temporary possession of his faculties, and the court was dancing and fiddling as of yore, Orleans had the indiscretion to boast that the Duchess of Burgundy had smiled on him, and the imprudence to place her picture among those of his mistresses. Burgundy vowed a stern revenge; and one winter night, while Orleans, who had been supping with the Queen, was riding towards the Hôtel de St. Paul, he found himself attacked by armed men. "I am the Duke of Orleans," he exclaimed, imagining there was some mistake. "It is you we want," the assassins replied, and one of them with a battle-axe cut off their victim's bridle-hand. A few more strokes brought him to the pavement, and a blow from a club dashed out his brains. In a few days Burgundy, who himself was fated to fall by the hands of assassins twelve years later, confessed to the murder, gloried in the deed, and consulted his safety by flying into Flanders.

A cry for vengeance arose; but Burgundy defended the crime on the ground that Orleans was a tyrant, and that it was the duty of good citizens to

put tyrants to death. The widowed Duchess of Orleans, however, appeared in Paris with her eldest son, to get a day fixed for hearing the case; and when the time arrived, the King, being seized with his old malady, the Dauphin was called upon to sit in judgment as his father's representative.

The royal boy, who had been living in retirement at Melun with his mother, thus became, for the time, a most important personage. Preceded by the Queen's car, and attended by a train of princes, prelates, and nobles, he entered Paris, mounted on a white horse, and appeared in the great hall of the palace arrayed in royal robes, and accompanied by the Chancellor, the Queen, and the princes of the blood. The widowed Valentine, attended by her son, entered the hall; and after her advocate had delivered a long oration, the Dauphin assured her that she should have speedy justice. The Duchess, whose affection for her husband had outlived his harsh treatment, remained for a time in Paris; but the promise of justice was never fulfilled. Despairing, she retired to Blois, and began to sink. When on her deathbed she exhorted her children to pursue their father's murderer. It is worthy of mention that her husband's son, the celebrated "Bastard of Orleans," being present, answered her appeal most warmly. The dying woman was touched. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "they robbed me; he ought to have been *my* son."

At this time the Dauphin was placed under Burgundy, that he might be instructed in the art of war and the science of government; and the turbulent Duke, with the sanction of the Queen, who was alternately false to both parties, took up his residence in Paris, where, for a while, he ruled with despotic sway. The Orleans party, however, was not quite powerless, for the young Duke espoused a daughter of the Count of Armagnac; and that nobleman becoming the head of a league against Burgundy, took up arms.

The insurgents, emboldened by promises of support from England, hardly concealed their intention to depose the King, and exclude his heir from the succession. But the King, placed at the head of an army, with the Dauphin and Burgundy as lieutenants, took the Castle of Fontenay, and laid siege to Bourges. Before that wealthy and populous city, held by the Dukes of Berry and Bourbon, Burgundy pushed matters to extremity; and the Dauphin, seeing with regret the destruction of so fine a place, ordered the cannoneering to be stopped. Burgundy expressed his surprise at this forbearance; but the Dauphin was firm, and declared, in a tone which he had not hitherto assumed, that he was resolved to put an end to the war. His efforts were not in vain, and he returned in triumph to Paris.

It was now that the Dauphin began to exhibit a somewhat haughty and imperious temper. His associates advised him to take the reins of government into his own hands; and he followed their counsel. Seeing that

the Kings of France were considered of age at fourteen, there appeared nothing ridiculous in a prince in his teens assuming the regency. The worst was that Burgundy, who for a time had felt his influence evaporating, became his son-in-law's foe; and disagreeable were the consequences.

The Dauphin, in the exercise of his authority, recalled to office an unpopular minister, named Sir Peter des Essars, and thus rousing the democracy of the capital, became an object of suspicion with those to him he had formerly been an idol. A report was spread that on May-day he intended to hold a tilting-match in the forest of Vincennes; that Essars was to attend him with six hundred helmets; that Orleans was gathering an army; and that the Duke and the Dauphin would march to overawe Burgundy and the discontented spirits of the capital.

On hearing this rumour the Parisians, resolving to be beforehand, seized upon Essars, and committed him to the dungeons of the Louvre. Assuming white hoods as their party badge, and electing Jean de Troyes, a surgeon, and Jean Caboche, a butcher, as leaders, they marched to the hôtel of the Dauphin, forcibly made their way to his apartments, addressed him in threatening language, and demanded the surrender of all traitors. "There are no traitors here," replied the Dauphin, his ire kindling. "If you are willing to give them up, good and well," said the democratic leaders; "otherwise we must seize them before your face, and punish them as

they deserve." "Such matters do not belong to you," cried the Dauphin furiously; and at this crisis Burgundy suddenly presented his sinister face. At the same time the mob rushed in and seized the obnoxious ministers. "Duke," said the Dauphin, in a voice tremulous with suppressed rage, "this insurrection is your work, and those of your household are its leaders; but know that you will repent it one day." "My lord," said Burgundy, "you will comprehend better when your passion cools."

The ringleaders forthwith carried the Dauphin to the Hôtel de St. Paul, compelled him to reside there with his father, and, lest he should escape from the city, guarded the gates with vigilance. "He is young and impatient of contradiction," said they; "this is all for his good." Moreover, they forced him, in an assembly of twenty thousand persons, to read aloud a paper, in which sixty of his friends were denounced as traitors; and they finally demanded the surrender of Louis of Bavaria.

The Bavarian was on the point of making his fortune by leading a noble widow to the altar, when a multitude of people marched in front of the Hôtel de St. Paul. Burgundy, who began to tremble at the storm he had raised, entreated them to withdraw; but they presented him with a roll of names, among whom was that of the Bavarian bridegroom, and said, "We will not go home till these people are delivered up to us." The demagogic Duke, finding that he could no

longer control their passions, repaired to the Queen; and she, in extreme perplexity, sent for the Dauphin. "Go to the people," said she; "ask them to wait for eight days, and then I will either deliver up my brother or suffer them to arrest him." The Dauphin, on receiving this mandate, retired to his chamber and shed bitter tears. "Don't weep," said Burgundy, entering, "but come with me."

The Dauphin dried his tears and accompanied his father-in-law, and Burgundy briefly informed the populace of the Queen's request; but, instead of acceding, they threatened to go to the royal lady's apartments, and take the proscribed persons by force. There being nothing else for it, the Bavarian descended to the street; and the others, among whom were several ladies, followed his example. Many of them were executed without trial. Essars was tried and beheaded in the market-place, and Jean de Troyes took up his residence at the palace, where the Dauphin was his prisoner.

The Prince, however, watched for a reaction in public opinion, and as the autumn passed on he became aware that the time for retaliation had arrived. One September day Jean de Troyes sallied forth, with all the bustle and importance which his brief authority had caused him to assume, and the Dauphin seized the occasion, set the surviving captives at liberty, and ordered the bells of all the churches to be rung. The tables were completely turned. Troyes, Caboche, and their confederates fled to Flanders. Burgundy stole

away to his own dominions, and his departure was the signal for general rejoicing. The burghers of Paris, doffing their white hoods, assumed the white scarf—the device of Orleans—and for days and nights the utmost joy was exhibited at the triumph of the Dauphin over dukeism and democracy.

The heir of Orleans now became the great man; and the Dauphin found, to his mortification, that he had only changed masters, and was mewed in the Louvre more like a prisoner than a prince. Matters reached a crisis. The Queen, at the instigation of the ruling faction, caused four of his knights and several of his servants to be arrested; and the young man was so indignant at this insult that he secretly despatched a message to Burgundy to hasten to Paris. John the Fearless was soon at St. Denis with a formidable host.

Ere the news of Burgundy's approach was carried to Paris the Dauphin had been reconciled to the faction in power. He was dining with a canon in the cloisters of Notre Dame, when thither, in anxious haste, went Orleans with eleven thousand men-at-arms. The Dauphin mounted his horse, rode to the Town House, caused a trumpet to be sounded, thanked the assembled multitude for their loyalty, denied that any invitation had been sent to the Burgundian, proceeded to the Louvre, and held a conference. Burgundy, finding his enemies so well prepared, was fain, after advancing to the walls in battle array with displayed banners, to beat a retreat. The Dauphin, resolving to crush him,

joined the King at Senlis, took Compiègne and Soissons, and then expressed his desire for a reconciliation. When reminded of the offences Burgundy had committed he frankly replied, "Nevertheless, I would put an end to this war, for otherwise I perceive the King and kingdom will go to perdition." By his influence a treaty of peace was concluded, and the articles were solemnly sworn to by the belligerents.

On returning to Paris the King and Dauphin met with a reception flattering in the extreme. A countless array of princes, nobles, prelates, knights, and esquires formed the royal train. The provost, the sheriffs, the members of the Parliament, the members of the University, and the citizens in their uniforms of green, met the procession. In a fit of loyal enthusiasm they lighted bonfires in the streets, feasted, caroused, and shouted, "Long live the King!" "Long live the Queen!" and "Long live the Dauphin!" All this was, perhaps, pleasant enough to those concerned; but to the thoughtful it must have appeared mere folly. Never had greater misfortunes impended over France than when the Parisians were thus cheering about the worst royal family in Europe. Ere the winter passed the King was again a helpless lunatic at the Hôtel de St. Paul, and affairs were in worse confusion than ever.

The Dauphin, since the day when he was brought from Corbeil by Burgundy, had, with brief intervals of power, been nothing more than half the pity, half the sport of the contentious nobles. He now, in the fever

of youth, resolved to be so no longer, and determined on a *coup d'état*. With this view he invited the princes of the blood to hold a family conference with his mother at Melun in April, 1415; and, while they were exercising their wits to deceive each other, he mounted his steed, and, with a few trusty comrades, rode to Paris.

Encountering little or no opposition, the Dauphin ordered the drawbridge to be raised and the gates closed. He then entered the houses of three persons, with whom his mother had deposited sums of money, and, seizing upon the treasure, carried it to the Louvre. Thither he summoned the citizens and public functionaries; and having made the Chancellor lay before them the history of the government since his father's coronation, he pointed out how the finances had been squandered while the nation was plundered, and declared that, as Dauphin and heir of France, he could no longer tolerate such an administration of affairs. After stating his resolution to assume the functions of government in his father's name, he promised to provide against such abuses. The Dauphin then informed the princes of the blood that they must retire to their estates, attend to their own affairs, and absent themselves from Paris till commanded thither by the King or himself.

The royal youth, who was installed in the Louvre as master of the capital, with the sympathies of the populace, had unfortunately yielded to that immorality

which had long disgraced the court of Isabel of Bavaria. While his friends were auguring for him a prosperous future, the Dauphin developed, with alarming rapidity, the worst faults of the race of Valois. He practised illegal methods to raise money; lavished the public funds on dissolute companions; shut up his wife, Margaret of Burgundy, a young and beautiful woman, in the Château of St. Germain; and indulged in an amour with some damsel who was a servant at the palace.

While the Dauphin was thus destroying public confidence, ambassadors waited on him from the Duke of Burgundy. The ambassadors had been sent to request, among other things, that the Dauphin should, without delay, take his wife to reside at the Louvre; and the youth, enraged at their proposal, gave them an unfavourable reception. "Prince," said an envoy, significantly, "know that, in case of our lord's request not being granted, and an invasion by the English taking place, neither he nor his vassals will bear arms in defence of the kingdom." The threat was not without effect; for the new peril impending over France was no secret to the youth who, in his teens, presided over her destinies.

Six years before the day when King Charles became the victim of insanity in the forest of Mans, and while Richard the Second occupied the English throne, Henry of Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, was presented by his spouse, a daughter of the Anglo-Norman

Bohuns, with an heir to the Lancastrian branch of the Plantagenets. The child, who received the baptismal name of Henry, appeared so sickly that he was removed from the Castle of Monmouth, in which he had first seen the light, and sent to be nursed at the village of Courtfield by a peasant woman, whose monument is still to be seen in a little church in the vicinity. Gradually, from a sickly infant, the Lancastrian prince became a chubby boy, with an eye bright with intelligence, and a countenance beaming with frankness.

When his father, returning from an irksome exile, usurped the throne, Henry of Monmouth was created Prince of Wales; and as years passed on his popularity caused so much alarm to his jealous sire, that, though giving signal proofs of his courage and capacity in campaigns against the Percies at Shrewsbury, and Owen Glendower on the Marches of Wales, he was systematically excluded from civil and military employments. Restrained from exercising his faculties in those spheres for which he was fitted by nature, Henry was led into the company of men notorious for affrays in the street and robberies on the highway; and he became so negligent of decorum, that his father felt uneasiness in having such an heir to that crown which he had gained by unscrupulous means, and guarded with surpassing vigilance.

The nation, however, was disposed to look indulgently on the indiscretions of a prince born and bred on English ground, and augured favourably

from a circumstance which unexpectedly occurred. A riotous comrade of young Henry being summoned for felony before the Court of King's Bench, the Prince of Wales appeared to afford countenance to the culprit, and, on sentence being passed, forgot himself so far as to strike the Chief Justice. The judge instantly vindicated the majesty of the law by ordering the heir to the crown to be arrested; and "Prince Hal," yielding with readiness, was conducted to prison.

But whatever impression this submission produced on the multitude, the wise and prudent predicted the worst of such a "madcap prince." The wise and prudent were, for once, mistaken. When this hero of hostesses and familiar of tapsters ascended the throne as Henry the Fifth, he frustrated their prophecies and dispelled their delusions. He chose his councillors from among the gravest and sagest men in the realm; he treated with peculiar favour the fearless judge who had sent him to the King's Bench; he secured the esteem of his subjects by his wise and just measures; and he understood the people far too well to lose their favour. To a person of Henry's high spirit and martial genius, whose youth had been divided between the evanescent pleasures of dissipation and the unsatisfactory excitement of civil war, a field of action was necessary in which to establish his reputation, and he determined to invade France.

England had now a power very different from the unhappy country to which King John had been driven

by Philip Augustus. Great kings had presided over her destinies, and made her mighty in Europe. The first Edward had destroyed the baronial oligarchy, given law to the land, prepared freedom to the people, and formed hostile races into one great nation. For the nation, formed by the first Edward, the third Edward and his heroic son had won glory in those wars which made them, for a time, masters of France.

While Englishmen still believed themselves born for victory, it happened that the French princes had indiscreetly vapoured about a war, threatened an invasion, and sent a force to Wales. The English nation had long been, according to chroniclers, more anxious for war than peace; and when the conquest of France was the question of the day, the consciences of kings, priests, and people were particularly accommodating. Henry expressed his resolution to revive the claims of his great grandsire to the French crown; and he persuaded both himself and his subjects of the justice of his pretensions.

Ambassadors soon appeared in Paris, demanding possession of Normandy, Anjou, and the other provinces. But the Dauphin laughed at this demand; and, in allusion to Henry's former habits, sent him a present of a gilded tun of tennis balls and a carpet. Henry, with frank humour, intimated that he would return the compliment with such balls as would break the strongest gates of Paris.

After much fruitless negotiation the English King

anchored with an armament at the mouth of the Seine, and landing without interruption, laid siege to Harfleur. This place he took in spite of a vigorous resistance; but death had so thinned his ranks that a council of war recommended an immediate embarkation. "No," exclaimed Henry, "we must yet see, by God's help, a little more of this land of France;" and he prepared for a perilous march through hostile provinces to his strong city of Calais.

The Dauphin, decidedly too youthful to rule at such a crisis, startled at the fall of Harfleur and its occupation by an English garrison, induced the King to nominate him Captain-general, and to convoke a grand council of war at Rouen. There it was determined to fight, and instructions were sent to the Constable of France to concentrate his forces and give battle to the King of England. The Dauphin expressed a strong desire to join the army; but the King objected, and the young Captain-general remained at Rouen to await the issue.

When October set in, the King of England, with a force of not more than nine thousand men, began his perilous march, and repeatedly attempted in vain to cross the river Somme, the banks of which were carefully fortified. On the morning of the 19th he discovered a place which the people of St. Quentin had neglected; and the English, fording the stream with their baggage, took the Calais road, along which the Constable was then retreating. On the 20th, heralds arrived to intimate that the French would give the

King battle. "God's will be done," said Henry. "I do not seek them; but fear of them shall not make me move out of my way, nor go either faster or slower than I intended. If they attempt to stop me it will be at their peril."

On the 24th, after crossing the deep and rapid Ternois, the Duke of York, who led the van, perceived the enemy approaching, and sent Henry intelligence of the fact. David Gam, a Welsh captain, having been ordered forward to view their situation, reported that "there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." The King expressed himself much pleased with this description, and, expecting an attack, formed his men into battle order. But, as the French showed no inclination to come on, he marched forward, and encamped at a large village, which was only a few bowshots from the enemy's outposts. The royal standard of France was set up on the Calais road, where it was bounded by a wood on either side. Around were planted the emblazoned banners of princes, barons, and knights. Between a mighty host confident of victory, and the English ranks, which seemed so scanty in comparison, was a narrow plain, bounded by thick hedges and deep rills. Henry, as he called a halt, and thought of the morrow, ran his eye over that ground with mingled emotions. It was the field of Agincourt!

When the moon rose officers were despatched to view the enemy's position; and provisions having been

procured, the half-famished soldiers were refreshed. Though the rain fell in torrents, the camp resounded with martial music; and, though suffering from cold and fatigue, the English strove to keep up their spirits. Victory was, perhaps, rather sighed for than expected. Some made their wills and confessed their sins. Many felt uncertain of what the morrow would bring forth. But all knew that they must conquer or die.

When the morning dawned chilly and gloomily Henry ordered mass to be performed, and then ranged his men in battle array, placing his trusty archers in front. He then vaulted upon a grey charger, and rode along the lines. His look was frank, fearless, serene, and noble; and his blue eye sparkled with courage and heroism. His tall thin form was encased in mail, over which he wore a surcoat, whereon the arms of England and France were magnificently embroidered; and his bright steel helmet was surmounted with a golden crown sparkling with gems, among which was a ruby that had in other days been presented by the King of Castille to the Black Prince. He addressed the different divisions in high and inspiriting language. He recalled the glories of Cressy, where, standing on a windmill, the third Edward saw a magnificent French army give way before his scanty ranks; and of Poictiers, from which a French monarch had been led captive by the youthful Prince of Wales, and held at ransom in London. "But," exclaimed Henry, with enthusiasm, 'England will never, never be asked to pay a

ransom for me; for on this field I will either conquer or die."

While passing along the ranks the King heard an officer express a wish that some of the knights and bowmen, now in England, were present. "Nay," said the King, turning familiarly on his saddle, "I would not have a single man more. If God grant us a victory, the fewer we are the greater our honour; and if we are vanquished, the smaller will be our country's loss."

Perceiving at noon that the French were not inclined to attack, he gave the word, "Banners, advance!" and at the same time Sir Thomas Erpingham, an old knight in command of the archers, throwing his truncheon into the air, cried, "Now strike!" With loud cheers the archers moved onward, and broke the front ranks of the French knights; while Henry, leading up his men-at-arms, made a splendid charge. His life was more than once exposed to the utmost danger. His brother, the Duke of Clarence, was wounded and overthrown. Henry covered him with his body, and with desperate energy drove back the foremost foemen. Eighteen knights, who had bound themselves by an oath to take the King of England, dead or alive, charged furiously forward; and one of them aimed a blow at the King with a battle-axe, under which he staggered; but his soldiers rushed impetuously to the rescue, and felled the assailants to the ground. The Duke of Alençon, undismayed at their fate, fought his way to the royal

standard, struck down the Duke of York, and knocked off part of Henry's golden crown. But the English closing upon him, he cried out to the King, "I surrender to you. I am the Duke of Alençon." Henry stretched out his hand, but it was too late to save his foe; and the Duke's fall terminated the battle. The French fled from the field in dismay.

Next morning the English struck their tents; and at Calais Henry embarked with his decimated army and a host of prisoners, among whom was the Duke of Orleans. The people of England accorded the conqueror a most enthusiastic welcome. At Dover they rushed into the sea, lifted him on their shoulders, and carried him ashore. At every place he passed through his reception was equally fervent. At Blackheath he was met by a vast crowd, who conducted him in triumph to London. Wine flowed in every street; the houses were decorated for the occasion; and the populace greeted their victor-king with the loudest and heartiest applause. The "madcap Prince" was the conqueror of Agincourt! "Prince Hal" was "Harry the Fifth, too famous to live long!"

Far different, as may well be imagined, was the scene on the other side of the Channel. When news of the disastrous defeat was carried to Rouen, the King, the Dauphin, and the Princes were seized with grief, dismay, and consternation. Intelligence that Burgundy, taking advantage of the national distress, was about to march upon Paris, caused them to hurry thither; and

the Queen, whose vicious and perverse disposition had been a main cause of the public disasters, was so alarmed that, though dangerously ill at Melun, she ordered herself and the neglected Dauphiness to be conveyed in a litter to Paris.

The Dauphin on arriving, sad at heart, in the capital, found the inhabitants in a state of high excitement. They demanded an audience, expressed distrust of their rulers, declared that the feuds of the princes had caused all the public calamities, and indicated the grievances under which the nation suffered. The Dauphin listened with the utmost patience, and promised, on the word of a king's son, that all evil-doers, no matter what their rank or lineage, should be punished without fear, favour, or affection; that justice should be administered with impartiality, and that order should be maintained with vigour.

The royal stripling had no opportunity of redeeming his word. Before emerging from his teens he had, in a manner, exhausted life; and, while brooding over the recent disaster, he began to lose that hope without which life is a burden. His hereditary weakness of nerves, remorse for his folly and vices, made him paint the future in the very gloomiest colours. With a father subject to helpless lunacy, a mother with an unenviable reputation, a nobility deficient in patriotism, a burgher class complaining of intolerable grievances, a peasantry brutalised by continuous oppression, and a country humiliated by a terrible defeat, where could the

unfortunate Prince turn for consolation? The retrospect of his career was the reverse of satisfactory—the prospect was particularly uninviting. The heir of France yielded to his melancholy forebodings, gave way to a fever which preyed upon him, and lay down to die in the Hôtel de Bourbon.

On the 18th of December, 1415, the Dauphin yielded to the great destroyer. Some attributed his untimely decease to poison; but that account is much more probable which asserts that he died of the defeat at Agincourt, and of regret that he had not fought and fallen there like a valiant prince. But however that may have been, his death caused many tears; for, with all his faults, he was still beloved. The people bewailed their loss; the monks and clergy came and prayed over his corpse; and he was laid at rest, with obsequies befitting his rank, in the vaults of St. Denis.

EDWARD OF LANCASTER,

PRINCE OF WALES.

At the Palace of Westminster, on the 14th of October, 1453, Margaret of Anjou, queen of the Sixth Henry, became mother of an heir to the English crown.

This event was productive of consequences that can hardly be regarded as otherwise than calamitous. Important changes were occurring all over Europe. The head of the last Greek Emperor was going the round of the cities of Asia Minor, as evidence that Constantinople had been taken by the Turks; the Hapsburg princes were making the imperial throne of Germany an heirloom in their family; the King of Castille was, by his debaucheries, precipitating that revolution which gave Spain to Ferdinand and Isabella; the Valois monarchs were destroying the liberties and developing the resources of France; and, as it happened, the birth of this Lancastrian Prince proved the signal for the War of the Roses, that dire struggle which substituted the despotism of the Tudors for the free monarchy of the Plantagenets.

King Henry, though the son of the Conqueror of

Agincourt, was more of a monk than a monarch, and fitter to wear a cowl than a crown. But his Queen, a daughter of René of Provence, titular sovereign of Sicily and Jerusalem, was far different. René was poor, and Margaret was portionless; but Nature, as if to make amends for Fortune, had richly endowed her with beauty and intellect. Nothing can be more erroneous than the idea which associates stern features and a harsh visage with this heroine. Margaret of Anjou was, in truth, a singularly graceful princess, of the blood royal of France, with a fair complexion, soft delicate features, bright expressive eyes, and light hair of the hue of gold, flowing over exquisite shoulders of the whiteness of ivory. But though gifted with such charms as please the eye and fascinate the heart, this young Queen was far too proud and arrogant to make herself popular. She was, besides, a kinswoman of the French King; she was not unreasonably regarded as the cause of a somewhat humiliating peace; and she was emphatically described by Englishmen of patriotic sentiments as "the Foreign Woman." Ere long the crown, which her beauty, her accomplishments, and her high spirit had won, became a crown of thorns.

Few personages in England had the power of making themselves more formidable than the Duke of York. His name was Richard Plantagenet. He inherited, through his mother, the blood of the second son of Edward the Third, and had, therefore, a claim to the

throne, which many deemed preferable to that of the lineage of John of Gaunt. But as the House of Lancaster was firmly established, as the King was popular with a nation for whom his sire had won imperishable glory, as the Queen continued eight years a wife without being a mother, and as York's paternal descent from the fifth son of the Conqueror of Halidon and Cressy made him first prince of the blood and heir presumptive to the crown, he was fain to repress his ambitious longings, to proceed with the utmost caution, and to trust to the chapter of accidents or the course of events.

An incident, recorded by chroniclers and immortalised by Shakspeare, raised the elements of disturbance, and gave form and colour to the rival factions. A violent dispute on a legal point occurred one day between York's nephew, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, and Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, in the Temple Gardens. The barons present, though ready enough to take a side, declined to enter into such "nice sharp quillets of the law." Warwick thereupon plucked a white rose, and Somerset a red rose; each asked his friends to do the like; and thus originated the badges of the hostile parties who were soon to involve the country in civil war.

And yet the circumstances of the country were such that no hand would have been raised against the King, if the Queen and the Queen's favourites had not outraged law and decency. As it happened the govern-

ment caused the utmost discontent; and, at the opening of 1452, York repairing to his castle of Ludlow, armed with the avowed object of driving Somerset from power. But having, after an interview with the King at Dartmouth, been induced to disband his forces, the Duke was subjected for a time to a durance which only served to increase the discontent of the nation. Hardly had this princely pretender regained his liberty when a strange gloom settled over the court, and darkened the visages of those noblemen who adhered to the reigning house. Mysterious rumours were bruited about; and at last out came the terrible truth that the King was afflicted with a total eclipse of reason.

While such was the state of matters, and while the events of the direst civil conflict that ever raged on English ground were casting their shadows before, the birth of an heir to the throne was, of course, suggestive of considerations very different to the rival factions. The Lancastrians, under the impression that the aspirations of their adversaries were for ever dissipated, smiled with complacent triumph; while the Yorkists, enraged at their hopes being frustrated, muttered that their chief must no longer refrain from striking a blow for that regal authority which he claimed as his by hereditary right.

Meantime the Prince, born on St. Edward's day, was baptized by the name of Edward, which had been dear to the people of England from the Anglo-Saxon

period, and rendered illustrious by the two greatest kings of the Plantagenet race. Notwithstanding his father's hapless plight, fortune seemed to smile on the royal infant. The Yorkists, indeed, expressed opinions about his birth which were injurious to Margaret's reputation as a woman, and her honour as a queen; but in March, 1454, when Parliament was assembled to consider how the government was to be carried on during the King's malady, all went smoothly. The royal child was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester; a splendid provision was made for his maintenance; his privileges as legitimate heir to the crown were unquestioned; and the protectorship of the realm, during his minority, was tacitly accepted by the Duke of York.

Nine months passed over, and the Prince of Wales had reached his second year, when King Henry suddenly regained possession of his faculties. Awaking as from a dream, he was, doubtless, somewhat surprised to find himself the father of a beautiful boy. However, he manifested a proper degree of paternal pride, and embraced his hopeful heir with affection.

So far as affairs of state were concerned, the King's unexpected recovery threw everything into confusion. Prompted by his haughty spouse, he expressed a resolution to resume the royal authority; and York was under the necessity of resigning the protectorship. The Duke, however, had found the taste of power too sweet easily to forego it. He retired in discontent to Ludlow, and there commenced raising an army to

conquer the crown which he deemed his birthright. A fierce struggle was now inevitable; and the warriors of both parties girded on their armour, and summoned their fighting men to take part in the conflict.

Within the four seas there was no feudal house to compare, for patrician power or popular influence, with that of Neville. The Nevilles, as descendants of Corpatrick, could boast that their ancestors had, before the Conquest, figured conspicuously in the scenes of English history; and they drew strength at once from an illustrious Saxon origin and distinguished Norman alliances. Their chiefs, the Earls of Westmoreland, had, before this period, fought with distinction in the wars of Scotland and of France; and they maintained baronial rank at Raby till they risked and lost all in the rebellion of the great northern earls against Elizabeth. It is unnecessary to enumerate the branches that came from a tree so goodly. Suffice it to say that a younger son of the Earl of Westmoreland took to wife the heiress of the Montagues, acquired with her hand the Earldom of Salisbury, and won high renown for his strength in battle and wisdom in council.

Richard Neville, the eldest son of Salisbury, was still more famous than his sire. Having espoused the heiress of the Beauchamps, he obtained their Earldom of Warwick, together with their vast possessions. His hospitality was unbounded; his praise was on every tongue; he was the idol of the soldiery; and being at once the bravest knight in Christendom, and Lord High

Admiral of England, he was familiarly spoken of by turns as "the Stout Earl" and "the Great Captain of the Sea." Never, perhaps, had England seen so formidable a subject since the great Edward shattered De Montfort's oligarchy on the field of Evesham. The Duke of York, doubtless, counted on the House of Neville; for he had married "the Rose of Raby," a daughter of this illustrious line. Nevertheless, when the wars of the Roses broke out, the chiefs took different sides. Westmoreland adhered to the King. Salisbury and Warwick cast in their lot with the Duke, marshalled their merry men, and raised their standard to make head against the royal power.

That matters must be worse before they could be better now became evident. It was an important part of an English King's functions to command the army, and his duty to exhibit an example of personal courage. In that great quality the Plantagenets had seldom been deficient; and Henry's immediate predecessors had not shrunk from scenes of war and carnage. His grandsire, after deposing Richard, and proving his courage by an expedition against Scotland, had in three campaigns bravely faced Owen Glendower and his wild Welshmen. His sire had chased the imaginative Celt into obscurity, and afterwards ridden into the very thick of the fight at Agincourt. Even the sixth Henry forgot, for a while, his saintly theories, buckled on the mail of a warrior, and led the royal army towards Ludlow.

Meanwhile the Prince of Wales was carried by his mother to the Palace of Greenwich, and while there the Queen received intelligence that the embattled hosts had encountered at St. Alban's; that much blood had been shed; that the royal force had been dispersed in confusion; and that her meek husband was a captive in the hands of the enemy. The contending parties, however, were not yet disposed to drive matters to extremity; and when York was a second time constituted Protector of the realm, he intrusted Henry, again suffering from insanity, to the Queen's care. Margaret retired with her husband and son to Hertford, and there, sad but not desperate, devoted herself to the restoration of the King and the education of the Prince of Wales.

The Queen, it is true, was not quite absorbed in her domestic duties. Necessity made her submit to York's supremacy, but her heart was bent on a renewal of the struggle for that power which she loved so well; and no sooner did Henry once more regain possession of his reason than she presented him to Parliament, and demanded back his authority as King. Her wish was gratified, all parties pretending to be reconciled; and the King, the Queen, and the Duke walked in procession to St. Paul's, to convince the citizens that they were the best of friends.

But a few months dissipated the illusion which the scene at St. Paul's created. One day, while the Earl of Warwick was leaving the court, one of his

attendants was struck by a man attached to the royal household. An affray ensued; a cry arose that it was a plot of "the Foreign Woman" to murder "the Stout Earl;" the Yorkists, after mustering at Ludlow, sought refuge in exile; and the Queen, left in undisputed possession of power, held an illegal Parliament at Coventry, and caused their estates to be confiscated.

Ere this, during the summer of 1459, the Prince of Wales, in order to enlist the national sympathies in his cause and career, was carried on a progress through his Earldom of Chester and other northern counties, and everywhere received with enthusiasm by the populace. Twelve months later, when the Earl of Warwick had landed on the shores of England, the heir of Lancaster, though still too young to take the slightest part in the war, witnessed the battle of Northampton from an elevated situation; saw three hundred of his father's best knights bite the dust; and then fled, with his mother, into North Wales. Having reached the Principality, they took refuge in Harleck Castle, which had been built by the Conqueror of Evesham on the site of an ancient fortress, and which was held for King Henry by a sturdy Welsh captain.

While at Harleck Castle the Queen received intelligence which made her start as if she had been stung by an adder. Her foes were settling matters as they liked. Henry, again a captive, was to continue king for life; but such a king as Lothaire was when Hugh Capet was put in possession of France, without

being allowed to assume the diadem; while York was to hold the reins of government, and ascend the throne after his prisoner's death. As for the boy-Prince of Wales, his existence was not even taken into account.

Margaret's spirit rose high. The exclusion of the Prince was too much for the feelings of maternal tenderness that found a place even in her proud bosom. Any concession that deprived the son, who was her consolation and her hope, of his birthright, was more bitter far than the loss of her crown. The perils surrounding the throne which she had lately shared, and which the boy had been born to inherit, enhanced its value in her excited imagination; and she resolved upon adopting such an energetic course of action as would redeem the prize she so highly valued.

A summons to appear at court, and bring her son thither, found its way to Margaret's retreat; but, instead of obeying, she started for Scotland, where the third James then reigned, under the auspices of his mother, Mary of Gueldres. The exiles met with a hospitable reception. The Queen formed with Mary, who, like herself, was of the blood royal of France, a close friendship; and the Prince of Wales was contracted in marriage to a sister of the boy-King of Scots. Ere long, encouraged by promises of aid, Margaret repaired to the north of England, where barons, whose ancestors had fought at Hastings, acted as conservators of the Great Charter, and for centuries maintained feudal rank among clans that thought it no harm to

"shift for their living," were devoted to the Red Rose. Her youth—for she had hardly yet seen thirty summers—her matchless beauty, her poetic eloquence, inspired the lords of the North with enthusiasm for the fair boy of seven whom she led by the hand; and the hope of spoil brought around her a number of moss-troopers, with those long lances which were seldom levelled in vain. Having allured to the royal standard some eighteen thousand men, the Queen and the Prince of Wales appeared before the gates of York, and then, in battle array, marched forward to Wakefield Green.

It was December, 1460; and York, who had come southward with five thousand men, was at Sandal Castle when informed by scouts of the near approach of his foe. The Earl of Salisbury strongly advised York to refrain from hazarding a battle; but the Duke, declaring that he would not be daunted, sallied forth boldly, and made a terrific onslaught. The warriors on both sides charged with the fury of lions. The Yorkists, being better disciplined, were for a while hopeful of victory; but, at a critical moment, the Queen gave the signal for a body of Borderers to charge the enemy in the rear. The northern prickers levelled their long lances, spurred their steeds, shouted their war-cry, and swept before them the chivalry of York as the wind scatters straw. The victory was complete; the bold Duke's life-blood stained the slippery field; and his head was, in mockery, encircled with a paper crown. The old Earl of Salisbury, taken during the nocturnal pursuit, was executed at

Pontefract, and his head was placed over the gates of York as a warning to the Queen's enemies.

An incident still more melancholy must be related. It happened that the Earl of Rutland, York's second son, had that day been, in an evil hour, brought by his tutor to witness the battle. Rutland was a boy of twelve, artless and innocent, like others of his age. Seeing that the fortune of the field went against his father, the young Earl with his tutor fled from the scene of carnage and confusion. While hurrying, in fear and trembling, across the bridge, they were caught by the Lord Clifford, who had lost a father in the wars, and vowed to execute a terrible revenge. Rutland, terror-stricken, fell on his knees, and begged piteously for mercy; but Clifford, deaf to prayers and entreaties, savagely plunged a dagger into the boy's heart, and, as the soul and body parted, swore, by God's blood, that he would so serve all the kin of York who fell into his hands. "I spare you," added he, addressing the tutor, who was a priest, "that you may go and tell the Duchess of York what your eyes have seen."

Even the Queen, on this occasion, showed no mercy. Adversity had made her too violent to be controlled, too headstrong to be resisted. The attacks upon her honour, which took the shape of doubting the paternity of the Prince of Wales, rendered her both cruel and vindictive; and, as if delighting to shed blood, she wreaked her vengeance on the vanquished with a fury which raised a cry of horror throughout the land.

Nevertheless the men of the North, to whom had been promised the spoil south of the Trent, were devoted to her cause; and the sight of a beautiful woman enduring with fortitude the hardships of war at such a season excited their chivalrous sympathies, and strengthened their loyal feelings. Advancing towards St. Alban's in February, she fell on the army of Warwick at Bernard's Heath, and compelled him to beat a precipitate retreat. The captive king, left behind, joined the Queen and the Prince of Wales in Lord Clifford's tent, and informed them that he was no longer a prisoner. All seemed most hopeful; and the Prince of Wales, who had now reached the age of eight, took knighthood from the hand of his royal sire.

But Fortune and the foe were still unsubdued; for Edward of York, the son and heir of the slain Duke, was at the head of an army formidable in numbers, and flushed with recent victory over the Tudors at Mortimer's Cross. Joined by Warwick and the survivors of Bernard's Heath, he marched into London, and having been received by the citizens with joy, he rode in triumph to Westminster, seated himself on the throne, and was proclaimed king amid shouts of "Long live Edward the Fourth!" The Queen, somewhat dismayed, carried the King and the young Prince northward to the city of York, and commenced recruiting her army on the banks of the Humber and the Trent. Warwick, who well understood the danger of delay at such a crisis, induced the new King to follow; and on

Palm Sunday, 1461, the North and the South met in hostile array on Towton Field, to decide the fate of the English crown.

The snow was falling fast, and drifting over the country; and the King, with the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Lord De Roos, remained at York to await the issue of the conflict. The battle of Towton, one of the bloodiest ever fought on English ground, had raged doubtfully from nine to three, when the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset spurred into York, announced that all was lost, and recommended a speedy flight. It was a moment of intolerable anguish; but it was necessary to fly, and that quickly. The prospect, indeed, was the reverse of inviting. The season was severe; the days were cold; the nights were long and stormy; the hills were covered with snow; the road lay through a rugged country, where, for two centuries after the Norman Conquest, no king of England had dared to show his face unless escorted by troops of cavalry. But Margaret's courage did not fail her. Better to die of cold or hunger than to fall into the hands of the Yorkist foe—of Edward, whose brother had been butchered by Clifford; or of Warwick, whose father's head was still over the gates of York. The Queen and her friends therefore mounted in haste, set their faces northward, reached Newcastle in safety, and pursued their journey till they crossed the Tweed and entered the gates of Berwick.

Berwick was the last remnant of the conquests

achieved by the Edwards in Scotland, and had been held, with few intermissions, by the English since the day when the Conqueror of Evesham spurred his charger Bayard over its walls into the midst of a hostile garrison, reduced its great Red Hall to a mass of blackened ruins, and planted the banners of St. Edward and St. George on the ramparts of its magnificent castle. Nevertheless, Henry, to attach the Scots to his fortune, bribed them with this town; and the surrender of a stronghold so important to their defence reconciled them to the peril of again aiding the enemies of Edward of York.

The royal fugitives then found a welcome to the Scottish court, and two expeditions were fitted out against their foes; but both resulted in failure, and the exiles were reduced to the utmost distress. On one occasion the Queen, being at mass, was so poor that she had not even "a black penny" to offer on the altar, and with difficulty persuaded a Scottish bowman to lend her a farthing for that purpose. On another occasion she and her husband and son had to live for five days on a herring, and not more bread than should have served only a third of the time.

Hopeless as any enterprise now appeared, Margaret was urged by female resentment and a haughty and restless spirit to desperate adventures. Leaving Henry in Scotland, where his absence would infinitely have been preferred to his presence, she embarked with her son for France, to solicit aid from Louis the Crafty,

whose peculiarities of mind, dress, and manner Sir Walter Scott has pictured so admirably in the pages of "Quentin Durward." When, in the spring of 1462, Margaret landed on the coast of Britanny, the Duke of that province, touched with compassion, supplied her with a sum of money; but when she carried the Prince of Wales to the French court, Louis declared that he was too poor and perplexed to interfere in their affairs.

At length, when the Queen was almost in despair, an unfortunate idea was presented. The only city of which the English retained possession on the Continent was Calais, which had been taken by the third Edward. The Commons of England, while recalling with pride the old glories of Cressy, of Poictiers, of Agincourt, and of Verneuil, deemed themselves privileged to boast that, so long as Calais was theirs, they carried at their girdle the keys of France and Flanders. This place the Queen consented to pawn; and Louis, catching at the proposal, and perceiving the advantages it promised, agreed to furnish the distressed Queen with twenty thousand crowns and an army of two thousand men.

Having placed this force under the command of Sir Peter Brezé, a French captain of renown, whom her beauty had inspired with a chivalrous devotion, Margaret sailed for the north of England in the autumn of 1463, and effected a landing near Bamburgh. Contrary to her expectations, the inhabitants of the pro-

vince where her influence was strongest did not take up arms, and the ill-fated Queen sought security in the Castle of Alnwick. While in that stronghold of the loyal Percies Margaret was dismayed with the intelligence that her former foe, the Earl of Warwick, was approaching; and, after taking counsel with Brezé, she retired to the ships. Scarcely had they put out to sea when a violent storm arising scattered the little fleet, and wrecked on the rocky coast of Northumberland the vessels bearing some money and stores. The Queen, clinging with maternal solicitude to her son, was placed on board a fishing-boat; and, in spite of wind and weather, they were fortunate enough to reach the port of Berwick in safety.

The aspect of matters was now dismal. The government of Scotland had played false, repudiated the marriage contract, and concluded a treaty with Edward of York. Margaret had nothing left on which to rely but the energy that is hope in action, the fascination exercised by beauty and eloquence, and the courage which never blanches in the presence of peril. She did not quite despair, for she was now on the wild Borders, and was resolved to secure the aid of men whose delight was in the clash of arms and the din of battle. By cultivating the friendship of some Scottish chiefs, and holding out to the foraying clans the prospect of booty, she felt assured of soon bringing around her a numerous army; and thousands of fighting men came from summits crowned with frowning castles and cas-

tellated houses—where martial barons rejoiced in armorial bearings indicative of their love of predatory adventure, where bards tuned the harp to celebrate the exploits of heroes who could ride defiantly past the warden and baffle the keenest-scented bloodhounds, where the blazing bale ever and anon roused the clans to oppose the incursions of hostile marauders, where the villagers were perpetually awakened at dead of night by fierce forayers from the sister kingdom, where the russet bloodhound was frequently heard baying through the long green broom, and where towers were dismantled, haystacks burned, and cattle stolen. The property of these men was in their swords; their armour was rusty, their steeds were lean and bony; but with hearts far from insensible to the smiles and tears of beauty, they were willing to obey the behests of the discrowned Queen, to insure her revenge, and to endeavour to restore her to that throne which they could not help believing her well qualified to grace. Joined by the meek Henry, and encompassed by thousands of spears, Margaret, in the spring of 1464, raised her standard, crossed the Tweed, and advanced southward.

The Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, the Lords De Roos and Hungerford, Sir Ralph Percy, and Sir Ralph Grey took up arms, but the campaign opened inauspiciously; for Lord Montagu, a brother of Warwick, was then warden of the East Marches, and he met the crisis with a vigilance worthy of his high office, and a

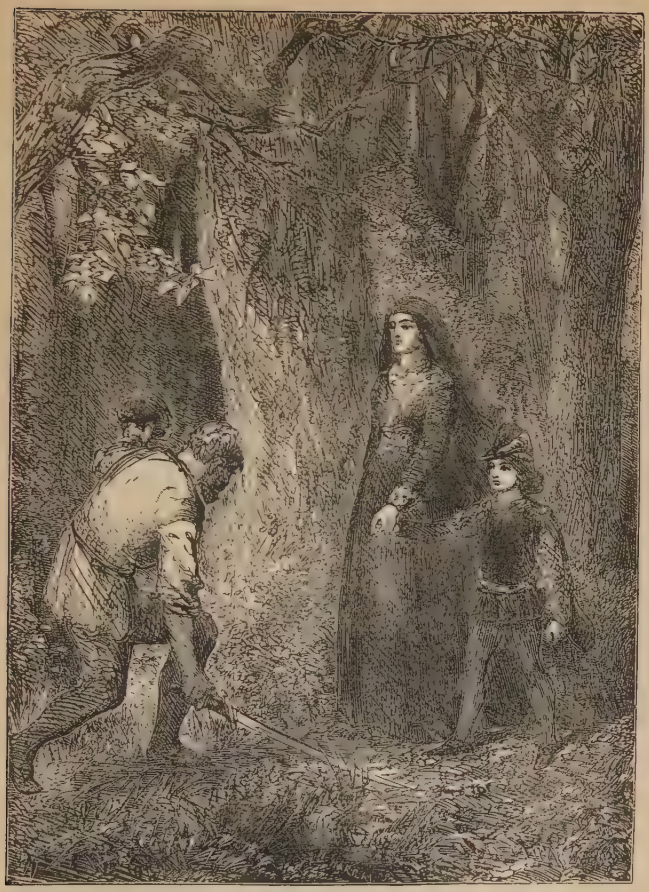
courage worthy of his great name. At Hedgley Moor he fell upon a party of the Queen's forces led by Percy, and put them to the rout. The high-spirited Northumbrian, disdaining to fly, fought valiantly, and fell, exclaiming with his dying breath, "I have saved the bird in my bosom;" meaning that he had kept his oath to Henry. A block of stone, known as Percy's Cross, with the armorial bearings of his family rudely sculptured on its sides, was erected where he expired.

Montagu, after his easy victory at Hedgley Moor, paused before striking the decisive blow; but at length, learning that Margaret's main army was encamped near Hexham, in Livel's Plain by the river Dowel, he bore down upon their camp. The men of the North met the unexpected charge with stern resolution; but against such a captain as Montagu their valour was vain. The conflict was sharp, bloody, and decisive. The Lancastrians were put to the sword and slaughtered. Somerset and Hungerford, with many others of less note, were taken and executed. Sir Ralph Grey, when afterwards found in the Castle of Bamburgh, shared their fate, but not till he had been condemned to degradation from the order of knighthood, his coat being rent, and his gilded spurs hacked from his heels. Poor King Henry, though mounted on a swift steed, escaped the pursuers with so much difficulty, that he left his helmet and equipage in the hands of the victors. The disaster was complete and irreparable.

The Prince of Wales was by the Queen's side,

when their broken squadrons flying northward, and the war-cry of Montagu shouted in accents of victory, admonished the mother and the son that another battle had been fought, and another army scattered in dismay, to gratify her ambition and vindicate his claims. They had not time, however, to indulge in pensive reflections. Their situation was perilous in the extreme. Cries of victory and shouts of scorn sounded in their ears. In whatever direction they looked the prospect was appalling. In a land where the one had lately been courted as Queen, and the other caressed as heir to the crown, which, on his grandsire's head, had dazzled all Europe, not a town, not a castle, now remained to afford them an asylum; nor was any road open by which they could hope to escape. Perplexed in the extreme, they fled into Hexham Forest, trusting that, even if doomed to perish of hunger, its recesses would conceal them from pursuers at whose hands they had no reason to expect mercy.

While tremulously threading the uneven path, Margaret and her son were suddenly set upon by a band of robbers. Without respect for the Queen's rank or sex, the bandits menaced her with instant death, and rudely despoiled her of such rings and jewels as she wore. Alarmed, as she well might be, Margaret seized a favourable opportunity, and escaped into the thicket while they were greedily wrangling about the partition of the plunder. The shades of evening were closing over the forest when the homeless



Taking her son by the hand, she advanced to this man, "Here, my friend, I commit to your care the safety of your king's son."—p. 105.

wanderers, fatigued with their adventures, faint from lack of food, and dispirited with misfortune, sat down in affliction and despair to bewail their hard lot. While the Queen was in this hapless position, and her proud heart was wrung with bitter agony, she suddenly perceived another outlaw approaching. Conscious that escape was this time impossible, Margaret bethought herself of appealing to the man's finer feelings. She rose, and looked every inch a Queen. Taking her son by the hand, she advanced to this man of the forest, and presenting the young Prince, said, with her most majestic manner and irresistible voice, "Here, my friend, I commit to your care the safety of your king's son." The outlaw's humanity was touched, his generosity excited. He fell on his knee, and, charmed with the confidence reposed in him, promised to do everything in his power to protect the unfortunate fugitives. He led the way to his dwelling on the outskirts of the forest, made his wife tend them with care and kindness, and afterwards conducting them to the coast, procured a vessel, and saw them embarked for Flanders.

At Bruges the royal exiles landed in safety, and met with a reception befitting their rank. The Prince of Wales took up his residence in that city, while the Queen journeyed to Lille. Hence she set out for Bethune, to hold a conference with the Duke of Burgundy. A guard of archers was in waiting at Bethune to escort her to St. Pol. At the latter place the Duke

entertained her with chivalrous respect, and advised her to wait events with patience.

After rejoining her son at Bruges, Margaret visited the Count of Charolois, the heir of Burgundy, and was so magnificently treated by him, that the young Prince could not help remarking, "These honours are not due from you to us; neither in your father's dominions should precedence be given to persons so destitute as we are." "Unfortunate though you be," answered the Count, "you are the son of the King of England, while I am only the son of a ducal sovereign; and that is not so high a rank."

Leaving Bruges with her son, Margaret was escorted to Barr with all the honour due to her royal rank, and there met and welcomed by her father. King René gave his daughter an old castle in the province of Verdun, and thither, to be educated in the accomplishments in fashion at the period, went the juvenile Prince of Wales; nor, though in almost hopeless adversity, was he without a preceptor worthy of instructing an heir of England in weightier matters.

Biographers relate that about the year 1442, when it was still the fashion for the young nobility and gentry of the realm to be instructed in the originals and elements of the laws, there was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn an Englishman named John Fortescue. He sprang from an ancient Norman family; he had studied at Exeter College, Oxford; and he was destined to bequeath to his country treatises of no ordinary

value. Fortescue's talent, his profound learning, and his legal accomplishments soon made him conspicuous as a man of note; and becoming Chief Justice of the King's Bench, he fulfilled his judicial functions with distinguished ability. When the civil war broke out he adhered faithfully to the House of Lancaster, though neither to pick the thanks nor flatter the vanity of its members. He was not, indeed, of the stuff out of which minions and slaves are formed. He was an ardent lover of English liberty: he had no belief in "the right divine of kings to govern wrong;" he held that Parliament had full power, in cases of emergency, to change the succession; and he was convinced that the deposition of Richard the Second had been a just punishment for the misgovernment of which that monarch had been guilty. Though advanced in years, he exchanged the gown for a coat of mail, to bear a lance on the bloody field of Towton; he followed the royal family into Scotland; he was in action during the Northumbrian campaign; he now took up his residence at Verdun, to devote himself to the education of the Prince; and he endeavoured so to form the mind of the royal boy as to qualify him to enact in after-life the part of a patriot king. He compiled, for the edification of his promising pupil, the "De Laudibus Legum Angliæ," a work explanatory of the laws and constitution of England, and suggestive of the improvements that might, with advantage, be introduced; and as the Prince, while engaged in studies so grave, neglected

neither warlike exercises nor social accomplishments—for he was fond of lance, and brand, and knightly song—he grew, while living in obscurity, no inadequate representative of those Plantagenets whose achievements in peace and war had rendered their name the pride of England and the terror of her foes. Let us for a few moments leave our hero safe in his retreat, and refer with brevity to the circumstances which produced the sudden and startling revolution that opened up to him the prospect of a throne, and conducted him to an untimely grave.

The victory won by Montagu at Hexham had so established Edward's power that he found himself in a condition to inflict the most signal chastisement on any one venturesome enough to dispute his authority. Henry, for a while, by shifting from place to place, contrived to escape his pursuers. At length, one day while he was seated at dinner at Waddington Hall, he was seized by the Yorkists, led to London, conducted into the capital, and committed to the Tower. While Henry endured his captivity with Christian resignation, a boyish passion for Elizabeth Woodville, the widow of a Lancastrian knight, hurried the Yorkist King into a marriage which gave dire offence to the haughty barons. "No king of ours since the Conquest," it was said, "has dared to marry his own subject."

This was but the beginning of the end. The new Queen had a multitude of kinsmen, and for each of them a peerage and an estate had to be provided; and

at length the nation was disgusted with the avarice manifested by one of the Queen's brothers, who, on emerging from his teens, took to wife the Duchess of Norfolk, a wealthy dame, who had attained the ripe age of eighty-two. The King's court swarmed with new men; the ancient barons openly expressed their contempt for the Queen's kindred; and the demagogues of the North exhorted their followers to rise and trample down the upstart aristocracy, who were depressing the nobles, and oppressing the people of the country. No one appears to have been more indignant than the Earl of Warwick, whose ill-feeling was ere long converted into bitter hatred; and at length, in 1470, breaking finally with the King whom he had set up, "the Stout Earl" sought safety in exile, landed with his family and his brother-in-law, the Earl of Oxford, at Dieppe, communicated with Louis of France, and journeyed across the country to Amboise.

When affairs took this turn the Prince of Wales, with his mother, whose experience enabled her to foresee the coming struggle, lost no time in leaving Verdun, and repairing to the court of Tours. Imagine a boy of seventeen, with a chivalrous bearing, a graceful manner, a handsome form, and a countenance of almost feminine beauty lighted up with a blue eye, sparkling with Plantagenet valour; array such a youth in the dress worn at the period, the high cap, the feather, the short purple jacket trimmed with ermine; place on his breast the badge of St. George and a

single ostrich plume—his cognisance as Prince of Wales—and you have before your mind's eye the grandson of the Conqueror of Agincourt, as he appeared on the crisis of his fate to the faithful adherents of the Red Rose. Having lost everything else, they had sought the French court to place their swords at his disposal.

But it was not merely banished lords like John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, and Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, and Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, who looked upon the pupil of Fortescue with interest and anticipation. Combining as he did the beauty inherited from his mother, and the regal honours claimed as his father's heir, with all the graces of youth and rank, royalty and chivalry, he was generally regarded as one likely, at no distant date, to be a desirable friend and a formidable foe.

Warwick had not been blessed with a son to inherit his great feudal power and large territorial possessions—his house in London, where six oxen were consumed every morning at breakfast—his numerous castles, where thirty thousand retainers where daily fed—his favour with the people, who, now that he was exiled to a foreign strand, were complaining that England without "the Stout Earl" was like a world without a sun. Warwick, however, had two daughters. One of these was already the wife of King Edward's brother, George, Duke of Clarence; the other was residing with her

mother at Angers. It is said that on some festive occasion the Lady Anne Neville had been seen at Paris by the Prince of Wales. The sight called into action his noblest aspirations and tenderest sympathies. Her soft English beauty, her artless patrician grace, arrested his eye, touched his heart, and lingered in his memory. He was, in fact, inspired with one of those romantic attachments which colour the dreams and excite the ambition of youth. The dread that his haughty mother would sooner see him on a dying bed than the son-in-law of her ancient foe was perhaps not overwhelming; for though the Queen and the Earl were separated by a wide gulf, in which ran the blood of friends and kinsmen, they had one feeling in common—an intense antipathy to Edward of York. It soon appeared that the case was not quite desperate. Warwick indicated through Louis his desire for a reconciliation; Margaret was prompted by the ambition of a queen and the tenderness of a mother to recover, by compromise, that throne which she had been unable to conquer by arms. A conference was at length arranged.

It was in the château of Amboise that Warwick, with baronial pride on his brow and revenge gnawing at his heart, in the month of June, 1470, was brought face to face with those whose ruin he had wrought. Poets, novelists, and historians have exerted their art to depict the scene. There, much the worse in temper and person for the wear and tear of anxious days and sleepless nights, was the haughty Queen, from the

brow of whose husband he had plucked the proudest crown in Christendom. There, beggared, threadbare, and poverty-stricken, appeared those Lancastrian nobles whose homage he had seen in other days paid to her at Westminster, when she sat on the throne wearing the royal crown and the mantle of purple bound with gems and gold. There, in the plainest of garbs, was Louis, with all his craft in operation, and a keen eye to his own interest. And there was the fair, young, attractive Prince of Wales, vainly imagining that man's valour and woman's wit could conquer fortune.

Warwick, though devoid of all personal ambition to occupy a throne, was anxious to see his daughter a queen. He therefore expressed his readiness to restore the line of Lancaster if Margaret would consent to the union of the Prince of Wales with Anne Neville, whose birth and lineage were such as to put her on a level with any king in Europe. Margaret hesitated; she felt the sharpness of the sacrifice, and took several days to consider the proposal. She showed Louis a letter received from England, offering the hand of the eldest daughter of Edward of York to her son; asked if that were not a more profitable party; and if it were necessary to forgive, whether it were not more queenly to treat with Edward than a twofold rebel. Louis became cool; indeed, he would have thought little of throwing over her cause. He assured the Earl that he would aid him to the utmost to reconquer England for any one he chose, and that he loved him better than he

did either Margaret or her son. At last all difficulties were got over by Margaret coming to terms and consenting to the match.

At Angers, in July, the marriage was celebrated; and Warwick, with the Earl of Oxford and the Lancastrian lords, set sail to conquer a throne for his youthful son-in-law. The Prince of Wales, who remained on the Continent to await tidings of victory, repaired to the French capital in the autumn, with his fair bride, his mother, the Countess of Warwick, and the noble dames and damsels who formed the court of the exiled Queen. They were received with the most distinguished honours. The greatest lords of France escorted them to Paris. The Archbishop, the Parliament, the University, came forth to bid them welcome. The inhabitants, dressed in their best, crowded towards the gate of St. James to witness their entrance. Through streets hung with tapestry, and squares in which tents were pitched, they proceeded to the palace, where apartments had been handsomely prepared for their reception. News had already arrived that Warwick had been completely successful, that Edward of York had fled to the court of Burgundy, that Henry of Lancaster had been restored to liberty, and that nothing was wanting to complete the triumph but the presence of the Prince of Wales.

The royal exiles were now naturally eager to join the great Earl, and prepared to cross to England. The elements, however, were adverse. Thrice they put to

sea, and thrice were they driven back by contrary winds. At length, when winter had passed and spring arrived, and the winds were still, and the sea calm, they landed at Weymouth, and repaired to the Abbey of Cearne to rest from the fatigues of their voyage. There, while keeping the festival of Easter, many an illusion was dissipated and many a hope dispelled by the intelligence that Edward of York, having found Burgundy's hospitality hard to bear, and returned to England, had met the embattled host of Warwick at Barnet; that Clarence, little relishing being pushed, as it were, from the steps of a throne, had played the traitor, and deserted his great father-in-law; that "the Stout Earl," "the setter-up and puller-down of kings," had perished on the lost field; that the Lord Montagu had shared Warwick's fate; and that King Henry was once more in the hands of his enemies.

Accustomed as she had been to the caprices of fortune, Margaret's courage gave way at this fatal blow. She looked bewildered, raised her hands to heaven, closed her eyes, and swooned. On her recovery it was decided that the whole party should make for the Sanctuary of Beaulieu; and thither they hastened. While they were bewailing their sad fate there arrived at Beaulieu several lords and gentlemen of mark, among whom were the Duke of Somerset, and John Courtenay, Earl of Devon, whose pedigree dated from the age of Charlemagne, whose ancestors had for two centuries ranked among the nobles of England, whose

father had died while on his way to mediate between the Red Rose and the White, and whose brothers had sealed with their blood their fidelity to the House of Lancaster. A council was held. It was clear that one of two courses must be taken: they must either return to their ships or brave fortune and their foes on another field. Margaret, it might be with the presentiment of a tragic catastrophe was in favour of returning to France. To this Somerset expressed his decided opposition. The Queen then proposed that her son should be sent to France, to remain there in safety till a victory had been won. Somerset and the other lords declared that the heir of Lancaster ought to lead his adherents to battle; and the Prince himself was ready rather to die on a field of fame than live to expire in exile and obscurity. The matter was soon settled; the Lancastrians made for Exeter; an army was rapidly mustered in the west of England; and the Prince of Wales led his forces towards the Marches of Wales, trusting to join the Earl of Pembroke, who was raising troops in the Principality.

Everything went wrong. On reaching the city of Gloucester, and trusting there to pass the river Severn, the governor distinctly refused them admittance; and, as it was known that King Edward, with his brothers, was close at hand, the Lancastrians passed on to Tewkesbury, and encamped on the left bank of the Severn, hard by the spot where that river forms a junction with the Avon.

The town of Tewkesbury, with its old Norman abbey and quiet streets, is little changed in outward appearance since that period. Immediately south of the town, and at a short distance from the ancient abbey, is a mead, which in summer, when the sky is blue and cloudless, and the sun paints the landscape in brilliant hues, blooms with wild flowers, and smiles in the merry light of day. That piece of ground is known as "the Bloody Meadow," because, when the Houses of York and Lancaster fought their twelfth battle for the crown, its surface was dyed with some of the best blood of England.

It was the 4th of May, 1471, when the Lancastrian chiefs set their ranks in order; and the boy-Prince of Wales rode along their lines, while Queen Margaret encouraged the adherents of the Red Rose to do their duty against the approaching foe. Onward, with a prescience of victory—for men who had just destroyed the Neville barons could fear little from a woman and a boy—came the warriors of Barnet, their van led by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, already dreaming of the throne. At the first charge the Yorkists were gallantly repulsed; but Gloucester, by a dexterous feint, drew Somerset from his entrenchments, and the latter, making a sally, spent the energy of his men in one furious charge.

This was not the worst of the Duke's blunders. Perceiving that he had not been properly supported, Somerset rode back to Lord Wenlock, who had remained in the trenches, accused him of treachery, and killed him

with a battle-axe. By this time all was confusion. Devon fell in front of his array; Gloucester, with his boar's-head crest, appeared within the Lancastrian lines; Edward and Clarence followed in triumph; the conflict became a rout; and the shepherds, looking down from the Cotswold Hills, shuddered as they witnessed the slaughter in the vale.

The Prince of Wales had hitherto maintained his position and fought with courage; but when the day was irretrievably lost, and Somerset fled to take refuge in the church, the Prince, in despair, made for the town. On his way the young hero was stopped by Sir Richard Crofts, who persuaded him to surrender, and go into the presence of the King. There is still standing a house where, according to tradition, the savage Edward rested after his victory; and on an oaken floor are pointed out marks of blood long since shed. There, it is said, the youthful Prince appeared before his victor. What brought you here?" asked the Yorkist King. "To recover my father's crown and my own rights," boldly answered the heir of Lancaster.

The noble presence, high spirit, and remarkable promise of the boy were arguments for his speedy destruction; for never could the cause of the Red Rose die while such a Prince breathed the breath of life. So Edward savagely struck the face of the unarmed captive with a gauntlet; Clarence and Gloucester rushed upon him with their swords; and the King's servants completed the murder.

And now all was over; and evident it seemed that fortune had for ever deserted the Red Rose. King Edward, having embrued his hands in innocent blood, went to the Abbey of Tewkesbury to return thanks for his victory; and Somerset, with others of the vanquished found in the Abbey Church, was executed; and Queen Margaret, discovered lurking in a religious house hard by, was carried captive to London, and there detained till the treaty of Amiens; and King Henry, a meek prisoner, died in the Tower, despatched, it was suspected, by the dagger of Gloucester.

Meanwhile, in a grave within the Abbey Church of Tewkesbury, had been laid the gory corpse of Edward, Prince of Wales. No ceremony befitting his royal rank was observed on the occasion; and even now only a small slab indicates the spot where, far from the tomb of the fifth Henry illumined by rays of glory, repose the ashes of his grandson, by turns the hope, the hero, and the victim of the Lancastrian cause.

EDWARD THE FIFTH AND THE DUKE OF YORK.

One day, during the period occupied by the wars of York and Lancaster, London was in commotion. The partisans of the White Rose manifested symptoms of doubt, dread, and in some cases despair, and the adherents of the Red Rose were elated with sudden hope and anticipation; for Edward of York had fled to Burgundy, and the Earl of Warwick was marching towards the capital to restore Henry of Lancaster to the throne of his fathers.

At this perilous crisis Elizabeth Woodville, the fair queen of the fugitive monarch, fled secretly, with three infant daughters, from the Tower to the Sanctuary of Westminster; and there, on the 4th of November, 1470, forsaken by her friends, and exposed to penury, became mother of an heir to the pretensions of the House of York. The boy was named Edward; but no martial barons or high-born dames of England were present at the baptism of the infant Plantagenet. "Like a poor man's child was he christened," says the old chronicler, "his godfather being the Abbot and

Prior of Westminster." The sun of York seemed to have set; but ere the little prince was six months old London "saw another sight," when his martial sire, returning with victory sitting on his helm, conducted his wife and son from the Sanctuary to the Palace, ere going forth to exercise his somewhat savage valour against the great baron who had made and unmade him.

When the battle of Barnet had destroyed the power of the Nevilles, and the battle of Tewkesbury left the surviving adherents of the Red Rose without a Lancastrian prince to rally round, King Edward felt his throne firm, and believed his crown secure. A great council of prelates and lay lords was held; and the royal boy was created Prince of Wales, invested with the Earldom of Chester, and recognised as Duke of Cornwall.

Having thus been invested with the honours and dignities usually conferred on an heir-apparent to the crown, Prince Edward, as time passed on and he grew into boyhood, was placed under the counsel and direction of his maternal uncle, Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers, and sent to reside at the Castle of Ludlow, where it was hoped the presence of a Prince of Wales would keep the inhabitants of the Marches in awe.

The rules laid down for the government of young Edward at Ludlow are worthy of notice. Early in the morning he rose and attended matins, then he was conducted to breakfast, and afterwards occupied

with such "virtuous learning" as his tender age allowed. At ten o'clock he dined, except on fast-days, when the midday meal was postponed for an hour. The afternoon was employed on education, or in recreations to prevent idleness, and at four he supped. No swearing or ribaldry was permitted in his presence; and when he sat at table he was entertained with the reading of such stories as were likely to inspire him with the admiration of the good, the beautiful, and the heroic. While the royal boy was at Ludlow his father died, in April, 1483, and the son of Elizabeth Woodville was proclaimed King of England.

The English court was at this time divided between the kinsmen of the Queen and such of the old nobility as had, throughout the wars of the Roses, contrived to save their heads and estates. Immediately on the decease of the victor of Barnet, a contention arose about the custody of the young King's person and the government of the country; and the Queen, jealous of the designs of the adverse faction, having written to Earl Rivers to raise a large force, and conduct the King to be crowned in London, proceeded to muster an army against the advice of the council.

But while this was going on, and while Rivers also was gathering an army of two thousand men on the Welsh Marches, that the King might enter the metropolis with so strong a guard as to repress anything resembling opposition to his authority, a subtle

brain was revolving schemes for the destruction of the contending factions, and preparing to put his projects into execution.

The Duke of Gloucester has, as Richard the Third, been represented by dramatists as the most odious and deformed of the human race, and by chroniclers as "making the truth of history exceed the fiction of poetry, being a greater harpy than those that were feigned." When his name is mentioned the fancy conjures up a man of short stature, with a crooked back, a hook shoulder, a withered arm, splay feet, a disagreeable face, goggle eyes, and a swarthy complexion, and a mind as much deformed as his body. That Richard really was such a monster as he has been depicted is most improbable; but there can be little doubt that he was ambitious to a most criminal degree, and that his ambition led him to perpetrate enormities unjustifiable save by those maxims of Italian policy associated with the name of Machiavelli. We last saw him at Tewkesbury, participating in the murder of the heir of Lancaster; and he had since, nevertheless, married the youthful widow of that gallant prince. One son, doomed to fill an untimely grave—the only being, perhaps, whom he really regarded with natural affection—was the result of their union.

Richard, by his superior intellect and extensive knowledge, had exercised much influence over the fourth Edward; and that monarch, when his life of luxury, indolence, and intemperance was drawing to a

close, did not scruple to commit the keeping of his widow and children to a brother who had always professed attachment. Richard, who was then on the northern frontier, immediately wrote to the Queen requesting that the army gathering around the young King might be dismissed, lest its existence should create suspicion among her adversaries; and the royal widow, who was at once calculating and imprudent, despatched a message to her brother to dismiss the troops.

The boy-King set out from Ludlow with a retinue formed of his domestics, and on the 22nd of April had reached Stony Stratford, when made aware that Richard and the Duke of Buckingham were at Northampton, ten miles distant. Earl Rivers and his nephew, Richard Grey, young Edward's "brother of the half-blood," rode back to pay their respects to the two Dukes; and next morning all four arrived at Stony Stratford, just as the King was taking horse. They all appeared most friendly, and Gloucester and Buckingham bent their knee to the youthful sovereign. But soon a quarrel arose, and Gloucester, who knew that he must either crush the Woodvilles or be crushed by them, having caused Rivers and Grey to be arrested, explained to the King that they and his other half-brother, the Marquis of Dorset, were neither more nor less than rank traitors. "What my brother, the Marquis, hath done," remarked the King, "I cannot say; but for my uncle and brother here I dare answer for their being innocent of unlawful practices." "Oh," said Buckingham, "it has been

their cunning to keep their treachery from your Grace's knowledge."

After this explanation the Duke of Gloucester dismissed all the King's domestics, and placed his own creatures about Edward's person. The tears of the poor young King revealed the mortification he felt, and the vague presentiments that possessed him.

The King being now within his grasp, like a bird in the net of the fowler, Gloucester pushed on towards London, giving out as he went that the Woodvilles were conspiring against the throne and the ancient nobility of the realm. On the 4th of May, on approaching the metropolis, they were met at Hornsey Wood by the mayor, the sheriffs, the aldermen, and a crowd of citizens. Young Edward entered the city, attended as became a king. Gloucester rode bareheaded before his nephew. A great many lords followed, and, amid loud acclamations from the populace, the King was conducted to the Bishop's palace.

Meanwhile the Queen, hearing of these proceedings, and apprehensive of Gloucester's intentions, was seized with dread. Besides the young King she had a son, Richard, about ten years of age, who had been born at Shrewsbury, created Duke of York, and contracted in infancy to the only daughter of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk and Earl-marshal of England. With this boy and her five daughters Elizabeth Woodville repaired to the Sanctuary of Westminster, where formerly, at a period not less dark and gloomy, she had

found refuge and safety. Indeed, the superstitious believed that the place had been specially hallowed and sanctified by St. Peter in person; and hitherto no king, however wanting in devotion, had dared to infringe upon the privilege of its inmates. But Edward, after his victory at Tewkesbury, had in this respect shown a bad example, and the sin was now to be visited upon his helpless children.

The King, on learning that his mother was in alarm, with tears in his eyes expressed his grief; but Gloucester, who had been declared Protector by the Privy Council, only protested his fidelity, and marvelled that his royal nephew should be so melancholy. Gloucester, however, was not contented with the protectorate of the realm and the custody of the King's person. To realise the aspirations which the too ambitious Duke cherished, it was necessary also to withdraw the Duke of York from the Queen's keeping; and as the paternal uncle of the princes—as a man, moreover, of valour, and wisdom, and learning—Richard argued that he was the natural guardian of the childhood of the princes. He resolved forthwith to turn the King's melancholy to account in promoting his projects, and with this view sent the Archbishop of York to Elizabeth Woodville to say that the company of his brother was essential to her eldest son's happiness.

The prelate going to the Sanctuary found the Queen, who had the character of being easily wrought

on, and delivered the Protector's message. He found her mildly but earnestly opposed to delivering up the little Duke of York. He then told her plainly that, if she did not consent, he feared some sharper course would speedily be taken. At this warning the Queen's heart was saddened, and, after a pause, she took the boy by the hand. "My Lord Archbishop," she said, "here he is. For my own part I never will deliver him freely; but if you must needs have him, take him, and at your hands I will require him."

Elizabeth then shed many tears, and, clasping the little Duke in her arms, said, "Dear child, let me kiss you once more before we part; for God only knows whether we shall ever see each other more." The poor boy wept bitterly, and the mother and the son parted, never to meet again.

Meanwhile in the Star Chamber, hard by, the Protector and other lords were assembled, and thither the royal boy was led by the Archbishop. The Protector, rising as they entered, embraced his nephew with every demonstration of affection, and with that artful dissimulation for which he was distinguished, exclaimed, "Welcome with all my heart! Next to my sovereign lord, your brother, nothing gives me so much contentment as your presence."

A few days after this scene had been enacted the Protector said it was proper that the King and the Duke of York should be in a place of security till the distempers of the commonwealth were healed; and a

Great Council, summoned to discuss the matter, resolved, on the motion of the Duke of Buckingham, to send the Princes to the Tower. Accordingly they were escorted with much pomp through London to the great fortress of the metropolis, and it was intimated that they were to remain within its walls till arrangements had been made for the King's coronation.

But, though great preparations were made for placing the crown on young Edward's head, no such ceremony ever took place. Indeed, Gloucester, already standing on the steps of the throne, was only desirous of setting the crown on his own head, and he played without scruple the game of ambition. Lord Hastings, true to the sons of his departed patron, was found to be in the way; and, on a charge of conspiracy against the Protector, he was beheaded on the green before the Chapel in the Tower. Earl Rivers and the other relatives of the widowed Queen might, it was thought, prove troublesome, and they were executed at Pomfret. It was then revealed that the late King had in early youth married Lady Eleanor Butler, and that in consequence his sons by Elizabeth Woodville were illegitimate. No pains were spared to propagate the belief that Edward the Fifth was incapable of reigning.

In impressing the illegitimacy of Elizabeth Woodville's children on popular conviction one of the chief agents was Dr. Shaw, an Augustin friar of high reputation and great popularity. Mounting the pulpit

at St. Paul's Cross one Sunday, Shaw, who was a brother of the Lord Mayor and an adherent of the Protector, preached from the text, "The multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from bastard slips;" and proceeded boldly to prove that the Princes in the Tower were illegitimate. He revived the old scandal about the fourth Edward being the son of an archer, and hinted that there was no likeness between the late King and the Duke of York. "But," exclaimed the preacher, alluding to the Protector, "behold this excellent Prince, the express image of his noble father, the genuine descendant of the House of York, bearing no less in the virtues of his mind than in the features of his countenance the character of the gallant Richard, once your hero and your favourite. He alone is entitled to your allegiance; he alone can deliver you from all intruders, and restore the lost glory and honour of the nation."

According to chroniclers a mistake that occurred rendered this scene ridiculous. It had been previously arranged that as the preacher pronounced this panegyric the Protector should present himself to the eyes of the crowd, and receive, by acclamation, their consent to his becoming King. Unluckily there had been some error in calculating time; and Richard made his appearance after Shaw's exclamation was over. The preacher was, therefore, under the necessity of repeating his rhetorical figure; but the words spoken a second time, and out of place, lost the air of inspiration; and people, instead of

crying, "God save King Richard!" stared in astonishment, and maintained a profound silence.

But the birth of the young King and his brother having now been branded, the Duke of Buckingham repaired to Guildhall; and summoning thither the Lord Mayor and chief citizens, told them that, as the free people of England could not be ruled by a bastard, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Protector of the realm, was the rightful heir to the crown. The citizens—so, at least, it is related—remained for a time silent and sullen; but just when the scheme seemed hopeless several of the Duke's servants, standing at the lower end of the hall, tossed their caps into the air, and shouted loudly, "King Richard! long live King Richard!" "A goodly cry," said Buckingham; and after some persuasion he induced the Mayor and chief citizens to accompany him next morning to Baynard's Castle, and petition the Protector, who kept his state there, to accept of the royal dignity. Richard affected great surprise, pretended to hesitate; but he had in reality made up his mind, and at length he said, "Since I perceive that the whole realm is resolved not to allow my dear nephews—they being but children—to reign, and that the right of succession belongs to me, I am content to condescend to your importunity, and accept of the royal government of the kingdom." To this speech the yielding citizens replied with loud shouts of "Long live King Richard, our Sovereign Lord!" and on the 6th of July, the Protector having been crowned

at Westminster, the reign of Edward the Fifth, who had been a king but in name, was at an end.

From that day Edward and his brother were no more seen, and their fate remained a matter of the utmost uncertainty. It was generally believed, however, that when Richard made a progress to the county of Gloucester, he took measures to assure the crown for himself and his son, by this time created Prince of Wales. He resolved upon sweeping his nephews for ever from his path; and with this object he sent a trusty messenger, named Green, to Sir Robert Brackenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower, with instructions to make away with the Princes. But Brackenbury, though elevated by Richard to the office he held, made his patron comprehend that murdering innocents was too much for his conscience. "By St. Paul! whom, then, may we trust?" exclaimed the King when the answer was brought.

Richard was determined, however, that the deed should be done; and, while musing over the matter, chance threw in his way Sir James Tyrrel. This man was turbulent in spirit, and so eager for preferment, that to advance his fortune he would not stick at any piece of villany. Richard, finding Tyrrel even more ready to execute than he was to order the murderous deed, gave him letters to Brackenbury, commanding that he should be intrusted with the keys of the Tower, and with the custody of the two Princes for the space of twenty-four hours. Matters having been thus

arranged, Tyrrel hied him to London, and enlisted in his service two ruffians; one of them named Miles Forest, the other a sturdy groom, James Dighton.

It was a summer's night—so runs the story—and the two Princes lay in an upper chamber, in that part of the gloomy stronghold still pointed out as "the Bloody Tower." Their only attendant was William Slaughter, whom the old chronicles call "Black Will," and emphatically describe as "a bloody knave." But as they slept the sleep of childhood, their very innocence seemed a safeguard.

Suddenly Forest and Dighton stole into the room. The sight which presented itself—these two boys, deprived by death of a brave father, and torn by force from a disconsolate mother—would have melted any other than the hardest hearts; but the instruments employed by Tyrrel were, it would appear, too thorough villains to shrink from any crime; and they did their work with a stern brutality seldom surpassed. They wrapped the slumbering children firmly in the coverlet; placed the pillows and feather bed over their mouths till they were stifled; and when they saw, first by their struggles, and then by the long stillness of the victims, that they had given up their innocent souls to God, the murderers laid the bodies on the bed. Then they called Tyrrel, who had remained outside the door, to see with his own eyes that the horrid commission had been faithfully executed.

Tyrrel caused the bodies of the murdered Princes

to be buried beneath the stair, but the exact place was long unknown. At length, when two centuries had passed over, when the Plantagenets had yielded to the Tudors, and the Tudors had given place to the Stuarts, bones, supposed to be those of the murdered sons of the fourth Edward, were discovered deposited in an urn, and removed to the Abbey of Westminster.

A Latin inscription on the monument of the Princes gives a particular account of their sad catastrophe, and in English runs thus :—"Here lie the relics of Edward the Fifth, King of England, and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard the usurper. Their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after laying 191 years in the rubbish of the stairs (*i.e.*, those lately leading to the Chapel of the White Tower), were, on the 17th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered, being buried deep in that place. Charles the Second, pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate Princes to be laid among the relics of their predecessors, in the year 1678, and the thirtieth of his reign."

The well-known ballad of "The Babes in the Wood" is supposed to be a rhythmical tradition of the murder of the Princes in the Tower.

ARTHUR TUDOR,

PRINCE OF WALES.

MANY centuries before the Plantagenet kings presided over the destinies of England, a Welsh prince—Cadwallader by name—is said to have predicted that, at some future period, his offspring should reign over the realm. A most improbable event this long seemed; but at length, in the fifteenth century, the eccentric love of a Queen-dowager for a handsome soldier elevated to royal rank an obscure Welsh sept, who claimed Cadwallader as an ancestor.

Remarkable, indeed, were the circumstances that translated the Tudors from a Welsh brewery to Windsor Castle. We need not relate how, at a period subsequent to Agincourt, the fifth Henry fought his way to Paris—how he espoused a daughter of France—and how he expired in the midst of his triumphs. Suffice it to say that he left the beautiful Katherine de Valois to mourn his untimely fate, and that the heart of the royal widow—though she was little more than twenty—might have long lingered about the tomb of the hero-king, had not accident thrown Owen Tudor in her

way. Owen, who is said to have been the son of a brewer at Beaumaris, looked a handsome man, and boasted of being "a gentleman of Wales." Even a yeoman of Kent, or a pricker of Northumberland, would have sneered at a person of that rank. But Katherine became so enamoured that she sacrificed ambition to love; and a man who had fought as a private soldier on the field of Agincourt linked his fate with the daughter of a French, and the widow of an English, king.

Henry the Sixth never acknowledged Owen as Katherine's husband, nor does it appear that the Church ever celebrated their union. When their sons grew up, however, the monk-monarch created one Earl of Richmond, the other Earl of Pembroke. The former took to wife Margaret Beaufort, a descendant of John of Gaunt, and was blessed with a son, named Henry, who, after passing years as an exile in Britanny, landed in England, was victorious at Bosworth against Richard, espoused the eldest daughter of Edward, and ascended the throne as Henry the Seventh.

On the 20th of September, 1486—rather more than a year after Lord Stanley had at Bosworth placed the crown of England on Henry Tudor's head—his queen, Elizabeth Plantagenet, gave birth to a son. She was then residing under the care of her mother at Winchester; for Henry, indulging as he did in the harmless delusion of being descended from the old princes of Wales, was all anxiety that his heir should be born in

that palace which King Arthur was supposed to have founded. Four days after he saw the light, the royal infant was baptized in the cathedral. Elizabeth Woodville appeared at the font as godmother; the Earls of Derby and Oxford took part in the ceremony as godfathers; and Henry, whose mind was deeply imbued with the traditions of Wales and Britanny, thought proper to name his son Arthur, in honour of the legendary hero.

Young Arthur was, according to all accounts, "a fair prince"—healthy and lively, but not likely to turn out quite such a prodigy as flatterers predicted. Servility has seldom carried men to greater excesses than on the occasion of his birth. The event was celebrated in Latin and English, poets and chroniclers vied with each other in adulation, and the hermit of Guy's Cliff went the length of prognosticating that this great-grandson of Owen Tudor would, as time passed on, win fame far surpassing that of the mystic hero who instituted the Round Table. While it was still the fashion to give expression to such nonsense, rumours began to creep about which gave time-servers uneasiness, which caused Henry sore trouble, and which made it politic to convey the infant Arthur and the Queen, for security, to the strong Castle of Kenilworth. The throne to which Arthur was supposed to be the rightful heir tottered; there was a prospect that the crown which Henry wore would be plucked from his brow by one who had still less right to it than himself.

When Henry had succeeded in putting down the insurrection raised by Lambert Simnel in the name of the young Earl of Warwick, and in converting a mock prince into a real turnspit, he lost no time in investing the son of his hopes with those symbols of rank befitting the heir of England. On the 1st of October, 1489, Arthur was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester; soon after this he was elected a Companion of the Bath; on the 8th of May, 1491, when the feast of St. George was kept at Windsor, he was installed as a Knight of the Order of the Garter; and in the autumn of 1492, when the King undertook an expedition against France, he was appointed Guardian of the Realm. But his tenure of this office was speedily terminated in a way that could hardly have been very satisfactory to the noble order into which he had been admitted—that illustrious fraternity whose heraldic banners, waving in St. George's Hall, recall to memory those heroes who made England terrible on the Continent. In fact, Henry, who had fleeced the English people of money to carry on an unnecessary war, accepted a large bribe from the French King to conclude a humiliating peace, and returned to guard against a peril which beset his throne. A new Pretender was in the field—that mysterious being who figures in the annals of England as Perkin Warbeck.

Having, after much difficulty, disposed of Perkin, whom many believed to be the second son of the fourth

Edward, and persuaded the servile peers of England to murder the young Earl of Warwick under judicial forms, Henry began in earnest to advance the fortunes of those children of whom a picture by Mabuse, the precursor of Holbein, is preserved at Hampton Court. An interesting family must the little Tudors have been, with their bright complexions and glittering hair.

Margaret, a young beauty not yet in her teens, had from infancy been destined to share the Scottish throne, and regarded as "the dove that was to bring to the island kingdom the blessings of permanent peace." She was still dancing, and singing, and playing the lute, without any prophetic glimpses of the troubles that awaited her, or the scandal which she was to raise on the other side of the Tweed.

Henry, Duke of York, born at Greenwich in 1491, was two years younger than the Princess, and had already appeared prominently in public at a tournament held in her honour, when he rode through London with a magnificent retinue to witness the feats of arms. It was not, however, for chivalrous scenes that he was intended. His avaricious sire, with an eye to the rich revenues of the see of Canterbury, designed him for an ecclesiastic, and intrusted his education to Skelton the poet. Henry, under Skelton's auspices, was taught to hate the Scotch; and learning, in some other way, that the Tudors were not quite the thing, he thought it politic to pride himself on being a Plantagenet. The resemblance, real or imaginary between Henry and his

maternal grandsire afterwards encouraged the royal savage in this laughable conceit.

Edward Tudor, Earl of Somerset, was a yellow-haired boy, who was not destined to add to the glory or shame of his line. He died in his fifth year at Bishop Hatfield, in Hertfordshire.

Mary Tudor, who, after being contracted to the Emperor Charles, and married to Louis of France, became the wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was a sportive child, two years old. She was listening eagerly while her sister played the lute, or watching her as she practised some of those quick, lively dances in fashion at that period.

A distance, greater than could have been the result of the mere difference of age, separated these royal children from the Prince of Wales. Arthur was, we are told, "forward and able of body," studious, and learned beyond the custom of princes; so industrious that he had read numerous Latin and other authors; and so handsome in person and amiable in temper that his popularity was great.

Henry had been long ambitious of borrowing lustre for the new dynasty by obtaining a bride for his son from some of the reigning houses of Europe; and he had for years looked wistfully towards the royal family which sprang from the alliance between Castille and Arragon. Katherine, the fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, born and reared in the midst of that struggle with the Moors of Granada which restored to

the Spanish crown the fairest portion of the Peninsula, was not much older than the Prince of Wales; and for years Henry had been striving to negotiate a marriage. But Ferdinand, cunning as a fox, would not consent to an alliance till assured that the Earl of Warwick was no more, and then everything was arranged. Katherine was to have two thousand crowns as her portion; and Arthur went through the ceremony of being solemnly affianced, the Spanish Ambassador acting as proxy for the Infanta, who thereupon assumed the title of Princess of Wales. Considerable delay, however, occurred before Katherine embarked; and when she did set sail for England it was with difficulty that the ship reached the shores where so much misery awaited her.

At length, on the 2nd of October, 1501, Katherine of Arragon landed at Portsmouth; and on the news being conveyed to London, Henry, having ordered fitting preparations to be made for her reception, went with speed to welcome the bride. Arthur appears to have been in Wales at that time; but his presence was quickly requested, and he arrived in time to meet the Princess before her train entered the capital. Much excitement, of course, prevailed, and music played on every side, as she was escorted into London and conveyed to the Bishop's palace.

The appearance of this Spanish Princess must have been somewhat disappointing to those who had an old-fashioned notion that a Queen of England should be the most beautiful woman of her time. Katherine was

not, like her mother Isabella, a true daughter of old Castille, with chestnut hair, a fair face, and a mild blue eye, beaming with sensibility and intelligence. While passing her childhood in the Moorish capital, Katherine had grown up with something of Eastern aspect and solemnity. Her large dark eyes, her long black hair, her brunette complexion, and her reserved manner were rather calculated to suggest visions of the Alhambra, with its vega, its gardens, and its orange groves, than of the mountains of Gallicia, from which her ancestors had rushed down to do battle with the Moor, or the ancient city of Burgos, in which they had established their throne under the protection of St. James.

But, such as Katherine was, Henry felt proud to look upon her as the bride of his son; and the old church of St. Paul, wherein was the alabaster tomb of John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaster, his first wife, was fitted up for the solemnisation of the marriage. On the 14th of November—it was a Sunday, and the Feast of St. Erthenwald—the ceremony was performed in presence of the King and Queen, and many nobles of England; and when it was over, the youthful pair, both arrayed in white, moved up the choir of the church, and heard mass sung by the Archbishop of Canterbury and nineteen mitred prelates. After this solemn service, the bride, wearing a coronal, was led away by Henry, Duke of York, the Princess Cicely, sister of the Queen, supporting her train, and a hundred ladies following in rich attire.

All the religious ceremonies having been observed, festivities and jousting followed. A sumptuous banquet was given at the Bishop's palace. Next day Arthur and his bride, attended by the Court, and by the Lord Mayor and municipal functionaries, in gay barges, went by water to Baynard's Castle, and a splendid tournament was held, the Duke of Buckingham figuring as chief among the challengers, the Marquis of Dorset as chief among the defenders. No expense was spared to render this wedding memorable.

Even Henry opened his purse with liberality; and some of the nobles, to please him, spent so much on fine clothes and otherwise, that they were reduced to ruin; which was just what he wished. Even astrology was put in requisition, and fortunes were told in the masques; while fanciful pieces, representing the descent of the bridegroom from King Arthur, were not omitted; nor that of the bride from a daughter of John of Gaunt.

When the festivities were at an end, the Prince of Wales was sent by his father to Ludlow, where an extensive and magnificent castle stood on on eminence at the confluence of the Corve and the Teme. It was thought a prince's residence on the Marches of Wales would be a check on the unruly inhabitants; and Arthur was accompanied by counsellors of experience. All seemed most promising. The Prince of Wales was particularly popular in England; he was highly esteemed among foreigners; and astrologers had vied in

predicting, for him and his bride, a splendid future and a numerous progeny. "But it should seem," as Lord Bacon remarks, "it is not good to fetch fortunes from the stars." Arthur and Katherine had hardly kept their splendid court five months within the walls of Ludlow, when, on the 2nd of April, 1502, he went the way of all flesh. He is said to have died of consumption.

When the Prince of Wales breathed his last, Sir Richard Pole, his chamberlain, sent the intelligence to Greenwich, where the King was residing; and preparations were made for a funeral befitting the rank of the deceased. The Earl of Surrey was intrusted to enact the part of chief mourner, and no form or ceremony was omitted which could render the obsequies impressive. The body, after being embalmed and placed in a coffin, lay in state under a table covered with cloth of gold, having over it a rich cross, furnished with candlesticks and huge tapers, till St. George's Day, when it was removed into the parish church.

On Mark's Day the corpse was conveyed from Ludlow to Bewdley, and, next morning, to Worcester, where a tomb was prepared in the cathedral. On arriving at Worcester, the procession moved with much pomp and solemnity up the choir of the cathedral to a temporary monument, splendidly ornamented and blazing with five hundred lights, around which were displayed numerous banners of kings and princes. Masses having been said, and the trophies having been

offered up, the corpse was borne to its last resting-place near the high altar. The grave then closed over the remains of Arthur Tudor, and all the bright hopes with which he had been regarded by those who felt his amiability and appreciated his intelligence.

EDWARD PLANTAGENET,

EARL OF WARWICK.

On the day before Richard the Third had the crown of St. Edward placed upon his brow in the Abbey of Westminster, the usurper, according to an ancient custom, partially revived in our own time, rode in state from the Tower, attended by eighty-five knights and nobles. Among these was a fair boy, recognised by the multitude as Earl of Warwick, and regarded with interest as grandson of "The Stout Earl," whose praise had, a few years earlier, been on every tongue; whose prowess had been sung through every street; and whose mansion had been hospitably open to all comers.

When England was on the eve of that revolution which exiled the fourth Edward for a time to the territories of Burgundy, his brother George, Duke of Clarence, was inspired with an ardent love for a daughter of the great Warwick. Though the court was adverse to the match, Clarence, defying the opposition of the King and the Woodvilles, espoused Isabel Neville at Calais; and after her great father

nad fallen at Barnet, he was created Earl of Warwick. According to Dugdale, Clarence's son, Edward Plantagenet drew his first breath at the Castle of Warwick on the 21st of February, 1474, though some writers tell that his birth took place at sea when "the King-maker" escaped with his family to France.

The misfortunes of this Prince began soon after his birth. While he was a child, his mother Isabel Neville died, under such circumstances that a female attendant was tried and executed on the charge of having poisoned her. Ere the dust had time to gather upon Isabel's coffin, Clarence endeavoured to supply her place with Mary of Burgundy, daughter and heiress of Charles the Rash, who had fallen in battle with the Swiss. King Edward refused to hear of an alliance that might have enabled Clarence "to employ the power of Burgundy to win the crown," and jealous dissensions arose between the brothers. The consequences are well known. Clarence was accused of treason, tried, condemned, committed to the Tower, and never seen again; and the popular belief was, that his brother had caused him to be drowned in a butt of malmsey.

When Edward Plantagenet thus became an orphan, and succeeded to the title of Warwick, he was little more than three years of age. Freedom he cannot be said to have ever afterwards tasted. Kept in custody at the Castle of York by the fourth Edward, and given as a ward to the Marquis of Dorset. Elizabeth Wood-

ville's son, he was treated with cruelty and neglect. However, he enjoyed one ray of hope when Richard ascended the throne. When the usurper made his celebrated progress to York, and knighted his son, the Prince of Wales, he conferred the same distinction on his little nephew; and when the Prince of Wales was no more, Warwick found himself recognised as heir to throne, and, as such, took his seat at the royal table. But after Richard's queen, the Anne Neville of other days, had gone where the weary are at rest, Warwick's position changed for the worse. Soon after his aunt's death the earl was sent as a state prisoner to Sheriff Hutton, in Yorkshire, and while in that manor-house had as companion his fair cousin Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward. After Richard's fall they were removed to London; Elizabeth to share the throne won for Henry Tudor on the field of Bosworth, Warwick to be shut up in the Tower, and subjected to closer restraint than he had yet experienced. Every change that took place made the condition of this poor Prince more deplorable. Well may the chronicler remark that "he was born to perpetual calamity."

Almost ere the only Plantagenet known to have escaped the destruction of his race had been immured in the Tower, people became discontented with their Welsh sovereign. Henry, in fact, offended them by his suspicions, when, after Bosworth, he entered London in triumph. Instead of riding on horseback, like an English king, he came in a clumsy carriage, so carefully

shut up that nobody could see him. The citizens deemed this a bad omen, and they were still more displeased when he instituted a band of tall men to protect his person; whereas English kings never deemed it necessary to have a single guard. People began to grumble, to call to memory that the old royal race was not wholly extinct, and to speak with tender sympathy of the Earl of Warwick.

But where was the Earl? That was a question which few could answer; indeed his removal from Sheriff Hutton had been effected with such secresy, and his existence was involved in such mystery, that many believed he had been privately put to death. Suddenly, however, the young Plantagenet became an object of immense interest with the public; for the rumour ran that he had escaped from the Tower and landed in Dublin under the care of a priest; that he had, as heir of York, been well received by the Earl of Kildare; that his beauty had quite captivated the inhabitants; that the story of his wrongs had enlisted the sympathy of foreign courts; that the Duchess of Burgundy had sent two thousand men to support his claims; that he had been crowned in Dublin as Edward the Sixth; and that, after the ceremony, he had been carried on the shoulders of a tall Irish chieftain from the cathedral to the castle, while the multitude hailed him as King. Henry, on recovering from his surprise at all this, took the best means of proving this rival to be a more thorough impostor than himself.

On Sunday, Warwick was brought from the Tower, and conducted through the principal streets of the metropolis to St. Paul's Church. An interest of no ordinary kind was shown in the spectacle. Many nobles and gentlemen accompanied the youth, conversing with him by the way; the citizens who thronged the streets eyed him with glances of recognition; and the populace assembled at St. Paul's exhibited keen curiosity as he entered the sacred edifice to hear mass.

The boy who created so much excitement was by many considered the rightful heir to the crown of England. But he was not, so far as personal qualifications went, a formidable pretender. Chroniclers tell that he had neither the experience nor the knowledge to wrestle for a sceptre. Utterly uneducated, piteously ignorant, and unaccustomed to the ways of the world, it seemed a mockery of human greatness that such a being should be the heir at once of barons who set up and pulled down kings, and of kings before whose might famous barons stooped their crested helms as low as death.

When Warwick was paraded through London, many of the noblemen, who favoured his pretensions, were encouraged to converse with him and convince themselves that the candidate for the crown was an impostor. Still the plot thickened; an invasion from Ireland was anticipated; and the strange conspiracy became much more formidable from the accession of a young nobleman of great wit, high courage, and extensive influence

named John de la Pole, earl of Lincoln, whom, as a sister's son, Richard the Third had recognised as his heir, and whom, as a Plantagenet by the mother's side, Englishmen were not indisposed to follow.

Henry now practised his cunning with considerable success. The cloud passed from his brow; he laid aside his reserve; and he strove to be popular. To secure an army, he made a royal progress through several counties, undertook a pilgrimage to Walsingham, and paid a visit to the Queen and Prince Arthur at Kenilworth Castle. While he was resting behind the strong walls of that fortress, the invaders landed at Furness.

Henry took the field, and advanced to give them battle. The Earl of Oxford, however, led the royal van, while the King kept safely in the rear; for this descendant of Cadwallader had no particular fancy for encountering foemen in the ranks of war. Lincoln, a man to whom "danger's self was lure alone," was little disposed to shrink from a conflict; and at the village of Stoke, near Newark, the two armies met in hostile array. For three hours the conflict was fiercely maintained; and the German mercenaries, under Martin Swart, fought with valour. But the Irish, only half-clad, gave way; the foreigners, with their leader, perished almost to a man; and Lincoln and his friends fell with their feet to the foe. The boy, who had figured for a brief period as Edward the Sixth, and led to the field so many nobles, knights, gentlemen, and soldiers, was taken prisoner, and sent to turn a spit

in the royal kitchen. He was the son of a joiner or baker at Oxford, and his name was Lambert Simnel!

Meanwhile the heir of the old English kings had not profited by the interest he excited among the people. No sooner, indeed, had Henry's purpose, by the exhibition of his captive been served, than the young Earl was taken back to the Tower. And why? "For no other offence," says Dugdale, "than being the only male Plantagenet at that time living, and consequently the most rightful heir to the crown." Be that as it may, he was never again to leave the great fortress of the metropolis till he was a headless corpse. It was true that he had grown up so ignorant of the outer world that he hardly knew a hen from a goose or a cow from a horse, and that he was too simple even to know that his fate was perhaps harder than that of any man in Europe. Still his very existence rebuked the audacity of the upstart King, and influenced the policy of continental courts towards the house of Tudor.

Several plots were formed to set Warwick free and proclaim him king; but these, though supported in one instance by the young monarch of France, came to nought. Repeated failures, however, though they dispirited Warwick's adherents, did not render Henry's throne quite easy. "Being of a new lineage and surname," says Fuller, "he knew full well how this nation hankered after the name of Plantagenet, which,

as it did outsyllable Tudor in the mouths, so did it outvie it in the hearts of the English." No doubt the crowned knave was eager for some pretext, however pitiable, to get such a rival out of the way of himself and his posterity; but, at the same time, he was so well aware of the odium he must incur by putting such a captive to death, that the Earl might have passed his days in perpetual imprisonment but for the suggestions of Ferdinand, the congenial ally of the royal Tudor.

It happened that Henry had scarcely been king for twelve months, when a whisper went about that the younger of the Princes — supposed to have been smothered in the Tower—was alive; and one day, a stripling with a handsome person, landing at Cork, asserted that he was the Duke of York; that, when Brackenbury went to Bosworth, he had escaped from the Tower; and that, after being a vagrant for seven long years, he had come to claim his own. The citizens of Cork and many of the Norman Nobles of Ireland, led astray by their impulsive natures, were quite ready to espouse the handsome boy's cause. But Kildare, whom one mistake had made discreet, shrunk from the ridicule of countenancing another counterfeit prince: and the lad having thus met with the cold shoulder in Ireland, accepted a pressing invitation to the Court of France.

At Paris, the handsome adventurer was received with the honours paid to royal personages; but the treaty between the kings of England and France rendering his

residence at the Court of the Valois out of the question, he repaired to Flanders, and sought protection under the wing of the Duchess of Burgundy. The widow of Charles the Rash submitted the statements of the boy to a close scrutiny, declared herself perfectly satisfied with the result, embraced him as her dear nephew, observed that he was the very image of her departed brother; called him "the White Rose of England," and appointed him a guard of halberdiers. Ere long, Sir Robert Clifford, having gone from the English malecontents to ascertain the truth of this story, came back with the intelligence that he had seen and conversed with the boy, and entertained no doubt as to his being the son of Edward. In the summer of 1495 the adventurer, resolving to put his fortune to the test, landed at Deal, expecting the country to rise in his behalf; but the people, having been informed by Henry that the youth was one Perkin Warbeck, son of a Flemish Jew, rushed to arms, and, after a sharp skirmish, chased the invaders back to their ships.

After returning to Flanders, the adventurer, whom we may now call Perkin Warbeck, found that fate was against his remaining longer at the Court of the Duchess. But, making his way to Scotland, he met with a reception which cheered his soul. The Scottish monarch, whose name will long live in history and song as the hero of Flodden, and who aspired, amid the stern realities of life, to enact the part of a knight of romance, far from expressing any doubt as to the handsome youth

being Duke of York, espoused his cause with zeal, addressed him as cousin, entertained him with tournaments, and gave him in marriage his own kinswoman, the Lady Katherine Gordon, one of the most beautiful women of her generation. With the aid of some gentlemen of the North—Nevilles, Lovells, and Herons—the royal Scot undertook to seat Perkin on the English throne.

The enterprise was entered upon with an earnestness commensurate with its importance. To defray the expenses King James not only coined his plate, but converted into money the chain of gold which he was in the habit of wearing as a penitential belt. The Duchess of Burgundy sent some picked warriors with a supply of arms; and "the White Rose of England" found himself at the head of a considerable body of soldiers. Early in the winter of 1496 he crossed the Tweed under the auspices of the king of Scots, and issued a proclamation, setting forth his claim to the English crown, and promising a reward for the head of Henry Tudor. The expedition, however, came to nought. The men of the North would not support a prince who appeared encompassed with mercenaries, and under the patronage of a Scottish king; and the soldiers of James, converting the expedition into a predatory foray, ravaged Northumberland, and so maltreated the inhabitants, that Perkin, professing the tenderness of a sovereign for his natural subjects, interceded with the King of Scots to stop the rapine.

"I would rather," said he, "want a throne than gain it by the sufferings of Englishmen." "Would you, indeed!" quoth the royal Scot, tauntingly; "methinks you are too solicitous about what is none of your own, and it would be acting the part of too good a steward for the enemy to save the country for his use."

King James, in fact, began, or pretended, to suspect that his *protégé* was a mock prince, and soon after concluded a peace with Henry. But before doing so he frankly advised Perkin to consult his safety by going elsewhere, and furnished a vessel for that purpose. Escorted to the coast by a body of horse, and accompanied by the beautiful Lady Katherine, who nobly shared the fortunes of her husband at this crisis, Perkin sailed once more for Ireland. Finding, however, that his presence caused no excitement in the Green Isle, he resolved upon trying his fortunes in Cornwall.

Such an adventure was not altogether unreasonable. The Cornishmen, irritated by Henry's taxation, had lately been up in arms, had been put down with the strong hand, and had been panting for vengeance, when Perkin, with a few scores of followers, landed and summoned them to his standard. Having assumed the title of Richard the Fourth, and left his wife at the Sanctuary of Mount St. Michael, he found himself heading thousands of insurgents, and commenced the civil war by laying siege to Exeter. The wild Cornishmen carried on the assault with courage; but the

citizens, reinforced by the neighbouring nobility and gentry, made a brave defence, and the insurgents recognised the prudence of moving on to Taunton.

On reaching Taunton, Perkin found himself in presence of an army under the auspices of the King, who, as was his wont, kept safely in the rear. The day was far advanced, but a conflict appeared inevitable on the morrow; and, as the Cornishmen were far from shrinking from the encounter, Perkin, with a countenance still cheerful, formed them in battle order. But when the royal army had encamped for the night, and the shades of evening fell over the vale of Taunton, Perkin, instead of preparing to prove himself a real Plantagenet, mounted a fleet steed, and fled, under cover of night, towards the Sanctuary of Beaulieu, in the New Forest.

Perkin reached the place of refuge in safety. Ere long, however, he found that the Sanctuary was surrounded with armed horsemen, and that the only hope for him was to accept the King's pardon. Carried to London in the royal train, the youth lived, for a time, about the court—a captive, indeed, but treated with indulgence. Finding this kind of existence irksome to his adventurous spirit, he endeavoured to escape; but being pursued, and forced to seek refuge in a religious house at Richmond, he was given up by the Prior, on condition of his life being spared. Perkin was now taken to Westminster, put in the stocks, and forced to read a confession that he was really the son of a Flemish Jew.

After thus completing his humiliation, he was sent to the Tower.

While Perkin was a prisoner in the Tower, and negociations were going on for the marriage of Arthur Prince of Wales, and Katherine of Arragon, a rumour crept abroad that Warwick had escaped; and this, according to Sandford, "caused a great tumult among the Commons, who were glad to hear that a branch of the Plantagenets was to be restored to the imperial diadem." The Commons, however, were miserably disappointed; for the whole affair turned out a farce, of which Henry was suspected to be the author, and in which the principal actor was an Augustine friar. The friar having found a handsome lad, named Ralph Wilford, in Sussex, taught him to personate the captive Prince, brought him into Kent, and told a piteous tale, beginning with his birth and ending with his escape from the Tower. Both were arrested ere long. Ralph, who proved to be a cordwainer's son, was put to death; but the friar was allowed to escape in such a way, that the plot was ridiculed as "a king's device." Ferdinand, alive to what was passing, and convinced that while a Plantagenet existed there was no security for the Tudor dynasty, expressed unwillingness to send his daughter to England.

When this affair of Wilford's took place, Perkin Warbeck had been several months in the Tower, and the companion of Warwick's captivity. Whether Perkin was placed there as a bait to entrap the young Earl,

as many have asserted, does not clearly appear. But however that may have been, there is no doubt that he wound himself round the royal boy, as ivy does round the oak it is destined to destroy, and that their intimacy was by Henry turned to account with a vengeance.

About midsummer it was reported that the fascination of Perkin's manner had not only won him the friendship of Warwick, but such an influence over his keepers, that the latter had undertaken to murder the Governor of the Tower, to convey the captives to some place of safety, where Perkin might be proclaimed, and where the Earl might muster his retainers under the banner of Clarence. When this plot was discovered, or pretended to be discovered, the adventurer and the Earl were placed in separate cells, and preparations were made for their trials. Perkin was accordingly arraigned at Westminster Hall, convicted, and executed at Tyburn.

Perkin's execution took place on the 23rd of November, 1499; and, in a few days, the people who believed the youth they saw die at Tyburn to be the Duke of York, witnessed a spectacle still more lacerating to their feelings. The opportunity of murdering the heir of our ancient sovereigns was much too tempting for Henry to resist. The Earl was brought to the bar of the House of Lords, and accused of conspiring to raise sedition and destroy the King. The greatest of those peers of England who had escaped the civil wars exhibited towards a Welsh usurper such servility as Roger Bigod and Humphrey Bohun would have

scorned to show to the mightiest of England's monarchs; and the Earl of Oxford, acting as Lord Steward, took in the trial a part which has left a blot upon the escutcheon of the De Veres. A promise of pardon, never intended to be kept, induced the simple youth to plead guilty. The judgment of the peers was pronounced by Oxford, and on the 28th of November, 1499, the ill-fated Prince was executed on Tower Hill.

While Henry was congratulating himself on the state craft which had at once cut the life's-thread of a dangerous rival, and smoothed the way for the marriage of his son and the Infanta Katherine, a burst of indignation from the people of England roused him to a sense of the iniquity of which he had been guilty. The wily Tudor thereupon endeavoured to shift the odium from himself to the cunning Ferdinand, and even showed letters, in which that dear friend and ally demanded the Earl's death. "But here," remarks Lord Bacon, "as the King did, in some part, remove the envy from himself, so he did not observe that he did withal bring a kind of malediction and infausting upon the marriage, as an ill prognostic, which in event so far proved true, as both Prince Arthur enjoyed a very small time after the marriage, and the Lady Katherine herself (a sad and religious woman) long after, when King Henry the Eighth's resolution of a divorce from her was first made known to her, used some words, 'That she had not offended; but it was a judgment of

God, for her former marriage was made in blood, meaning that of the Earl of Warwick."

Two paces of earth in the Chapel of St. Edward at Westminster, where around the Confessor's shrine lie the dust of the heroes of Agincourt and of Cressy, and of that still greater King known as the English Justinian, were not spared to the last prince who bore that illustrious surname. Henry did not, however, deny honourable interment to the heir of those kings whose place he so unworthily occupied; nor did he select a place of sepulture unassociated with noble memories.

Within the priory of Bisham, in Berkshire, founded during the fourteenth century by those Earls of Salisbury whose names are connected with the brightest era of English chivalry, had been laid generation after generation of Montagues; and thither had been carried from the field of Barnet the bodies of "the Kingmaker" and his brother. In that Priory, hard by the Thames, the son of Clarence, freed by the headsman's axe from a cruel captivity, was laid amid the dust of kinsmen and ancestors. No regal honours, we can well imagine, were paid to his corpse; no hearse blazed with hundreds of lights; no princely banners were hung around his tomb. But his death called forth the pity of men and the lamentation of women. The nation, which his progenitors had made prosperous and free, bewailed his fate; and fear of the tyrant on the English throne could not prevent the English people shedding tears over the grave of the last male heir of the people's kings.

GASTON DE FOIX,

DUKE OF NEMOURS.

When the English had been deprived of all their continental conquests except Calais, and when great feudal potentates, like the Dukes of Burgundy and Britanny, no longer existed to threaten the French monarchy, the kings of the House of Valois turned their eyes covetously towards the fair fields and rich cities of Italy.

Louis the Crafty was, indeed, too sagacious to undertake any expedition promising no more substantial reward than martial glory; but his weak son Charles almost ere attaining to legal age began to delight his soul with dreams of foreign conquest. At one time this boy thought of wresting Constantinople from the Turks; but, on second thoughts, he decided on trying his prowess in the Italian provinces. The expedition of Charles to Italy proved fruitless, and he returned to France "a sadder and a wiser man." But his successor, Louis the Twelth, a king of some capacity, having claims on Milan as heir of Valentine, Duchess of Orleans, who has been mentioned as suspected of witchcraft, resolved upon pursuing the game which his

predecessor had played with so little success. Accordingly he commenced those wars which, continued by Francis the First, proved so disastrous alike to the French invaders and the Italian States.

Some years before Louis crossed the Alps, his sister, Mary of Orleans, had been married to the Count of Narbonne, son of one of those Counts de Foix who derived their male descent from the Kings of Arragon. The fair princess, in 1489, became a mother; and her boy received the name of Gaston, which had been borne by his ancestors, whose love of the chase, prowess in war, and splendid housekeeping, Froissart has celebrated.

Chroniclers tell that King Louis and Anne of Britanny, his queen, having no son, loved Gaston as their own child; and the princely boy, with whom love of war and skill in arms were hereditary, became a chevalier almost while in his second lustre, and a warrior of renown ere well out of his teens. We never think of him as a boy, but as a gallant stripling standing by his war-steed and panting for the fight; his tall handsome form in plate armour, his hair parted over an open forehead, and falling backwards in graceful curls, and a slight moustache covering his proud lip. This is the figure, as commemorated by marble statues, of that Gaston de Foix who never knew what fear was, who was long the hero of many popular songs, and who is celebrated in history as "the Thunderbolt of Italy."

We are told of the great Turenne, that when little more than ten years of age, he was one day found asleep beside a gun, which he embraced with every appearance of real affection. On being awakened from his repose, the embryo warrior declared that he meant to have passed the night in that position, in order to convince people that he was capable of enduring the hardships of war. Something like this spirit, we can well suppose, animated the boyhood of the great De Foix; and if we are correct in supposing his juvenile aspirations to have been warlike, they were soon gratified by his being allowed to take part in the Italian wars.

While Louis the Twelfth was engaged in a hopeless struggle in Italy, instead of proving at home his claim to the proud title of "Father of his people," he formed with Pope Julius the League of Cambray, the object of which was to humble the pride of the Republic of Venice. The "Queen of the Adriatic" was in the utmost danger. The Venetians, abandoning their possessions on the Continent, took refuge in the city, while the French destroyed the Republic's army in the battle of Agnadello. The conquest was achieved as far as the Adda, when Julius changed his politics, and formed a new league with the Venetians and the King of Spain, the object of which was to expel the French from Italy,—"to drive the barbarians beyond the Alps."

Julius was not an ordinary Italian priest. He had

so strong a will and so ruthless a hand, that he has been described as "a sovereign who would have done honour to any throne in Christendom excepting that of St. Peter." But King Louis was undaunted. He assembled and consulted his prelates at Tours; and when their answers confirmed his resolution for war, he had a medal struck, with this legend, "*Perdam Babylonis nomen*," and prepared to execute his threat.

When war broke out between France and Rome, De Foix, who had already been created Duke of Nemours, was, though a mere boy, appointed Viceroy of Italy, and intrusted with the command of his royal uncle's army, which had previously been under the Duke de Longueville. The policy, as well as the valour, of the young General, soon became conspicuous. He first induced the Swiss, whom Julius had brought into Milan, to return across the Alps; and having thus secured the States of Milan, he proceeded to the relief of Bologna, to which the army of the allies had laid siege. In spite of the frost and snow, he made his way from Finale, and arriving at Bologna one night, before the allies were aware, entered the city in triumph at the head of sixteen hundred men.

While at Bologna, De Foix received intelligence that his success had been, to some extent, counterbalanced by the fact of the Venetians having taken Brescia and Bergama. He marched straightway to retrieve these disasters, and on arrival at Brescia found that the French still held the citadel. He lost no time

in reinforcing them, under cover of the night, with three thousand men, and then summoned the town to surrender. The inhabitants, though promised the King's pardon, declined to yield, and made preparations to resist an assault. They hid their money in secret places, concealed as much property as they could, conveyed their women and children for safety to the monasteries, and declared that they were ready to defend themselves to the last extremity.

On a morning in February, 1512, De Foix led on his troops to the assault; and at the same time the French, who held the citadel, made a sally in great force, and met the Venetian soldiers in the great square of the beleaguered city. Fearful was the carnage; and when two thousand of the Venetians were slain, one of their commanders, in despair, placed himself at the head of two hundred horsemen, and, in hope of effecting his escape, made for the gate of S. Nazaro. Quick as thought De Foix availed himself of the circumstance, and entered the city, with one arm bare and his sword on his wrist, and shouting, "France!" The word was echoed by his followers, and the whole French army having entered, a dreadful scene was the result. The Venetians, terror-struck, attempted to escape by the gates; but numbers were slain, and the city was given up to plunder. Eight thousand persons are said to have perished, and for a whole week the soldiers continued their violence and rapine. Even the monasteries were not secure. The boy-general exerted his authority

to protect the honour of the women; and being at length under the necessity of using the strongest measures against those who had violated the sanctuaries, gave a peremptory order for retiring to the camp.

One circumstance in the sack of Brescia is worthy of mention. The celebrated Chevalier Bayard, with characteristic magnanimity, refused to receive from the daughters of his hostess a sum of two thousand pistoles, which their mother had collected to save her house from plunder.

The energy of Gaston de Foix astonished all Italy. In little more than a fortnight he had raised the siege of Bologna, recovered Brescia, and become terrible to the enemies of France. But the man who at that time wore the triple crown was not one to be easily beaten; and King Louis, seeing that some still more signal victory must be won, directed his nephew to bring the allies to a definitive engagement. De Foix was both ready and willing, and the soldiers had learned to love him so well that they would have gone anywhere to please him, even without pay. He immediately marched towards Ravenna, and, on arriving before the town, commenced the attack. His artillery effected a breach in the walls, and, his soldiers rushing forward, an engagement took place on the ramparts; but, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, the French had to retire.

And now came the battle which is associated with the name of "the Hero Boy." While De Foix was

gallantly rallying his soldiers for a second attack, he received intelligence that the allied army had approached and raised entrenchments within three miles of Ravenna. Delay, under such circumstances, was not to be thought of by one who glowed with youthful chivalry, and Gaston, to force the foes of France to an open conflict, resolved upon storming their entrenchments.

On the 11th of April—it was Easter-day—Gaston presented himself to the allies, and offered them battle. Perceiving, after this, that they did not leave their camp, the boy-warrior formed his lines to commence the assault. For some time the artillery only was brought into play; but after the two armies had cannonaded each other with varying success for two hours, the allies rushed from their camp, and met the hostile ranks in the shock of battle. Swords clashed; lances were splintered; for a time the fortune of the day was doubtful; and the French cry of "Victory! Nemours!" was met by the allies with that of "Julius! Victory!" But wherever the conflict was keenest, there was Gaston fighting with heroic courage to inspirit his men; and, after a sanguinary struggle, the French, with the gallant bravery of their nation, drove the enemy from the field.

When the conflict was over, twenty of the greatest lords of Italy lay dead on the ground, and the victory was complete. But though fortune had thus smiled on the arms of Gaston, he was not destined to leave the

field alive. In the hour of triumph, he perceived a body of Spanish infantry—men trained to war by Gonsalvo, "the Great Captain"—retreating in unbroken order, and insisted on going to disperse them. Some of the French lords and captains, who had better opportunities than he of knowing how valuable discretion was in a case like this, advised the young conqueror to be content, for that day, with the laurels he had won; but the impetuous spirit of Gaston was not to be repressed, and shouting, "He that loves me, follow me!" he charged forward at the head of a thousand horse.

And never, during his brilliant and marvellous career, had Gaston borne himself more like a Paladin than in this his last hour. The first to attack the retreating Spaniards, he performed such feats of arms, and inspired such terror, that he cleared a space all around his war-steed. This, however, was but for a few moments: for the Spaniards, perceiving how inferior in number were their pursuers, recovered their courage, surrounded the young warrior, killed his horse, and assailed him with their pikes. Overborne by numbers, a glorious death only remained to the conqueror of Italy; and he fell in his battle-harness pierced with twenty wounds.

When the pursuit was over, the body of the slain warrior was raised from the ground, and soon after conveyed in mournful triumph towards Milan, preceded

by all the prisoners and banners taken at Ravenna, and attended by the French knights and nobles in deep mourning. The war-steeds of Gaston, led by his pages, formed part of the procession. Before the body were carried his helmet and sword as Viceroy of Italy; and around it appeared two hundred of the choicest lances in the army, and an escort of cavalry.

At Milan a magnificent funeral awaited the boy-general. The clergy and the principal inhabitants of the city came forth to meet the procession; and, after entering the cathedral, and performing a solemn service for the departed soul, they interred the corpse with all due honours. The remains of De Foix were not long allowed to rest in that consecrated edifice. On the expulsion of the French from Milan, the Cardinal of Sion ordered the body to be exhumed, as that of a person excommunicated, and caused it to be privately buried in the monastery of St. Martha. But, when King Francis recovered Milan in 1515, the victor of Ravenna was not forgotten. A magnificent tomb was erected, composed of his figure as large as life, and ten pieces of sculpture in marble, representing his various battles. This monument remained till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it was demolished, and the ornament carried away.

A pillar, in commemoration of the battle of Ravenna, two miles from the city, was destined to endure longer, and to be thus celebrated by Byron :—

"I canter by the spot each afternoon,
Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy,
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
For human vanity,—the young De Foix;
A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
While weeds and ordure rankle round the base."

"His memory," says Mr. Roscoe, speaking of De Foix, in the "Life of Leo the Tenth," "has seldom been adverted to, even by the Italians themselves, without the highest admiration and applause. The benignant philosopher, in the recesses of his closet, may, perhaps, lament that such extraordinary talents were exerted, not for the benefit, but the destruction, of mankind; . . . but it would be invidious in a modern historian to attempt to tear the laurels which have now bloomed for nearly three centuries round his tomb."

KING EDWARD THE SIXTH.

Few historical personages have been represented by contemporaries as more amiable and intelligent than the sixth Edward. Knox records with enthusiasm the royal boy's godliness and virtue; Cardan vouches for his precocious wit and remarkable learning; and Hayward tells how handsome was his person, how pleasant was his aspect, and how lively and bright was his eye. Whether the last of the Tudor Kings, had he reached mature manhood, would have fulfilled the promise of his youth, may be doubted; but hardly any will deny that he was a wonderful boy.

When the eighth Henry was defying the wrath of Papal Rome, and constituting himself head of the Church of England—hanging such of his subjects as adhered to the Pope, and burning those who denied his own supremacy—suppressing monasteries at his pleasure, and granting the church lands to his minions—on the 12th of October, 1537, Queen Jane Seymour made him father of a prince, and twelve days later left him a widower. The bluff King, though he could already boast of two daughters—Mary by

Katherine of Arragon, whom he had divorced, and Elizabeth by Anne Boleyn, whom he had beheaded—was much more joyful at the birth of an heir than disconsolate at the death of a wife, who could be replaced; and manifested the pride he felt in his Plantagenet descent by naming his son Edward.

The Prince, born at Hampton Court, and sent, after his baptism, to be nursed at Havering Bower, was, when not more than a year old, considered remarkable for the beauty of his face, the earnestness of his gaze, and the sweetness of his disposition; and he was so eager to make trial of his pedestrian powers, that the royal nurses were under the necessity of subjecting him to some degree of restraint. "I never," writes Chancellor Audley, "saw so goodly a child of his age—so merry, so pleasant, so good and loving a countenance, and so earnest an eye, as it were a sage judgment towards every person that repaireth to his grace. And, as it seemeth to me, thanks be to our Lord! his grace increaseth well in the air that he is in. And albeit a little his grace's flesh decayeth, yet he shooteth out in length, and waxeth firm and stiff, and can steadfastly stand, and would advance himself to move and go, if they would suffer him; but, as me seemeth, they do yet best, considering his grace is yet tender, that he should not strain himself, as his own courage would serve him, till he come above a year of age."

Even in childhood Edward gave such indications of

generous and religious sentiments as inspired people with hope as to his future career. When about five years old, he was presented by his godfather, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, with a complete table-service, beautifully worked, of polished silver, the dishes, plates, and spoons being in miniature. "You see what has been sent to your highness," said an attendant; "but you must not let any one touch them but yourself, lest thay should be spoiled." "Ah, that will never do!" exclaimed Edward; "I would rather have no playthings than be obliged to keep them all to myself." About twelve months later, when diverting himself with children of his own age, he was anxious to get at something beyond his reach. One of his juvenile comrades placed on the ground a Bible for him to stand upon. But the Prince at once expressed his displeasure at the desecration, and with becoming reverence restored the sacred volume to its place.

On attaining his sixth year, Edward, who had previously been under the care of women, became the pupil of Dr. Cox, Mr. Cheke, and Sir Anthony Cook, who taught him languages, philosophy, and the liberal sciences; and he had, besides, masters for modern tongues and various other branches of education. With such advantages, Henry's heir made rapid progress in his studies, and was ere long talked of as a prodigy. "He was so forward in his learning," says Burnet, "that before he was eight years old he wrote Latin letters to his father, who was a prince of that stern

severity, that one can hardly think that those about his son durst cheat him by making letters for him." The boy was, moreover, instructed in the Holy Scriptures; and all those intrusted with his education being Protestants, he grew up zealously attached to the principles of the Reformation.

When, in January, 1547, his savage sire expired, Edward was residing at Hertford. From that place he was forthwith removed to Enfield, and there, with his sister Elizabeth—afterwards the great Queen—informed that Henry was no more. The royal boy at first appeared saddened by the intelligence; but all signs of grief passed away when he was escorted into London, and conducted with pomp and ceremony to the Tower. There he was received by many of the nobility, and proclaimed king, being then in his tenth year.

Henry, before breathing his last, had intrusted the government, during his son's minority, to sixteen persons on whom he believed he could rely, and these, forming themselves into a Council of Regency, proceeded to nominate one of their number as Protector of the realm and guardian of the king. Their choice fell upon Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, whom near relationship to the young king indicated as a fitting person, but whom Nature had not gifted with the qualities requisite for a post so arduous.

Seymour's father was a Wiltshire knight, who, having held some office about the court of the Tudors, dedicated Edward, the eldest of his six sons, to the

same service. Seymour, who had an accommodating temper, a turn for war, and some skill in tournaments, won the favour of King Henry, and was made an esquire of the royal body. Being of a somewhat timid nature, however, and not the kind of man to risk his neck in the scramble for power, he had probably no idea of rising higher. But Henry's marriage to his sister, who had figured as maid of honour to Anne Boleyn, gave him a place among the nobility of England; and, soon after his sister became queen, Seymour obtained the earldom of Hertford. When the new reign opened, he exercised his power as Protector to advance himself to the dukedom of Somerset.

Matters having been thus arranged, and the boy-king having been crowned at Westminster, the Protector undertook a sanguinary war. The idea of extending their sovereignty over Scotland had long haunted the minds of the kings of England; and none of them had in this respect been more ambitious than the haughty Henry. Circumstances were not unfavourable; for James, king of Scots—the fifth of the name—after the rout of his army under Oliver Sinclair at Solway Moss, had refused to be comforted, taken to bed, and died of grief, repeating, as if in trance, the melancholy strain, "Fie, fled Oliver! Is Oliver taken? All is lost!"

When James lay on his deathbed, he was informed of the birth of a daughter, afterwards, as Mary,

Queen of Scots, celebrated for her beauty, her indiscretions, and her misfortunes. Far from testifying any paternal joy on the occasion, he exclaimed in woful accents, "Alas for this poor kingdom! It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass. Henry will either weaken it by arms or win it by marriage."

The imperious Tudor lost no time in attempting to fulfil his nephew's prediction. What the most illustrious of his predecessors had sought to achieve by policy and valour, he endeavoured to accomplish by craft and coercion. Bent on uniting the two crowns by the marriage of the Prince of Wales, then five years old, with the infant Queen of Scots, he set free the noblemen taken at Solway Moss, feasted them at Enfield, and introduced them to Edward, that they might tell their countrymen how beautiful and hopeful a boy the young Tudor was. Having endeavoured to prevail upon the Earl of Arran, Regent of Scotland, to send the Queen to England, and offered to make the son of that nobleman, who was chief of the Hamiltons, husband of the Princess Elizabeth and King beyond the Forth, Henry vied with the Court of France in corrupting Scottish magnates, and succeeded in negotiating a treaty of marriage. But when the Scots manifested a decided inclination to retain his gold without keeping their promises, he sent army after army to lay waste the country and coerce the inhabitants. Nevertheless he failed in getting possession of their young Queen, and the defeat of the English at Ancrum Moor revived the

spirits of his enemies. Another invasion followed, but with consequences so little favourable to his projects, that six months before his death he was fain to include the Scots in a treaty with France. On his deathbed, however, Henry enjoined the Lords of the Council to leave untried no means of bringing about the contemplated union.

When Somerset assumed the reins of power, as Protector of the realm and representative of the boy-king of England, he lost no time in complying with the behest of his departed brother-in-law. He first wrote to the Scottish nobles, urging them to fulfil the matrimonial treaty; but, receiving no satisfactory answer, he levied an army, marched northward, and in the autumn of 1547 entered Scotland at the head of twenty thousand men.

While the Protector was several hundreds of miles from the young monarch of England, an attempt to undermine his power was made by his own brother, Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudley. This nobleman, who was Lord High Admiral, and ambitious to a criminal degree, had, with a view of advancing his fortunes, espoused Katherine Parr, the last of those numerous ladies who enjoyed the perilous distinction of sharing the throne of Henry. Availing himself, during Somerset's absence, of the influence exercised by Katherine over her stepson, the Admiral did all he could to poison the King's mind—pointed out the poverty in which the court was kept, supplied the royal

household with money from his own purse, represented the expedition into Scotland as a perilous piece of folly, and predicted, with a sneer, that the Protector would not pass the Pease without losing a great number of men.

Whatever effect these representations of the Admiral might have had on the King's mind, events soon proved that, as regarded the expedition, he had been no true prophet. News was brought to London that the Protector, after passing the Pease without loss, and taking several strongholds, had encountered the Scots at Pinkey Cleuch, and dispersed them with enormous slaughter. After winning this battle, which was more disastrous to the northern foe than any that had been fought since Flodden, the Protector moved homeward, to receive his reward from the people in the form of applause, and from the King in the shape of a new grant of land.

Having thus attended to his own interest "the Good Duke"—as the multitude styled him—applied himself diligently to complete the Reformation. With this view he ordered all images and other visible objects of worship to be removed from churches, and sent commissioners into the various provinces to see that his injunctions met with attention. At the same time he attempted to curry favour with the people, by issuing a proclamation against the inclosure of common lands. He thus produced the most fearful confusion; for the Catholics, resenting this fresh attack on their forms of religion, rose in several places; while in others

the people, seized with a levelling spirit, and incited by the Protector's order against inclosures, assembled in force, chose captains, demolished fences, broke into parks, killed deer, and conducted themselves in a manner utterly at variance with the rights of property, till put down with the strong hand.

While Somerset's policy proved fatal to order in England, the "rough mode of wooing" which he had pursued on behalf of his nephew did not much tend to strengthen the English interests north of the Tweed. Pinkey proved a barren triumph; and an assembly of Scottish nobles, at Stirling, adopted the suggestion of the Queen Mother—Mary of Guise—to ask aid from France, to offer her daughter in marriage to the Dauphin, and to send the infant Queen, without delay, to be educated at the Court of Paris.

A proposal to that effect was made to Henry the Second, and eagerly caught up by the French monarch; and he made arrangements for defending the country, which thus consented to become a province of France. It was in vain that Somerset pointed out to the Scottish people the impolicy of the course pursued by their rulers; in vain did he send northward another army, to inspire them with dread of King Edward's power. The Queen Mother was determined to have her own way: and a French fleet touching at Dumbarton, Mary Stuart embarked with her attendants, reached the harbour of Brest, and having been conducted to St. Germain, she was without delay contracted to the

Dauphin—a sickly child, slightly her junior. This betrothal—a clear and distinct defiance of the English power—was the first of those misfortunes which, as years passed on, led to her mournful execution in the hall of Fotheringay.

Having proved himself deficient in capacity to govern England and preside over her destinies, the Protector found the ground at Court giving way beneath his feet. On discovering that, during his expedition to Scotland, the Admiral had been tampering with the King, Somerset, instead of dealing harshly with so near a relative, endeavoured, by favour and flattery, to make Seymour refrain from state intrigues. But nothing could keep the Lord Admiral from that ambitious course which he had marked out for himself; and at length, by aspiring to the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, he brought matters to a crisis. Somerset hesitated no longer; and the Admiral, after being sent to the Tower, was proceeded against by Bill of Attainder, and led to execution on Tower Hill, where he suffered death in sullen silence.

The Protector had scarcely signed, with reluctant hand, the warrant for his brother's execution, when an adversary, far more stern and much less scrupulous, commenced a struggle for supreme power. And though the name and parentage of this new aspirant were not such as could endear him to the English nation, he did not despair of exercising important influence.

One day, in the fifteenth century, a carpenter, born

in the town of Dudley—so ran the popular story—while travelling about the country in search of work, was employed by the monks of Lewes, retained in their service, and named John of Dudley. This carpenter had a son Edmund, who showed so much talent, that the abbot caused him to be educated, and appointed solicitor for managing the law-suits of the abbey. Not content with this position, the carpenter's son pushed his way into the service of the seventh Henry, and, along with Empson, ministered so successfully to that king's avarice, that he was rewarded with the heiress of Viscount Lisle. On the accession of Henry the Eighth, Dudley was, with Empson, put to death; but his son soon found favour at Court. When a handsome youth of twenty, he was introduced to the King, became a favourite, passed as a descendant of the old lords of Dudley, rose by degrees to high office, figured in the last will of Henry as one of the executors, and obtained from Somerset the earldom of Warwick.

Warwick had much ambition, considerable talent, and an amount of confidence in his own resources which the result did not justify. When, therefore, the Lords of the Council, to whom little share in the government had been allowed, expressed their resolution to deprive Somerset of power, and assembled in London to insist upon some change taking place in the government, Warwick placed himself at their head. The state of affairs soon became serious; and the young King, who was then at Hampton Court with the

Protector, sent to demand the cause of the Lords meeting together in martial array. But the noble malecontents, instead of returning any satisfactory answer, summoned the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city to Warwick's house, and issued to the nobility and gentry, in all parts of the country, a manifesto stating their views and requesting aid.

Finding his authority defied, Somerset, in some alarm, resolved upon removing the King from Hampton Court, repaired to Windsor, with an escort of five hundred horsemen, and thought of bidding his enemies a brave defiance. But he soon changed his mind, and intimated to the assembled lords, that in case of no hurt being intended to the King's person, they would find him disposed to agree to any reasonable proposals. Without condescending to notice this message, the malecontents published a proclamation, charging the Protector with sundry grave crimes; and Somerset, finding his heart begin to fail, wrote to remind Warwick that they were old friends.

Warwick received the Protector's message coldly. Indeed, having resolved to make the Protector's dead body the stepping-stone to a splendid eminence, he was not to be moved from his stern purpose by any reminiscences; and ere long, the Duke, in despair, consented that the King should invite the malecontents to Windsor. Thither they went; and after exhibiting charges of treason and misdemeanours against the Protector, ordered him to be conducted to the

Tower, at the same time causing the King to be conveyed back to Hampton Court. This bloodless revolution placed the supreme authority in the hands of Warwick; and the ambitious Earl laid before Parliament a bill of pains and penalties against his incarcerated rival. Somerset, however, escaped for the time with a heavy fine, and after his liberation accepted office as a lord of the bedchamber.

While the struggle for the custody of the young King's person and the possession of power was thus carried on, Edward was growing up in the fear of his Maker, and increasing in favour with his people. Even in that age, convulsed with foreign war, civil strife, and political intrigue, his character continued pure and bright; and his contempt for ancient superstitions endeared him to those who held the Protestant faith. One story will show how far, on this point, he was inclined to go.

In the year 1551, the Festival of St. George was kept by the Court of England at Greenwich, in that palace which had been built by Humphry, duke of Gloucester, and magnificently enlarged by Henry the Seventh. After a sermon had been preached before the King, the Earl of Warwick, the Duke of Somerset, the Knights of the Order, and many of the nobility, Edward came into his presence-chamber. "My Lords," said the royal boy to those about him, "I pray ye what saint is this George, that we have so honoured him?" The knights and nobles, many of whom had, doubtless,

charged in the name of the saint at the Battle of the Spurs, at Flodden, or at Pinkey, without inquiring minutely into his history, were somewhat startled at such a question; but the Marquis of Winchester answered:—"To be plain with your Majesty, I never did read in history of St. George, but only in *Legenda Aurea*, where it is set down that St. George out with his sword and ran the dragon through with his spear." "And I pray you, my Lord, what did he do with his sword the while?" asked the King. "That I cannot tell your Majesty," answered Winchester; and the King laughed so heartily, that he could not for some time speak. "It is no wonder," said a chronicler of the Reformation, "that a prince, whose genius was the wonder of the age, should find out and divert himself with the fooleries of Popery, and make a jest of St. George."

But whatever objections the King might entertain to Popish saints, it would seem that he had no insuperable aversion to the idea of a Catholic bride. The Queen of Scots was now the idol of the French Court; and, in all probability, the report of her beauty—her hazel eye, chestnut hair, dazzling white complexion, elegant figure, and lively, graceful manners, which won all hearts—had reached the court of England, and fascinated the imagination of the boy-king. At all events it appears that, as late as May 1551, when Edward sent the Marquis of Northampton to invest the French King with the Order of the Garter, the am-

bassador made a last attempt, in presence of Mary of Guise, to obtain for his master the hand of her daughter.

The French monarch naturally declined to surrender such a prize as the Queen of Scots, but agreed instead to give the young King of England one of those fair children of whom Katherine de Medici had made him father. Edward accepted the offer, and a contract was accordingly made, Henry agreeing to send his daughter Elizabeth to England before she was twelve, with a portion of two hundred thousand crowns.

The compliment paid by Edward to the French monarch was soon reciprocated by Henry, who sent the Marshal St. André to present the King of England with the Order of St. Michael, and to settle the treaty of marriage. As the sweating-sickness was then raging in London, the Marshal avoided the capital, and went to Richmond with some four hundred gentlemen. An extract from the journal which King Edward kept with so much care, will give an idea of the reception and entertainment of the French Ambassador.

July 14.—"He came to me at Hampton Court at nine of the clock, being met by the Duke of Somerset at the wall-end, and so conveyed first to me; where, after his master's recommendations and letters, he went to his chamber on the queen's side, all hanged with cloth of arras, and so was the hall and my lodging. He dined with me also. After dinner, being brought into an inner chamber, he told me he was come not only for delivery of the order, but also for to declare

the great friendship the King his master bore me, which he desired I would think to be such to me as a father beareth to a son, or brother to brother. . . . I answered that I thanked him for his love, and also his order, and I would show love on all points. . . . So after he was conveyed to Richmond." Again, 17. "He came to present the order of Monsieur Michael, where, after, with all ceremonies accustomed, he had put on the garments, he and Monsieur Gye, likewise of the order, came, one at my right hand, the other at my left, to the chapel, where, after the communion celebrated, each of them kissed my cheek. After that they dined with me, and talked after dinner, and saw some pastime, and so went home again. . . . 19. Monsieur le Mareschal supped with me: after supper saw a dozen courses. . . . 20. The next morning he came to me to mine arraying, and saw my bedchamber, and went a-hunting with hounds, and saw me shoot, and saw all my guards shoot together. He dined with me, heard me play on the lute, ride: came with me to my study; supped with me, and so departed to Richmond. . . . 26. Monsieur le Mareschal dined with me; after dinner saw the strength of the English archers. After he had done so, at his departure, I gave him a diamond from my finger, worth by estimation £150, both for pains and also for my memory. Then he took his leave. . . . 28. Monsieur le Mareschal came to dinner in Hyde Park, where there was a fair house made for him, and he saw the coursing there.

30. He came to the Earl of Warwick's; lay there one night, and was well received. . . . August 3. Monsieur le Mareschal departed to Boulogne, and had certain of my ships to conduct him thither."

A few months after the Marshal's departure, the King of England had to entertain a guest of still higher rank. Mary of Guise, the Queen-Mother of Scotland, being driven, while on her voyage from France, ashore at Portsmouth, sent to the king, craving leave to pass through England to her daughter's dominions. Edward, who was then at the Palace of Westminster, with becoming courtesy, invited the royal lady to London, and, coming on the 2nd of November, she took up her residence at the Bishop's Palace.

Two days after the arrival of Mary of Guise in London, she was feasted with royal state at Westminster. Conveyed thither by the ladies of Edward's court, she was heartily welcomed by the young king, and entertained at a sumptuous banquet. Edward, growing warm on the occasion, made an earnest appeal to the royal dowager to change her resolution, and give him her daughter's hand. Of course the appeal was vain; and, on the 6th of November, the Dowager commenced her journey, with a splendid escort, and had the charges of her whole retinue paid till she arrived safely in Scotland. The young monarch exerted himself to the utmost to please, and to convince her what a wonderfully fine prince she had rejected as a son-in-law. Perhaps he succeeded; for, on arriving

in Scotland, the Queen-Mother could not refrain from testifying that "she found more wisdom and solid judgment in young King Edward than she would have looked for in any three princes that were then in Europe."

Ere the visit of Mary of Guise, Warwick had begun to develope those ambitious projects which led him to the block. In the beginning of October he caused himself to be created Duke of Northumberland; and five days later he ordered his old foe, Somerset, to be arrested on the charge of treason, and committed to the Tower. On the 1st of December, Somerset, on being brought to trial, protested his innocence, but was found guilty of conspiring against Northumberland's life, and executed on Tower Hill. He was so popular that an immense multitude assembled, in the hope of his receiving a pardon; and when their hopes proved to be unfounded, they dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood to preserve them as memorials of "the Good Duke." The King, though he took the trouble of his uncle to heart, had celebrated Christmas with the usual festivities and merriment. Repairing to Greenwich, he there kept open house, and diverted himself with the shows and sports of the season. Ere another Christmas arrived it became pretty evident that Edward the Sixth was to fill an untimely grave.

The King's constitution, naturally delicate, received a shock in the spring of 1552, when he was attacked, first by measles and then by small-pox. While still

suffering from the illness caused by the united influence of these diseases he executed a grand scheme of charity, originating in a sermon preached by Bishop Ridley. On the site of Gray Friar's Monastery he founded Christ's Hospital, as a refuge for fatherless children, and endowed the institution with land for its support. The hospital was opened in November, 1552; and the blue dress worn by three hundred and forty boys, to whom it gave shelter, led to its being called "The Blue-Coat School."

Scarcely had Edward raised this monument of munificence when, in the spring of 1553, a cough of excessive violence began rapidly to shatter his frame. No medicine had any effect in removing the malady; and so feeble had the poor Prince become when Parliament met in March, that the two houses were under the necessity of assembling at Whitehall, from the King's inability to go as far as Westminster. Northumberland, who during the King's illness was all attention and assiduity, and who foresaw the inevitable result, conceived the bold project of bringing the crown into his own family, and with this view cast his eyes on the amiable, beautiful, and accomplished Lady Jane Grey.

The mournful part which this ill-fated woman was destined to play renders it necessary for us to devote a few lines to the origin of her claims and the particulars of her career. A knight, named Brandon, who carried the banner of Henry Tudor to the field of Bosworth, and received his death wound from Richard Plantagenet,

left a son who became companion of Henry the Eighth, and lover of Henry's sister Mary. That fair Tudor Princess, known as "the Pearl of England," was, while she was in the bloom of youth, given to Louis of France, a man forty years her senior. But a few months after their marriage Louis died; and his juvenile widow hastened to bestow herself on Brandon, who enjoyed the title of Duke of Suffolk. From this union sprang Frances Brandon, the wife of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and mother of three daughters, the eldest of whom was the fair being doomed to fall a victim to Northumberland's "ill-weaved ambition."

Lady Jane Grey was born in 1537, at Broadgate, her father's seat in Leicestershire, and instructed by two chaplains in the Latin, Greek, Italian, and Oriental languages, with so much care that she became one of the most learned of her sex. Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth, gives us a glimpse of Lady Jane's devotion to classical literature. "I came to Broadgate," he writes, "to take leave of that noble lady, Jane Grey. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading 'Phædon Platonis' in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, with some other talk, I asked her why she should lose so much pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me, 'I wis all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in

Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.'"

Brought up a zealous Protestant, and taken frequently to Court, Lady Jane impressed the young King as a being with "thoughts, feelings, tastes, harmonious to his own." He corresponded with her in Greek, addressed to her Italian verses, and altogether displayed so much esteem for his gentle cousin that Lord Seymour of Sudley at one time flattered Dorset with the prospect of a royal son-in-law. The scheme of uniting Edward and his fair cousin came to nought; and, after the Admiral's execution, Dorset, advanced by Northumberland to the dukedom of Suffolk, fell under the influence of the ambitious Dictator.

Northumberland on his part was possessed with the idea that, in the event of Edward's death, Lady Jane might, with little difficulty, be elevated to the throne. True it was that Edward's two sisters were alive, and, moreover, that the descendants of Margaret Tudor had a better claim than those of the Duchess of Suffolk. But both the daughters of Henry had been declared illegitimate; and the Queen of Scots—the heiress of Margaret Tudor—would have little chance of success in any attempt to assert her right. Under these circumstances Northumberland deemed Lady Jane's prospects so good, that he proposed to unite her to his son, Guildford Dudley; and Suffolk having consented, the nuptials were, about the beginning of May, celebrated with magnificence at Durham House.

The King, at the time of this ceremony, appeared somewhat better in health, evinced his satisfaction at the marriage, and contributed bountifully to the expense; but a few days later he grew weak, and when June arrived the probability of his living many weeks became extremely slender. Northumberland now saw that the time was at hand for consummating his project; and he proceeded in his ambitious course without fear or scruple.

Having long ere this acquired an enormous influence over the mind of Edward, Northumberland found little difficulty in persuading the dying boy that the accession of so rigid a Papist as Mary would be perilous to the interests of religion; and that he had the power, claimed by his father, of leaving the crown to whom he pleased. The King was so convinced that he sketched with his own hand a draft of a new entail, and sent a fair copy of the document to the judges and law-officers of the crown. These functionaries went to Greenwich, where the King was; and when ushered into his royal presence, and requested to draw up the instrument in legal form, declared that doing so would subject them to the penalties of treason. On learning the response of the legal oracles, Northumberland rushed from another room into the King's chamber, furiously called them traitors, and offered to fight any of them in his shirt. Next day they were again sent for, brow-beaten into compliance, induced to engross the instrument, and to attach to it the great seal.

Edward did not long survive this transaction. He

sank so rapidly that the physicians declared they cherished no hope of his recovery. He was then intrusted to the care of an old woman, who undertook to effect a cure; but her medicines only made him worse. His speech and breathing became more difficult, his pulse failed, his limbs swelled, and his cheek changed colour. The physicians were then recalled, but in vain and nothing remained for the young King but to die the death of a Christian. On the evening of the 6th of July, 1553, his attendants overheard him thus pray:—

"O Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life. Thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet for thy chosen's sake, if it be thy will, send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. O Lord! save thy chosen people of England, and defend this realm from papistry, and maintain thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name. For thy Son Jesus Christ's sake."

The King then turned his face to the light. "I thought," he said to those by his bedside, "that you had not been so nigh." "Yes," said Dr. Cox, his old tutor, "we heard you speak to yourself." "I was praying to God," said the King; and then exclaimed, "Oh! I am faint. Lord have mercy on me, and receive my spirit." A moment more, and Edward the Sixth had ceased to breathe.

When the news of the King's death was bruited about, such sorrow was shown by the people as had hardly ever been expressed for the death of any

sovereign before; and the rumour ran that he had been poisoned. It was said that on New-year's day a nosegay of sweet flowers had been presented to him as a rarity; and that an apothecary employed to poison the nosegay had since drowned himself from remorse. Popular suspicion fell on Northumberland; and from the hour of the King's death, the mock patrician appears to have lost heart, and shrunk with puerile apprehension from the peril he had defied. He did, indeed, four days after the sad event, venture to have Lady Jane proclaimed; and he summoned up courage to march out of London with an army, and test the temper of the country. But, discouraged at his reception, hearing that his confederates were deserting a hopeless cause, and aware that Mary's friends were up in arms, the titled craven went to the Market Cross at Cambridge, called a herald, proclaimed the eldest daughter of Henry, and was the first man there to throw up his cap and cry "God save her!"

When the Earl of Arundel arrived to arrest Northumberland, the Duke yielded like a child; but no expressions of grief or contrition could avert his doom. He was conveyed to London, tried by his peers, condemned to death, and executed on Tower Hill. After such an example to conspirators, Lady Jane Grey and her husband might, for the sake of humanity, have been spared; but Queen Mary inherited a Tudor's thirst for blood, and in the course of the succeeding year the unfortunate pair were sent to the block.

Meanwhile the corpse of King Edward, after lying in state at Greenwich, was buried on the 9th of August, near the tomb of his grandsire in Westminster Abbey. The Marquis of Winchester acted as chief mourner on the occasion, and Queen Mary—ardent Catholic as she was—showed a becoming respect for the memory of her Protestant brother. Over his grave she raised a monument, stately in form and of elegant workmanship, adorned with curious sculpture representing the passion and resurrection of the Redeemer, with two angels kneeling on the top. Unfortunately, when well-nigh a century had passed over, and civil war was raging throughout the land, and Puritanic zeal was leading men into serious excesses, this monument to the Protestant King was demolished as a relic of Romish superstition.

But though no work of art in marble remains over the grave of Edward, with an inscription to inform posterity of his virtues, the excellence and promise of the royal boy are not unrecorded. "He was," says Knox, who figured as one of the royal chaplains, "the most goodly and most virtuous King that had been known to have reigned in England or elsewhere for many years." "This child," says the famous Cardan, who frequently conversed with Edward, "was so bred, had such parts, was of such expectation, that he looked like a miracle of a man; and in him was such an attempt of Nature, that not only England, but the world, had reason to lament his being so early snatched away."

Edward belonged to a line of monarchs who were selfish and despotic by nature. Whether if he had lived he would have avoided their fatal errors, and fulfilled the promise of his childhood, it would be vain to speculate. Providence spared him a trial so severe. But though the son of Henry died in the April of existence, the blossoms of his youth were worth more than the fruits of many a more advanced life; and posterity can say with truth, in the words of the poet,—

"Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but, ah!
Thou diedst a most rare boy."

HENRY STUART,

PRINCE OF WALES.

NEVER, perhaps, did Prince in his teens cherish loftier aspirations, or excite brighter hopes, than that son of James Stuart and Anne of Denmark who perished in the morning of his life. Henry's weak sire grew alarmed at the popularity which he enjoyed among the people of England. "How will this end?" asked James, with a startled look. "I wonder if my son will bury me alive!"

The Prince, whose boyhood was so promising, appeared in no respects unworthy of his destiny. His form was above the middle size, strong, erect, and well proportioned—the shoulders broad, the waist small. He had a countenance at once amiable and majestic, a capacious forehead, a piercing grave eye, auburn hair, and a slight moustache. For his friends he had a gracious smile, which was the nearest approach to familiarity in which he indulged; for his enemies a stern frown, which he was at no pains to disguise. Poets complimented Henry Stuart on his resemblance to the conqueror of Agincourt; and

people not given to flattery expatiated with satisfaction on the high and heroic character which the young Prince of Wales exhibited in the midst of a scandalous and debased court. The greatest prince and soldier in Europe held the boy in high admiration. "Cultivate that young plant," wrote the King of France to an ambassador, "since it promises fruits so much more favourable than the stock from which it is raised."

The Prince, indeed, had been ushered into existence under the auspices of the least heroic of mortals. Even the Scots had never been ruled by a sovereign so utterly contemptible as the son of that fair Queen who perished on the scaffold at Fotheringay. James had goggle eyes, rolling, yet vacant, a tongue too large for his mouth, and legs too weak to bear the weight of his body. He was ill dressed, disgustingly dirty, and utterly deficient in personal dignity. It seemed as if fortune had made this man a monarch for no other purpose than to mock the pretensions which he cherished so fondly, and talked of so foolishly. At one time, the Princess who shared the throne of James appeared worthy of a better husband than the pedantic palaverer on whom her hand had been bestowed at Upsalo. Indeed, Anne of Denmark, if we may trust the portraits taken at that period, was an attractive girl, with fine hair, dark eyes, a face decidedly pretty, and a delicate complexion, when she left her northern home to share the poverty of Holyrood.

It was within the walls of the historic castle of Stirling that the Queen of James, on the 19th of February, 1594, presented her husband with an heir to the royal house of Stuart; and soon after, the baptism of the infant Prince was celebrated with magnificent ceremonies. Queen Elizabeth, who was godmother, sent the Earl of Sussex to represent her, with a splendid present, in the shape of a cupboard of plate, valued at three thousand pounds; and most of the other states of Europe were careful to have ambassadors present on the occasion, with valuable gifts.

The baptism took place in the Castle Chapel, which is now converted into an armoury. The Bishop of Aberdeen officiated, and the greatest lords of Scotland took part in the ceremony. Lennox, as nearest in blood to the royal family, carried the infant, under a canopy supported by gentlemen, and presented him to the English ambassador. The basin was carried by Seton; the laver by Temple; the towel by Livingston; and the ducal coronet of Rothsay by the first of the great family of Home who held the rank of earl. The boys of Edinburgh were formed into a guard in attendance, and their presence gave variety to the scene.

Having been baptized as Henry Frederick, the heir of Scotland was left under the protection of the Earl of Mar, hereditary constable of Stirling Castle; and while in the hands of that nobleman's mother,

gave indications of being no ordinary boy. From the hour of his birth it was observed that the Prince wept much less than other infants; and when he gained sufficient strength to move about, and met with those accidents which generally befall children, the pain consequent upon them was borne with a patience which amounted to heroism. Having one day fallen, and bruised his hands so severely that the blood came, the little Prince rose, and smiled through tears to conceal his suffering; and another day, when he cut his finger, and an attendant, compassionating the mishap, offered to suck out the blood, he merely laughed, and remarked jocularly, "Then, if my father, and myself, and the rest of our kindred should fail, which God forbid, you might claim the crown, as having in you the blood royal!"

When Henry reached the age of six, King James wrote for his instruction the "Basilicon Doron;" and the Prince, being taken out of the custody of women, was surrounded with attendants of his own sex. It was then that David Murray was nominated the gentleman of his bedchamber, and that Adam Newton, a Scot of great learning, was appointed to the office which George Buchanan had held during the boyhood of the King. Newton, though a strict disciplinarian, and one who spared not the rod, encouraged that spirit of humour for which the Prince was remarkable; and stories are told of the pupil exercising his talent with a freedom which touched the preceptor's irritability.

On one occasion, while playing at shuffle-board, the Prince changed pieces somewhat too frequently; and Newton, observing this, took one in his hand, saying that he could play well enough without changing. When Newton had thrown the piece, but not so well as he expected, Henry smiled, and exclaimed, "Well thrown, sir." "Pshaw!" said Newton, biting his lip with vexation; "I will not strive any longer with a prince at shuffle-board." "And yet," quietly remarked Henry, "you gownsmen should be the best at such exercises, not being fit for those that are more stirring." "However," retorted Newton sharply, "I am fit to whip boys." "You need not," said the Prince, "boast of that which a carter or a ploughman could do much better." "And yet," rejoined Newton, "I can do more—I can govern foolish children." "He had needs be a wise man himself who can do that," remarked the Prince, in a low tone, to those standing near; but, out of deference to his tutor, he refrained from indulging farther in the conflict of words.

On another occasion, when Henry was in the learned man's company, amusing himself with the Scottish game of golf, and on the point of striking the ball, one of his companions exclaimed, "Beware, sir, or you will strike Mr. Newton." "If I had done so," said the Prince, looking round, "I had but paid my debts."

Almost from childhood Prince Henry exhibited energy and courage to an extraordinary degree. When

not more than seven, he disagreed with a boy rather his senior. This boy lacking, it would seem, the instinct which prevented Falstaff turning on the true prince, assailed the heir of Scotland without respect for his royal rank. But Henry could take care of himself. Far from exhibiting any of his father's timidity, he clenched his fists, defended himself courageously, and beat his antagonist as soundly as the hero of Flodden or the King of the Commons could have wished their juvenile descendant to do. Soon after that achievement, the Prince proved his possession of that equestrian skill in which his sire was so deficient. Becoming ambitious of mounting a horse which had the reputation of being very high-mettled, he ordered it to be got ready. The servants deeming the exploit dangerous, expressed much alarm, and refused any assistance. Henry laughed at their fears, saddled the horse, and led it to the side of a bank. While the spectators were trembling for his neck, the royal boy sprang into the saddle, and urged the steed to full gallop. After having put the animal through its paces, and ridden gently back, he turned to the attendants, and asked, as he dismounted, "How long shall I continue to be a child in your opinion?"

While Henry was in the North, pursuing his studies, an event which occurred in the South changed his position, and brightened his prospects. At Richmond, before daybreak, on Thursday the 24th of March, 1603, Queen Elizabeth breathed her last, and Sir Robert

Carey, having received from his sister, Lady Scrope, a sign that all was over, mounted his steed, spurred rapidly northward, and on Saturday night, riding into the courtyard of Holyrood, demanded to speak with the King of Scots. When Carey knocked at the gate the hour was so late that James had gone to bed; but the tidings which the bruised and travel-stained knight brought were of a kind to secure admission for their bearer at any time, and he was conducted to the royal presence. After Carey had mentioned Queen Elizabeth's death, and hailed James as her successor, the King inquired if he had any letters. "No," said Carey; "but I have a token from a fair lady." The knight then produced a sapphire ring, and James said, "That is enough."

Soon after Carey's arrival at Holyrood, messengers from the English council requested the King to repair to his new dominions; and James, not sorry to escape from a country where he had endured fearful poverty, lost no time in setting out with a retinue of five hundred horsemen. He was pleased with his progress, being, to use his own words, received with joy, and going as in a hunting-party. The Queen and her children he left to follow at a more convenient season.

While Prince Henry was still "mewed" in Stirling Castle, the Earl of Mar, going to London, left him to the tender mercies of the old Countess, whose temper was the reverse of celestial. The boy beginning under these circumstances to pine and sigh for the society

of his parents, wrote a letter to the Queen bewailing his hard fate. An extraordinary ferment was the consequence. The Queen, who had submitted with the utmost impatience to separation from her son, gathered a somewhat formidable band, marched to the castle of Stirling, demanded possession of the Prince, and threatened to take him by force. But the old dowager refused to surrender her charge, and the whole scheme failing, Anne of Denmark wrote to her husband in no measured terms.

King James for a time remained deaf to his Danish spouse's entreaties. At length, yielding to her importunities, he ordered that Prince Henry should be delivered to his mother; and the Queen having thus accomplished her object, prepared to remove with him and her daughter Elizabeth from the grim precincts of Holyrood, to the fairer and sunnier palaces, which her husband could now call his own. A sickly little Prince, who afterwards reigned as Charles the First, was left in Scotland.

About the beginning of June, 1603, Prince Henry and his mother commenced their progress southward. On the way grand entertainments were given in their honour. At Althorpe their welcome took the form of a masque written by Ben Jonson, and an address to the Prince, presented by a deputation of boys. Having been met at Euston by King James, the royal party, about the close of June, came in sight of the green glades of Windsor, and took possession of that regal

castle, for centuries the home of the Plantagenets, and now a monument of their grandeur in peace and glory in war.

No time was lost in admitting young Henry to that chivalrous fraternity which England's ancient kings had instituted. The Feast of St. George, which had been postponed till his arrival, was celebrated on the 2nd of July; and at a solemn chapter the princely boy was invested with the Order of the Garter. After the ceremony, Henry was presented in his knightly robes to the Queen; and Anne of Denmark had the gratification of hearing her son praised by the nobles of England for his quick wit, his princely bearing, and the reverence with which he made his obeisance at the altar. Hardly had the Feast of St. George been celebrated with all honour, when a fever broke out in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and for fear of the Prince falling a victim, he was sent, with his sister, to the palace of Oatlands. At Michaelmas the heir of England took up his residence at Hampton Court for a year.

The period had now arrived when the young hero was to cherish aspirations after martial glory, and to please his fancy with the dream of linking the name of a ninth Henry with continental conquests. From early boyhood he had expressed a love of military exploits, not unnatural to one whose ancestors had so often ridden to the battle-field, and fallen gloriously with their feet to the foe. When asked in childhood what

music he liked best, he replied, "That of a war-trumpet;" and when watching a deer-hunt at Stirling, and asked what he thought of such sport, he said that "He should like another kind of hunting better—namely, pursuing thieves and outlaws in company with brave men, mounted on good horses." As time passed on his passion for military affairs grew stronger, and on removing to England he was in the habit, after devoting two hours of the day to his books, of applying himself heartily during the remainder to his pike, his bar, and his cross-bow.

James having no excessive admiration for this kind of exercise, took his son to task for spending so much time with his weapons of war, and gravely remarked that, if not more diligent at his books, Henry would not be so fit to govern as his younger brother Charles. The Prince answered nothing when thus admonished; but on the King's observation being repeated by his tutor, he said frankly, "Oh, then I will make my brother Archbishop of Canterbury."

While Henry was thus passing his time at Oatlands and Hampton Court, Anne of Denmark exhibited considerable anxiety to have him residing at her court. The royal lady had, it appears, lost any respect she ever entertained for her pedantic husband, and spoke frankly of his frailties. "It is time," she said, "that I should have the Prince under my charge, for the King drinks so much, and conducts himself so ill in every respect, that I anticipate an early and evil result." She,

moreover, gave people to understand that the men of the house of Lennox had generally, about their fortieth year, died or become imbecile from excessive drinking.

The Queen did not speak thus without reason. James daily became more weak and contemptible, spending most of his time with dogs and the bottle; while considering himself a master of kingcraft, and disgusting everybody by the arrogance of his pretensions. But meanwhile the Queen was proving herself far from faultless. Gay and extravagant, she spent much time and money on masques, balls, and costly entertainments. This system of dissipation, of course, led to poverty; and she was not indisposed to replenish her purse by taking bribes.

When Anne of Denmark found that the King of France considered it unnecessary to humour this weakness, she avowed her hostility to that monarch, and declared in favour of Spain. The Queen even endeavoured to inspire the Prince with her sentiments in favour of Spain, and excited his imagination with the prospect of emulating the martial achievements of the fifth Henry on the soil of France. It would appear that her influence was not in this respect exercised without some slight effect. When the French ambassador, on the point of departing from London, went to take leave of Henry, he found the boy exercising himself with the pike. The ambassador inquired with courtesy, whether he had any commands for France.

"Yes," answered the Prince, with emphasis, "tell your King how you left me occupied."

About the year 1606 Prince Henry was provided with a palace worthy of such a Prince. On the west side of Richmond Green—which, with its hundred elm-trees, was in ancient days the scene of jousts and tournaments—there may still be observed a rude-looking gateway of stone. Over the arch of this gateway the armorial bearings of the Tudors may be traced, and within appears a building consisting of several apartments, and a turret of red brick, with stone dressings and battlements. These are the remains of that palace which was built by the seventh Henry, and which was assigned to the Prince, who, as the descendant of his eldest daughter, had a prospect of wearing the crown won at Bosworth.

At this royal residence, which had a park a little north from the Green, situated in the loveliest of English villages, washed by the Thames, and commanding a magnificent prospect, Henry established his household; and in dealing with the five hundred persons of whom it consisted, displayed qualities which added much to his popularity. While scrupulously kind to his dependents, all of whom he knew by name, and ready to defend them against their enemies, he took care that their conduct should be such as to entitle them to his protection. His household was like a monarchy in miniature, and regulated with so much skill, that a blow was never struck and an oath seldom heard.

When thus provided with an establishment of his own, economy was a virtue which Henry did not consider himself above practising. He was not averse to plenty and magnificence; but, anxious to be above the necessity of treating his tenants rigidly, he insisted on his domestics exercising frugality, and took care that his orders were complied with. He instructed them to write down the several heads of his yearly expenditure —such as the cost of keeping up his house and his stables—the money spent on his apparel and wardrobe —the rewards he bestowed on the deserving—and everything that was paid out of his coffers. He saw that this was attended to, compared the accounts with his annual revenue, and so arranged his expenditure as to make his revenues meet every demand, while saving annually some thousands of pounds, as a reserve for contingent and occasional exigencies.

Henry, moreover, set an example of economy in his own person, and, except on state occasions, was remarkable for his plain dress. Having at one time appeared very often in a suit of Welsh frieze, and being told that it was too mean for a person of his rank, Henry exclaimed, "That he was Prince of Wales; that he was not ashamed of his country's cloth; and that he wished it would last for ever."

One characteristic of the heir of England was a thorough love of justice. Even when he was very young, and ere his sire crossed the Tweed to unite rival crowns on his learned forehead, the Prince's tendency

in this respect had been remarked. He distinguished those among his pages and gentlemen whose merit was greatest; and, when little more than five years of age, he showed that he would bestow his favour only on such as were deserving. When a son of the Earl of Mar had a quarrel with one of Henry's pages, and proved to be in the wrong, the Prince reproved the noble culprit sharply, and added, with significance, "I love you because you are my lord's son, and my own cousin; but, if you do not behave better, I will love such a one better than you."

As Henry grew up, this spirit was manifested in various ways. When removing from one place to another, or accompanying the King in royal progresses, he would not allow any provisions or carriages to be taken for his use without full contentment being given to the parties; and when he went to hunt or hawk before the close of harvest, so careful was he to prevent farmers being annoyed by his train, that he would set the example of riding a furlong out of his way rather than pass through a field of corn.

Henry did not give himself up to the chase with the eagerness of King James; but he often went a-hunting, though rather for the pleasure of riding, than any that the chase itself afforded. One day, when he was thus engaged with a gay party, a stag, exhausted, hard pressed, and making its last effort, cleared a boundary fence, and rushed along the road. A butcher and his dog happened to be passing along at that moment, and

the dog springing forward, seized the stag and worried it to death. When the Prince rode up, some of his comrades endeavoured to set him against the butcher. "But," said Henry, "if his dog killed the stag, how could the man help it?" "Depend upon it," said one of the sportsmen, "if the King's hunting had been so interrupted, he would have sworn terribly." "Away!" said the Prince, in a conclusive tone; "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."

One of the great qualities which distinguished Henry was his sincerity. Sir Charles Cornwallis, who was treasurer of the Prince's household, gives a striking instance of his patron's strictness on this point. On one occasion Cornwallis wrote on some matter of business to a nobleman, between whom and the Prince no friendship existed, and placed the letter before the royal youth for signature. Observing that the letter concluded with some words which were complimentary, Henry requested Cornwallis to strike them out. "My hand," said the high-spirited Prince, "shall never affirm what my heart does not feel."

As a man of taste, Henry was careful to patronise art and its cultivators. Thomas Ford, composer of some of our sweetest madrigals, was one of his musicians; Inigo Jones was his architect; and he had a real and genuine appreciation for works of art, of which he had many brought from foreign countries. He commenced that collection of pictures which, continued by

Charles, afterwards furnished masterpieces to the first galleries of Europe.

Naval affairs and shipbuilding occupied much of Henry's attention. When he was only ten years old, a small vessel was built for his amusement and instruction in the business of shipping and sailing. He also gave the strictest application to his own improvement in military exercises, and studied the whole theory of war. He practised tilting, charging on horseback with pistols, and caused new pieces of ordnance to be made, with which he learned to shoot level at a mark. In military exercises he became second to no prince in Europe; and he was in the habit of walking long distances, to fit him for marches when required. He had great pleasure in conversing with men of skill and experience in war, as well of his own country as foreigners, about every part of their profession, and entertained in his house a Dutch engineer, recommended to him by Count Maurice. He collected in his court young gentlemen of the highest courage, and he cultivated acquaintance with the most celebrated officers of Upper and Lower Germany.

But it was for action, and a field in which to distinguish himself, that Henry panted. Debarred from real war, he sought excitement in the tiltyard; he was an enthusiastic lover of military spectacles, and delighted to break spears, to run at the ring, and fight at the barriers. A suit of armour, made for him in boyhood, is still to be seen in the Tower of London.

When about fifteen years of age, Henry, resolving upon a grand display of chivalry, held a tournament at Whitehall, and invited all the knights of England to exhibit their prowess. On the appointed day this passage of arms took place in the tiltyard, in the presence of the King and Queen, the foreign ambassadors, and all the peers and ladies of the court. The Prince, with six young noblemen, maintained the barriers; and against them no fewer than fifty-six champions—earls, barons, knights, and squires—tried their skill in arms. Every challenger fought with eight defendants—two combats at two different weapons—push of pike and single sword. Henry himself gave and received thirty-two pushes of pike, and about three hundred and sixty strokes of swords. Moreover, though young, he performed his part with such grace as to excite the admiration of all spectators.

The people, proud that the heir of England bore himself so gallantly, proposed to him as models the Black Prince and the fifth Henry; and his admirers rejoiced in the thought of seeing a hero of Poictiers and a hero of Agincourt "rolled into one." It is worthy of remark, however, that while the English people were thus dreaming of foreign conquest, the French King was brooding over his grand project of European pacification, on a broad and permanent foundation.

The House of Valois had ceased to misgovern France, and the sceptre of that kingdom had been

grasped by Henry of Navarre, a Prince who, albeit not without frailties, proved himself a great and popular ruler. Having, though intended as a victim, escaped, as if by miracle, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and after the death of Charles eluded the vigilance of Katherine de Medici, he tore himself from the voluptuous snares with which that Italian woman had surrounded him, succeeded in escaping to the Huguenots, and ere long appeared at the head of armies. As King of Navarre, during the reign of the last Valois, he scattered the courtiers of France, under Joyeuse, at Coutras. As King of France after the line of Valois was at an end, he triumphed over the League at Ivry. But his white plume waved in vain, and his victories were followed by no adequate results; for Henry was a Huguenot, while the French would allow no Huguenot to reign over them; and the Catholics were aided by Philip of Spain, who, in disregard of the Salic law, claimed the crown for his daughter Isabella.

Events at length convinced Henry that he must choose between his faith, and the opportunity of saving France from dismemberment. He made his choice. At the foot of the altar at St. Denis he promised to live and die in the bosom of the Church of Rome; and whatever may be thought of the morality of the sacrifice, there is no doubt as to the benefits he conferred on his country. He found France on the verge of bankruptcy; he gave her prosperity. He found her position low in Europe; he made her influential. He

found her without liberty of conscience; he gave her the Edict of Nantes. He found her menaced by the armies of Philip; and he forced the Spanish King to acknowledge, by the treaty of Vervins, that genius had prevailed over the power of an empire on which the sun never set.

Henry of Navarre, in all his struggles, received valuable aid from Elizabeth Tudor; and, to the last, maintained a close alliance with the Protestant Queen. On the accession of James, the famous Duke of Sully came to London on an embassy of congratulation, and went back to his friend and master with the contemptuous opinion, that the new King of England was the "wisest fool in Christendom." James, while on his progress southward, somewhat indiscreetly censured Henry's turn for gallantry; and Henry soon after ridiculed James as "the son of a fiddler," in allusion to Queen Mary's intimacy with the Italian Rizzio. Henry afterwards declared James's levity to be such that he was not to be depended on, and altogether entertained a mean opinion of his royal contemporary.

But, while feeling a contempt for the King of England, Henry of Navarre entertained a high regard for the Prince of Wales. After having been seated on the throne, and separated from Margaret de Valois, who set all decency at defiance, and united to Mary de Medici, the French monarch in due time became father of a Dauphin. Towards this boy, who afterwards figured as Louis the Thirteenth, the Prince of Wales manifested his good-will by the present of some dogs.

The compliment was appreciated; and the King of France, when despatching an ambassador to England, in 1606, instructed him to treat the Prince of Wales with particular respect. The ambassador, on reaching England, wrote to his royal master in high praise of the Prince, and stated as an opinion that the latter would highly value the present of a suit of armour. The suggestion was attended to, and the armour sent.

The respect which Henry King of France and Henry Prince of Wales entertained for each other grew stronger with time; and it is believed that the Prince was acquainted with the secret design of the King, when, for the last time, he made great warlike preparations. Some even assert that he was engaged in the project which they were intended to accomplish; but however that may have been, when news that the French King had been stabbed in the streets of Paris was brought to England, the Prince was deeply grieved at the loss of a friend, with whose great name he had the prospect of associating his career.

But neither princes nor other men give themselves up to mourning. A few weeks after the assassination of the hero of Ivry, Henry Stuart was invested at Westminster with the dignity of Prince of Wales. On the 31st of May, 1610, he left Richmond with a gay company, and came down the Thames in his barge. At Chelsea he was met by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, attended, in accordance with the fashion of the period, by masquers, in the likeness of Neptune riding on a dolphin,

and of a sea-goddess mounted on a whale, who addressed to him complimentary speeches. Some days later he was installed as Prince of Wales, and the King presented him to the Houses of Parliament. A masque was afterwards performed, in which the royal youth was represented as awakening the dying genius of chivalry.

When Henry was created Prince of Wales, St. James's Palace was granted to him as a residence; and though he had no political influence, and nothing to give away, his court was more crowded than that of the King. Englishmen, growing annoyed at the favour shown by James to the Scots, gathered around his son, and Henry's popularity daily increased. Even the Puritans, pleased with his religious life, took heart, pointed to him as the man who was to redress their wrongs, and sang,—

> "Henry the Eighth pulled down the abbeys and cells,
> Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and bells."

They even saluted him as one prefigured in the Apocalypse for Rome's destruction.

The Prince of Wales had no turn for that gallantry which was the besetting sin of so many of the Stuarts. Indeed, when he gave banquets to the dames and damsels of the court and the city, his household observed, not perhaps without surprise, that he never revealed, by word or look, the slightest preference for any of his fair guests. From this rule of conduct, which must be ascribed to a stern sense of duty, Henry

in one instance departed; and as wholesome lessons may be learned from reflecting on the solitary folly of one so wise and good, we may refer with brevity to the circumstances, which have left a spot on a character otherwise stainless.

Among the young noblemen placed about the Prince, to share his studies and diversions, was Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, son of him who, in the reign of Elizabeth, had died on the scaffold bewailed by the people. This boy was, in 1606, married to Frances Howard, daughter of a man who figured as Earl of Suffolk. The bride being at that time only thirteen, was left at court till she came to years of discretion, and under the care of her mother, a beautiful woman, but suspected of having bartered virtue for gold. Under the auspices of such a parent, the Countess, during girlhood, made rapid progress in the knowledge of vice, and became utterly corrupt in heart.

Nature, however, had endowed the Countess of Essex with so much wit, grace, and beauty, that she was irresistibly fascinating; and when the Earl, who meanwhile had acquired at the university and on the Continent those accomplishments essential to the head of the house of Devereux, met the woman who had sworn to love, honour, and obey him, he found her the most enchanting among the ladies who graced the court of King James. The Earl, though perhaps at first a little vain of the prize that had fallen to his lot, soon rued the day on which he had led Frances Howard to

the altar. Far from displaying anything like affection, she treated him with coldness; and when he made approaches to familiarity, she abused him fiercely as a "beast and coward."

The relatives of the scornful beauty, who were worldly and pretentious men, far from disapproving of her conduct, seem to have calculated how her fascinations and talent could be turned to account in advancing their political fortunes. With this view, one of her noble kinsmen—unless he is belied by chroniclers—recommended the dazzling Countess to try the effect of her powers on the Prince of Wales; and she, relishing the idea of conquering a pure heart, took the hint and went to work.

The Countess of Essex was still in her teens; but though young, she was versed in the science of coquetry, and knew too well how to arrest the eye and inthrall the heart of a victim. The contest being quite unequal, the result was such as might have been anticipated. The beauty of the lady's person, and the nobility of her blood, were spells too potent to be resisted; and for once Henry's heart and fancy got the better of his intellect and prudence. A preference which the aristocratic coquette showed for an unworthy rival, soon awoke the Prince from his dangerous dream.

Among those who exercised influence at the court of James was a Scotchman named Robert Carr. This unprincipled adventurer having found his way to London, and met with an accident at some tournament,

attracted the King's notice. Though of slender ability, Carr was promoted to high office; and, notwithstanding his obscure origin, he was created Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. Towards this man, who was a worthless scoundrel, the Prince was known to feel so thorough a dislike, that Sir James Elphinstone offered to challenge the obnoxious minion and kill him. But Henry reproved his friend for this proposal, saying, that if it were necessary to kill Carr, he could do that himself. Perpetual bickerings, however, took place; and one day, while playing at tennis, the Prince went the length of threatening to strike his father's Scottish favourite with the racket in his hand.

Meanwhile, in spite of the Prince's enmity, Carr continued to flourish, and the Countess of Essex, attracted by his rising fortunes, began to exercise her witchery to win his affections, and became indifferent to the Prince's admiration. Finding how matters stood, Henry awoke from his delusion, and, indignant at having been fooled, hastened to give his fair allurer the cold shoulder. While the courtiers were still unaware of the Prince's change of sentiment, one of them happened to pick up a glove which the Countess had dropped. The courtier, fancying he had found a way to the favour of the heir-apparent, brought the glove to him as a great prize. This led to the discovery that he was no longer her captive, for Henry turned away with indifference, saying, "I will have no glove that is stretched by another."

At the time when the Prince of Wales allowed his eye to rest with too much tenderness and admiration on a woman whose face and form fascinated every beholder, the King was sending all over Europe to find him a suitable bride. James, who had a fancy for high alliances, was anxious that his heir should marry a daughter of France or Spain; while Henry, as the hero of the Puritans, did not relish the prospect of having a Catholic spouse. For years James carried on with Spain a negotiation, with the view of securing the hand of the Infanta for his heir; and when it grew languid, he listened to an overture from Mary de Medici, the Queen-Regent of France, who was anxious to unite her second daughter, Madame Christine, to the heir of England. About the same time the Duke of Florence offered his daughter, with millions of crowns for her dower; and ere James had quite made up his mind to resist the temptation, an ambassador arrived to press on his acceptance a Princess of Savoy.

The Prince was perplexed in the extreme. While anxious to evince the utmost possible respect for his father's wishes, he was pained with the knowledge that a Catholic alliance would inevitably cost him the favour of the Puritans. In his perplexity he implored the King, that if he must marry a Catholic princess, it might be the youngest, that some hopes might be entertained of her conversion, and that any liberty she might have about her religion should be in the most private manner.

While the King was hesitating which of the Catholic princesses he should select as his daughter-in-law, and the Puritans were convincing themselves that their hero would never wed a woman who held the ancient faith, the Prince's health gave way with alarming rapidity. Henry had grown so tall and thin, that the greatest care was necessary; but he was in the fever of youth, and manifested about his health that reckless indifference which so frequently leads to fatal consequences. While living at Richmond, he was too much in the habit of swimming in the Thames, and walking by its margin when the moon was shining, and when the dew was on the grass. Moreover, he at times exerted himself with a violence that would have broken down the strongest constitution. One August day, for instance, he rode post-haste to Lincolnshire to meet the King at Belvoir Castle, and returned with equal speed to Woodstock, which had just been assigned to him as a residence, to prepare a banquet, of which the court had promised to partake. Such excessive exercise proving too much for a boy who had outgrown his strength, he became pale and thin, and was at length attacked with severe headaches and fainting fits.

While Henry, at Richmond, was passing the autumn of 1612 in this weak state of health, the Count Palatine of the Rhine arrived in England to receive a royal bride in the person of the Princess Elizabeth. The match was highly in favour with the people, and the Prince, who had always evinced a sincere affection for

his sister, was anxious to be present at the welcome of the bridegroom. When, therefore, the Palatine arrived, Henry, under the impression that such a malady as his could be overcome by energy and vigour, rode to London to receive his destined brother-in-law at Whitehall. It was rashly done.

No sooner did the Prince of Wales mix, for the last time, with a king and courtiers, to whom he in all respects formed so bright and striking a contrast, and on whose life his had been a satire, than it was observed that disease had somewhat changed his nature. He was so irritable as to surprise those who had formerly admired his calm demeanour; and he exhibited an utter want of that curiosity or love of knowledge by which he had, in other days, been characterised. His end was at hand.

While the weather was cold, and Henry in a delicate state of body, he was indiscreet enough to play a match at tennis in his shirt. This took place on the 24th of October, and in the evening he complained of weariness in the limbs and pains in the head. Next day, on awaking, he felt faint and drowsy; but the morning being that of Sunday, he insisted on rising and going twice to church. After his devotions, Henry dined with the King at Whitehall, and ate as was his wont. But his pale and wan cheek, his hollow and ghastly eyes, indicated that he was suffering from some disorder; and he soon grew so much exhausted that he was under the necessity of taking leave and returning

to his palace at St. James's. He was, in fact, giving way to a violent fever; and as the doctors could not agree as to treatment, the want of medical aid aggravated the disease and added to its malignity.

As days passed over, the Prince derived some relief from a discharge of blood at the nose; and this circumstance gave the physicians a notion what they ought to do. The patient was accordingly bled to some slight extent, and he felt easier in consequence. But, strangely enough, the operation was not repeated, and delirium and convulsions next appeared. Sometimes Henry's mind wandered, and he called for his sword and armour, saying that he must be gone. His precarious condition was not then known to the public; but as he lay on his sick bed, a lunar rainbow appeared over the palace, and the superstitious declared that this was a sure sign that a prince or a hero was about to die.

Matters went on in this way till Thursday, the 5th of November, and then all hope of Henry's recovery vanished. The people of the metropolis, while celebrating the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, learned that their favourite was sick even unto death; and surrounding St. James's Palace, they bewailed his impending fate with groans. On the same day the King was informed that his son could not recover, and left for Theobalds, being, as he said, "unwilling and unable to stay so near the gates of sorrow." After this the Archbishop of Canterbury appeared at the Palace, in-

formed the Prince of his danger, and administered those religious consolations which sustain the heart of frail man when his soul is going to judgment.

That November day crept on, and the Prince grew restless. Several times he cried out "David;" and Sir David Murray, gentleman of the bedchamber, stood by his uneasy couch. "Ah," said the Prince, "I have something to say, but I cannot utter it." At last, after many efforts, he made Murray comprehend that some letters in a certain cabinet should be destroyed; and after the faithful Scot had promised that this wish should be complied with, the Prince calmly awaited that pale spectre who visits with impartiality the cottages of the poor and the court of kings.

The long night passed; and when the morning of Friday the 6th of November dawned, the Prince had a fainting fit, which continued so long that the attendants thought he had ceased to live. A rumour that Henry was dead soon crept abroad; and the populace broke forth into loud lamentations, which reached the bed where he lay in agony. His last hours are said to have been embittered by the recollection of having listened to overtures of marriage with Roman Catholics. He even declared his belief that God had visited him with this malady as a punishment.

The Queen was a fond mother, though a foolish woman, and she could not give way to despair about her son while the slightest probability of saving his life remained. In her solicitude, she applied to that

courtier, warrior, orator, man of science, and man of letters, celebrated in history and romance as Sir Walter Raleigh.

About 1581, this adventurous scion of an ancient family of Devon, after having seen military service in France, in the Low Countries, and against the Celts of Ireland, happened to arrive in London. While Raleigh was in search of preferment, a strange accident is said to have thrown fortune in his way. Happening to be near Queen Elizabeth one day when she was walking, and perceiving that she hesitated to cross a muddy spot, he took off his velvet cloak, and stepping forward, spread it over the place. Subsequently to this, he is said to have written on a pain of glass in a summer-house, at one of the royal palaces, with a diamond, "Fain would I climb, but that fear I to fall;" and to have afterwards found written beneath it, in the Queen's hand, "If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all." He did climb, however, and the name of Walter Raleigh became known to fame. He undertook a voyage to the New World, was admiral of that English fleet which sacked Cadiz, and, next to Drake, the greatest scourge of Spain.

Raleigh maintained his position till the close of the great Queen's reign; but on the accession of James, finding himself out of favour, and losing patience, he conspired to place Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne, and after being tried, received sentence of death. Reprieved and committed to the Tower, the warrior

and courtier, taking to science and letters, won a new kind of celebrity, and inspired the Prince of Wales with a high admiration of his powers. "No king but my father," said Henry, "would keep such a bird in such a cage."

Raleigh had already rendered the Prince an acceptable service, by writing two pamphlets against the proposal to match him with a Princess of Savoy. On receiving the Queen's message, he immediately prepared a nostrum, which he declared would cure any malady, unless it had been caused by poison; and this was administered. But it had no effect; and when Friday drew to a close, and the shades of evening settled over London, every one became convinced that the suffering Prince was beyond the reach of human relief. At eight o'clock all was over, and Henry Stuart slept the sleep that knows no breaking.

The death of the Prince of Wales was loudly and deeply mourned by the people, to whom his name had been as a spell; and even while the court was celebrating, with all imaginable gaiety, the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, there prevailed dark rumours that he had been poisoned by the King's Scottish favourite. When years had passed over, and when the Countess of Essex, divorced from the husband of her youth, was the wife of Somerset, and when the noble pair were tried for the murder of Overbury, Sir Edward Coke said, in allusion to this popular suspicion, "God knows what

went with the good Prince Henry; but I have heard something." Even Prince Charles expressed an opinion that his brother had been poisoned by Somerset.

About a month after the death of Henry, his corpse was conveyed to Westminster for interment. The funeral chariot was drawn by eight black horses, decked with plumes and escutcheons, and attended by two thousand persons in sable robes—Prince Charles appearing in the character of chief mourner. At the Abbey, the arrival of the procession was announced by solemn music, and the Primate preached an impressive funeral sermon. The earls and barons then offered up the banners they carried; the officers of the Prince's household broke their white staves over the coffin, and the numerous mourners took their departure.

Two months before this solemn ceremony, the remains of Mary Queen of Scots had been removed from the Cathedral of Peterborough, and interred in the south aisle of the chapel erected by the victor of Bosworth. Henry was laid by the side of his grandmother. No monument was raised to his memory; but fireside traditions preserved his name, annalists recorded his virtues, and the nation regretted his death. Courtly writers did, indeed, flatter Charles by saying that there was left another Prince, so accomplished, that the loss of the departed hero would never be felt. But when a few decades had passed by, when Englishmen were shedding the blood of friends and kinsmen

on field and scaffold, and when a King suffered the death of a traitor, men could hardly help reflecting how different might have been the state of matters under one combining the piety of the sixth Edward, and the far-seeing policy of Elizabeth, with Hampden's pure patriotism, and Cromwell's enthusiastic energy. The reader may smile at the idea of a Stuart figuring as the man of his age—as a heroic leader in war, and a wise ruler in peace; but Henry could hardly have been less, if he had fulfilled a moiety of the hopes that were buried in his untimely grave.

LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH.

On the night of the 27th of March, 1785, the capital of France presented a scene of extraordinary excitement. The city was illuminated; the bells rung merrily; the guns of the Bastille and the guns of the Invalides were fired; and, as peal after peal broke from these fortresses, the Parisians, by loud acclamations, manifested their joy at an important event that had just occurred. The fact was, that Marie Antoinette, the fair Queen of Louis the Sixteenth, had just presented her husband with a son, at the Palace of Versailles; the court had gone to the chapel, where a *Te Deum* was sung; and the infant Prince, having been baptized by Cardinal Rohan as Charles Louis, was created Duke of Normandy, and invested with the insignia of the Order of the Holy Ghost.

Ere long, a melancholy circumstance opened up to the royal boy prospects peculiarly brilliant. His elder brother, the Dauphin, a youth of rare promise, was, in 1789, carried to an untimely grave. The little Duke of Normandy thereupon became heir-apparent to the crown of France, and a most important personage in public estimation.

Prince Charles Louis, at the period when he became Dauphin, was in his fourth year, and possessed of almost angelic beauty. He had delicate features, a sweet expression, large blue eyes with long chestnut lashes, an open forehead, with eyebrows nobly arched, well-formed limbs, and a figure inclining to be tall. Moreover, he had the reputation of being a vivacious and intelligent child, and by his royal parents was thought quite a prodigy.

The Queen, naturally enough, devoted much time to the training and education of a boy so promising. She did everything in her power to cultivate his taste, and had the gratification of finding that he was not ungrateful. It was her habit, after superintending his lessons, to encourage his love of music by composing simple airs, singing them for his amusement, and accompanying herself on the harp. One evening, while she was thus occupied at St. Cloud, the Dauphin, deeply impressed, sat in his little arm-chair, silent and motionless, near the instrument. "There is Charles asleep!" laughingly remarked Madame Elizabeth, the young and ill-fated sister of King Louis. "Ah! my dear aunt," exclaimed the boy, raising his head, "how do you imagine any one could sleep while mamma was singing?"

In the park at Versailles, for the Dauphin's amusement, there was a little garden, which he took great delight in digging and raking. Every morning, during the summer season, he gathered for his mother

the sweetest roses and most brilliant carnations this plot of ground produced; and the Queen, on awaking, always found before her a charming bouquet. The Prince, concealed behind a curtain, saw her smile with tenderness at his present, and then came forth to receive the maternal kiss, which was his regular reward. One day, when the heat of the sun was excessive, the Dauphin was digging with so much determination about a jessamine, that the perspiration rolled from his brow. "Let me call the gardener," observed his governor; "this is too hard work for your royal highness." "No, let me do it," said the Dauphin, eagerly. "Mamma likes flowers so much better when she knows that I have attended to them." On one of the Queen's birthdays, the King requested the Dauphin to present her with a bouquet and a compliment of his own making. "Ah," said the boy, "I have a beautiful evergreen in my garden; I will present it to her, and say, 'My dear mamma, may you resemble this.'"

The anecdotes which were related about the Duke of Burgundy, who had died in early boyhood from the effects of a fall, inspired the Dauphin with a high admiration of that Prince's character, and with a strong desire to be able to read his life. He eagerly inquired after the Duke's portrait, and after kissing several times the miniature brought to him, gazed on it with astonishment, "How," he asked with seriousness, "did my little uncle manage to be so clever and so good?"

Going one day, in the costume of a knight of the

olden time, to pay his respects to the Queen, the Dauphin was asked under what name he would like to be announced;—"Under that of the Chevalier Bayard,' he replied. "And why do you prefer Bayard?" was the inquiry. "Because," said the Dauphin, with enthusiasm, "I wish to be like him—*un chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*"

The fame of the Dauphin's cleverness soon travelled beyond the precincts of the court; and, in the hope of seeing him, many people went from Paris to walk in the park at St. Cloud. A dame, celebrated as an instructress of young ladies, going among others, was introduced to the interior of the palace. When about to be presented to the Dauphin, she asked the same favour for her three pupils, and it was granted. After these little ladies had the honour of kissing the Dauphin's hand, he himself advanced to their governess, and said, with admirable discernment of what was due to her age and superior endowments, "But you, madam; I beg *you* will kiss my cheek."

Between the birth of Charles Louis and the time of his becoming heir to the crown, many events, pregnant with most important results, had occurred; and the Dauphin, even before completing his first lustre, began to figure in the terrible scenes of that revolution, of which he was to be an innocent victim. On the causes and the consequences of that great event, which removed the ancient landmarks of continental Europe, it is unnecessary to expatiate. Suffice it to refer to some of

those circumstances that exercised a direct influence on our hero's career.

With the exception of the thirteen years during which Henry of Navarre occupied the French throne, it would be difficult to name any period between the death of Louis the Twelfth, known as "the Father of his People," and the accession of Louis the Sixteenth, who had every wish to be so, when the nation was not scandalously oppressed. The King, destined to atone for the sins and errors of his predecessors, was deficient in decision of purpose, knowledge of mankind, and experience in affairs of state. The Queen, a princess of the House of Hapsburg, though fascinating in appearance and energetic in character, was not gifted with any excess of prudence; and affairs were gradually assuming a threatening aspect, when, towards the close of that year in which the Dauphin drew his first breath, a matter came to light which had much influence in urging on the French monarchy to its woful catastrophe.

The Cardinal Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, was devoured with the desire of taking in the political affairs of his country such a part as that which had been played on the same stage by Richelieu and Mazarin. Unfortunately for such aspirations the Cardinal had in other days, when ambassador at Vienna, given offence to the fair daughter of Maria Theresa; and the displeasure of the Austrian Princess, when Queen of France, being utterly destructive to his

projects, he was ready, with a view of regaining her favour, to attempt anything within the limits of possibility.

While such was Cardinal Rohan's predicament, accident threw in his way the wife of a gentleman of the King's household, who called herself the Countess de Lamothe-Valois. This woman inherited by an illegitimate descent the blood of the Valois kings; and she had the beauty, the ambition, and the artifice of that royal race. Having pushed her way by intrigue from the cottage hearth at which she had been cradled to the steps of that throne on which her ancestors had sat, she discerned at a glance the Cardinal's weak point, and resolved to turn it to account in advancing her own fortunes. At once pretending to Rohan that she had great interest with the Queen, she ere long convinced him that he was in a fair way of basking in the smiles of royalty.

Some years before the time when Cardinal Rohan became acquainted with the Countess Lamothe, Bœhmer, the court jeweller, had, from diamonds of enormous value, purchased in various parts of Europe, constructed a magnificent necklace, which he intended for the Queen. Being poor, Marie Antoinette repeatedly declined to buy this superb piece of jewellery, and Bœhmer, equally unsuccessful with other royal ladies, was in despair. One day, however, the Cardinal, entered the jeweller's shop, and exhibited a note just handed him by the Countess Lamothe, authorising the purchase

of the necklace, enclosing the first instalment of the amount at which the ornament was valued, and bearing the magic signature, "Marie Antoinette de France." Bœhmer, delighted to find a purchaser, settled the terms of payment, and, placing the diamond necklace in a casket, handed it to the Cardinal.

So far all went smoothly. But when some time had passed over, and another instalment became due, and the Queen remained silent about the payment, Bœhmer, worthy man, grew somewhat uneasy, and resolved to relieve his anxiety by mentioning the matter to a lady of the court. This lady hastened to Trianon, found the Queen trying on some theatrical costume, and repeated Bœhmer's story. Marie Antoinette, after listening, declared that she knew nothing of the transaction, that it was a base conspiracy against her honour, and that the parties concerned must be brought to trial.

Accordingly, two days later—it was August, 1785—Cardinal Rohan, while leaving the chapel of Versailles, was summoned to the royal cabinet, and ordered to clear up the mystery. Taken by surprise, the Cardinal stated that on getting possession of the necklace he learned that the Queen would receive it at Versailles; that, after some preliminaries, he had attended the Countess Lamothe thither at midnight; that a valet in the court livery was announced, and that to this official his fair friend delivered the precious casket. The Cardinal, moreover, expressed his belief that, on a

subsequent occasion, the Queen had granted him a nocturnal interview in a dark grove at Versailles, and stated that she had on that occasion presented him with her portrait and a rose, at once as tokens of her gratitude for his services, and pledges of the honours which her favour was to secure him.

On leaving the royal cabinet, after furnishing this account of the transaction, Cardinal Rohan was arrested. Experienced in intrigues, however, he retained his presence of mind, and, while waiting for the guards to conduct him to prison, he found time to write a few lines, and hand the slip of paper to his footman. This man, a Hungarian by birth, rode to his master's residence in Paris at so rapid a pace that his horse fell down dead; and he reached the hotel in time to warn a secretary to burn the Cardinal's private papers before search could be made. When the trial of the persons implicated in this affair of the diamond necklace came on, the interest excited was prodigious. The Queen's reputation was roughly handled, and all her imprudences were recalled to memory. Men told each other how, in the guise of a shepherdess, she had made a nocturnal expedition to Paris—how she had gone in stage-coaches to the theatre when her husband was sleeping soundly in bed—and how scenes had been enacted at Trianon which set decency at defiance. At the end of six months the trial was brought to a close, and the mystery solved. The letters, it appeared, were forgeries; the man to whom the casket was delivered

was no court valet, but a fellow-lodger of the Countess Lamothe; and the person with whom the Cardinal held an interview in the dark grove at Versailles turned out a woman picked from the streets of Paris, because her appearance strikingly resembled that of the Queen. Notwithstanding these explanations the populace held that Marie Antoinette was no stranger to the transaction, and the exposure was most damaging to the monarchy. "Attend to that wretched business of the necklace," Talleyrand, then a young ecclesiastic, wrote to a friend; "I should not feel surprised if it overturned the throne."

The aspect of affairs ere long became menacing. The harvest of 1788 was deficient; the people felt the want of bread; the cry was, "Down with the aristocrats!" and in May, 1789, the States-General, after an interval of seventy-five years, assembled at Versailles, and earnestly commenced the work of revolution. Events rolled on: a month after the death of the first Dauphin the Bastille was taken by an armed mob; and the princes of the blood, with the chief nobles, having sought safety in exile, the democracy of the capital had the government in their hands.

The King was still at Versailles; but the populace of Paris had for some time been anxious that he should reside among them. With the States-General at their feet they had an opportunity of realising their wish, and a fête given to some dragoons and the regiments of Flanders, in the theatre at Versailles, precipitated the

event. On that occasion, when the soldiers were quaffing champagne, and the band playing loyal airs, the King and the Queen, leading the Dauphin, entered the theatre of the palace. Their appearance was hailed with enthusiasm. The soldiers, clapping their hands, shouted, "God save the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin!" sneered scornfully at liberty, and cried, "Down with the tricoloured cockade!" At the same time white Bourbon cockades were distributed, and some revolutionary emblems were trodden under foot.

Never was manifestation of loyalty more ill-timed. The report of this extravagant scene at Versailles caused a fearful ferment in Paris, and one Sunday the whole city was in commotion. The Parisians were unanimous in their hostility to the court; and even the "Dames de la Halle," or market-women, who had hitherto been loyal to the throne, and proud of the privilege of sending deputations to the King on the birth of a Dauphin, deserted the royal cause, and abused the Queen in language which Billingsgate could not rival.

A disturbance was inevitable, and at length a signal was given for an attack on Versailles. A girl traversed the streets of Paris beating a drum, and shouting, "Bread! bread!" A crowd of women gathered round her, and the cry was, "To Versailles!" A motley assemblage soon filled the streets, but was kept in check for seven hours by M. Lafayette, who had formerly fought in the American War of Independence

by the side of George Washington, and who now figured as commander of the burgess-militia, enrolled under the name of the National Guard. On the 5th of October the mob reached Versailles. Lafayette, however, restored tranquillity, and the mischief was stayed for the day; but at dead of night some stragglers found the gratings of the palace open, and, after arousing their companions, entered. Resistance was vain. The guards on duty, however, struggled heroically, and several fell at their posts, exclaiming, "Save the Queen!" But the Parisians made their way to her apartment, and, finding that she had escaped, wreaked their fury on her bed.

The King, having found Marie Antoinette and her children unharmed, accompanied Lafayette to a balcony, and consented to go to Paris. The mob, however, demanded to see the Queen; and she appeared with the Dauphin and his sister, Madame Royal, a fair-haired girl of twelve. But the mob shouted, "No children!" and she, pushing them back, stood with her eyes raised to heaven, expecting immediate death. Her hour, however, was not yet come; and the multitude, overawed by her splendid courage and majestic bearing, involuntarily expressed their admiration.

After a hurried consultation with Lafayette the King once more appeared. "My friends," said Louis, "I will accompany you to Paris, with my wife and children. To the love of my subjects I will confide all that is most precious." This point having been settled,

the King and his family were placed in a carriage, at the side of which Lafayette rode on a white charger. The mob acted as escort. "We shall no longer want bread," bawled the fish-women, "for we have got the baker, and the baker's wife, and the baker's boy."

From the moment the King placed himself in the carriage to leave Versailles he was simply a prisoner in the hands of the Parisian populace, and no generosity for the fallen representatives of royalty glowed in the breasts of a democracy degraded by centuries of oppression. The progress towards Paris was disgraced by perpetual outrages and insults to the fallen; and it was not till after occupying six hours by the way, that the King, with the mob as escort, reached Paris in the evening, and found himself lodged in the Tuileries, which had long been uninhabited. "Everything is very ugly here, mamma," observed the Dauphin, as they entered the dismal apartments of the château, and remarked its faded tapestry and dilapidated furniture. "My dear," said the Queen, "Louis the Fourteenth lived here, and we must not be more fastidious than he was."

The presence of the King restored some degree of tranquillity to Paris, and the storm was stayed for a while. During this lull, a project of forming the boys of Paris into a company under the name of *Régiment du Dauphin* was conceived and proposed to the King. The citizens having defrayed the cost, two hundred boys were enrolled, and dressed in the

"Will you be the colonel of our regiment?" asked one of the juvenile soldiers. "Yes," replied the Dauphin.—p. 241.

uniform of the French Guards in miniature, including white gaiters and three-cornered hats. Going to wait upon the Dauphin they found him in the garden of the Tuileries, surrounded by several young noblemen. "Will you be the colonel of our regiment?" asked one of the juvenile soldiers. "Yes," replied the Dauphin; "for though I like my garden grenadiers very much, I would rather be at the head of living grenadiers." From that day the regiment frequently manœuvred in his presence; there was much emulation which should display most skill in the exercises; and these boy-soldiers, gradually increasing in number, took part in all ceremonies at which he appeared.

The King and his family were still supposed to be free. In the spring of 1791, however, the illusion was dissipated. When Holy Week approached, Louis, alleging the necessity for change of air, prepared to keep the festival at St. Cloud; and the populace, suspecting that an escape was meditated, assembled and prevented his departure. Lafayette, indeed, offered to employ force to enable the King to proceed; but Louis, rather than have his subjects slaughtered, decided upon giving up the journey. The Dauphin is said to have been much disappointed at this expedition being prevented. He was soon to experience more intolerable woes, for the court was now face to face with a revolution.

There was still some hope, however, of saving the monarchy to which the Dauphin was heir, for one

Frenchman existed who might have controlled the elements of disturbance, and stemmed the torrent of democracy. This was Mirabeau, whose family, which was of Etruscan origin, had settled on the rocky shores of Provence as early as the twelfth century, and held high rank amongst the noblest houses of France. Mirabeau himself was the eldest of eleven children of a Marquis who viewed his heir with unnatural detestation, and described him as "an ill-born child, ugly as the son of Satan." As a boy, however, this "ill-born child" had exhibited generous qualities, and one story is worth relating. At a rustic fête given by his father to the peasantry prizes were awarded to the best runners. Mirabeau took part in the pedestrian contest, and had the good luck to win a hat. Turning to another boy, whom he observed to be bareheaded, the young patrician presented that which he wore, saying at the same time, "There, take you that; I haven't got two heads."

Mirabeau was early placed in the army, and won distinction in Corsica. But his youth was disgraced by scandals too degrading to be narrated; and his adventures, his ill-fated marriage, his expatriations, his vagrant amours, his imprisonments, his humiliations, ruined the young noble's prospects. He lost reputation, and with it all sense of shame, and, having the power of the pen, he sometimes prostituted his faculties to disreputable purposes. At times his misfortunes caused him to revolt against the whole world; and he

became a strange compound of strength and weakness, of pride and meanness. An aristocrat by birth, he originally believed that a powerful aristocracy was the only body strong enough to prevent a monarchy becoming an oriential despotism. But, when his disorderly life deprived him of all consideration in the eyes of his own class, he excited in his favour the most remarkable popular enthusiasm, humbled to the dust the nobility of his native province, and, as the representative of the commons, took his seat in the States-General.

When first Mirabeau addressed the Assembly the irregularities that had brought disrepute upon his name caused a murmur; but he soon won celebrity, and acquired influence. He boldly urged the doctrine of popular supremacy, and exercised his power in the cause of democracy; but when affairs reached a crisis, he paused, became desirous at once of maintaining the throne, and retaining the useful reforms of the revolution, and produced among the deputies a reaction in favour of royalty. The court were glad to avail themselves of such an ally, and the Queen consented to grant Mirabeau an interview in the park of St. Cloud, where the court had obtained permission to reside. After a short conversation they parted, he saying with enthusiasm, "Madame, the monarchy is saved." After this scene he procured the rejection of a violent decree proposed against the emigrant princes and nobles. But this was his latest achievement. A victim to his excesses, he

closed his stormy career on the 2nd of April, 1791, and was buried at the Panthéon.

After Mirabeau's death, the King, perplexed in the extreme, resolved on attempting an escape, and communicated with the Marquis de Bouillé, who, though a royalist, had been entrusted by the Assembly with the command of the army on the frontier. A project was speedily devised, by which Louis should go to Montmedy, a fortress under Bouillé; and it was proposed that, to diminish the peril of flight, the Queen should set out first, carrying the Dauphin with her. But Marie Antoinette said, "No; if they wish to save us, it must be altogether." To those who were concerned her word was law, and preparations for flight were secretly made.

Count Fersen, a young Swedish nobleman, whom Marie Antoinette had inspired with a chivalrous devotion to her service came to Paris, and arranged the mode of escape. Understanding that Madame Korff, a Russian lady with two children, was on the eve of leaving the French capital, the Count procured a duplicate of her passport, and settled the whole project of escape. Madame Tourzel, the royal governess, undertook to personate the Russian lady, while the Dauphin and his sister, Madame Royal, were to travel as her two daughters, the Queen as governess, Madame Elizabeth as an attendant, and the King as valet.

The night of the 20th of June, 1791, was then fixed for the attempt; and the royal family having supped

together, retired to rest at the usual hour. About eleven o'clock, when everything was quiet in the Tuileries, the Dauphin was roused from his repose, and dressed as a little girl. The poor child was so heavy with sleep, that he could not comprehend what was passing, and, when Madame Royal asked what he thought they were going to do, he replied, with eyes half-opened, "I think we are going to play a comedy, for we are all disguised."

The Dauphin and his sister were then led to the apartment of the Queen, who took her children by the hand. The door was with much difficulty opened; and some delay occurring, one of the ladies, to keep the little Prince quiet, sat down on the top of the stairs, and supported his head on her knees. Marie Antoinette then led her children to a coach that had been prepared, made them and their governess enter, and to elude the vigilance of the guards ordered that it should be driven round the district, and then wait for her at the Petit Carrousel. The Dauphin, covered with a shawl, lay at the bottom, and began to comprehend their situation so clearly, that though Madame Elizabeth in getting in trod upon him, he had the prudence not to utter a word. Their position was still full of peril; but within an hour the King, and afterwards the Queen, who had almost been discovered, appeared, and they departed from the Tuileries. On reaching the barriers they changed carriages, and Count Fersen, who had driven them, hastened back, lest his absence should excite suspicion.

All now seemed promising. By break of day the royal fugitives reached Bondy; and from that place they went travelling onwards, eating their meals in the carriages, and talking with hope long unfelt. On stopping to change horses at St. Menehould, however, the King was recognised by a postmaster named Drouet; and this man, having communicated with the municipal authorities, decided upon following the royal carriage, and having its occupants arrested.

About midnight, on the 22nd of June, the King, all unconscious of this unfortunate occurrence, was driving through the town of Varennes, when suddenly the cry of "Halt!" was heard, and a number of armed men surrounding the carriage, seized the postilions. The tocsin then sounded; all Varennes was in motion; and the hapless fugitives were conducted to the procureur's house. There the Dauphin and his sister were so weary that they fell asleep. "Ah, Charles," whispered the Princess, when they were awakened, "you were mistaken; this is no comedy." "It is long," replied the Dauphin gravely, "since I perceived that."

Every hope of escape was at an end; a carriage was provided, and the King and his family were placed therein, to be conducted back to Paris as prisoners. The Queen, having lifted the Dauphin in her arms, carried him to the coach; and when they all got in, Barnave, a deputy, who had been sent from Paris to bring back the fugitives, took the Prince on his knee. "Are you not sorry to return?" he asked in a tone of

kindness. "Oh," replied the boy, "I'm glad to be anywhere with papa and mamma."

At seven o'clock on the evening of the 25th of June the King entered Paris. On reaching the Tuileries, an officer of the National Guard stepped forward to take possession of the Dauphin; but the King at once objected, and M. Hue, the King's valet, taking hold of the young Prince, carried him to his apartment. While he was being put to bed, two officers installed themselves in the chamber, and arrested the governess. "Tell me what all this is about," said the Dauphin to them; "we had no sooner got to Varennes than they sent us back again. How was that?"

The poor boy was long too excited to sleep. At length he fell into a feverish slumber, but appeared little refreshed on awaking next morning. "I have had such a fearful dream," said he, "in which I was surrounded by wolves, tigers, and other wild beasts, seeking to devour me."

The flight to Varennes caused some intermission in the lessons which the Dauphin received from the Abbé Davaux; and the Abbé, when resuming his duties, began his lesson in grammar by saying, "I recollect that your Royal Highness's last lesson was upon the three degrees of comparison—the positive, the comparative, and the superlative; but no doubt you have forgotten it." "You are quite mistaken," replied the Prince, "and I will prove it to you. The positive is when I say, My abbé is a good abbé; the comparative

when I say, My abbé is better than another abbé; the superlative," continued he, looking at the Queen, "is when I say, Mamma is the best and tenderest of mammas."

Some clever and beautiful sayings are recorded of the Dauphin at this period. One day, when he was in the gardens of the Tuileries, he saw a flight of swallows, and, following them with his eyes while walking along, he struck his foot against the root of a tree, and fell upon his two hands. Rising quickly, he anticipated the remonstrance of his governor by saying, with a laugh, "I am like the astrologer in the fable, who was so intent on reading the stars that he did not look before him, and fell into a well." Another day, when he was on the point of dashing through some rose-trees, Hue hastened to hold him back. "Monsieur," he exclaimed, "one of these might wound your face, or even destroy your eyesight." The Dauphin turned round and answered with decision, "Thorny paths lead to glory."

When Charles Louis had completed his seventh year, the age at which it was customary to place the heir to the crown under the charge of a governor, the King nominated a gentleman; but affairs took such a turn that he was never installed.

After the King's flight to Varennes the Parisians grew more infuriated against the Queen; and, at length, on the 20th of June, 1792, they, forming themselves into mobs, marched on the Tuileries, and entered the

palace clamouring for the Austrian's head. With yells, oaths, imprecations, they made their way to the King, forced him to put on the red cap, the symbol of liberty, and then pushed on to the council chamber, where the Queen and her children stood in the deep embrasure of a window, with the massive council table interposing as a barrier between their lives and the weapons of the infuriated populace. No personal injury, however, was attempted. One woman placed a red cap on the head of the Queen, and another of the mob said, "If you love the nation place the *bonnet rouge* on the head of your son." Marie Antoinette, taking the red cap in her hand, placed it on the Dauphin's head; and the boy smiled in anxious amaze. But an officer of the National Guard, perceiving that the heavy woollen covering was a load too heavy to be supported by so young a neck, caused it to be removed. The crowd, having heaped humiliations upon the royal family, dispersed, and tranquillity was for a brief season restored.

The storm, however, as the result proved, had by no means blown over. The King was warned that an attack would be made, and was strongly urged to escape while there was yet time. "No," said Louis, "it is as well to die here as suffer the fate of James the Second;" and he calmly abided the unequal contest. The inevitable hour arrived; and on the evening of the 9th of August, the royal family, informed of their danger, repaired to the council chamber, where the ministers and court had assembled to pass the night.

The Dauphin was taken to bed. "Mamma," said he, "why do you weep? I would rather not leave you this evening, every one is so sad." "Be easy, my child," said the King, "I shall be near you;" and the boy went.

A few hours passed away, and about midnight the sound of the tocsin, the firing of cannon, and the beating of drums, admonished the watchers that the dread hour was approaching. At dawn the danger drew nearer, and the Dauphin was aroused, dressed, and taken with his sister under the Queen's protection. Seeing that a catastrophe was impending, but not comprehending its cause, the boy expressed his perplexity, "Why," he asked, "should they harm my father?—he is so good."

The crisis was now such as would have taxed the genius and energy of Henry of Navarre. Louis the Sixteenth was incapable of dealing with such a state of affairs. However, the King knew that he had still stout hearts and strong hands devoted to his cause, and, entreated to make an effort to avert his fate, he took with him his wife and children, paraded the palace, and endeavoured to inspire his defenders with enthusiasm. These uttered loud applause, raised the Dauphin in their arms, and vowed to stand by the royal family to the last drop of their blood. But the shouts of a few loyal gentlemen were powerless to save a monarch against the voice of the nation, and scarcely was this exciting scene over when an enormous crowd filled the

square, shouting, "Deposition or death!" A municipal officer opened the door of the council chamber, to which the King and Queen had returned. "You hear what the people cry," said he, significantly; and the Procureur-general, who followed, added, "Resistance is impossible. There is no prospect of safety but in the middle of the Assembly, and there is not a moment to lose." The Queen prepared to go. "I will not expose my children to the knife," she said, pressing them to her heart.

Having resolved to place themselves under the protection of the Assembly the King gave his arm to Madame Elizabeth, the Queen led Madame Royal, while a grenadier carried the Dauphin in his arms. As they passed through the dense crowd "Death to the tyrant!" was shouted from all directions. Tears rolled down the Dauphin's cheeks. "Fear not, they will not harm you," said his bearer. "Not me, perhaps, but my father," said the boy. With this the grenadier raised the Dauphin above the crowd, and, exerting his strong elbows, forced a passage into the Assembly, and deposited his burden in safety. Left to himself, the boy was hastening to his mother. "Take him to the King!" cried a voice; "he belongs to the nation, and the Austrian is unworthy of our confidence." An officer stepped forward to obey; but the boy's resistance, and some expressions of sympathy from the gallery, caused him to desist.

Meanwhile, outside the Assembly the work of car-

nage and devastation was going forward. The spoils of the Tuileries were brought into the Assembly; men of ferocious aspect ever and anon rushed in, offering to take the King's life; and, in the midst of all this, the deposition of Louis the Sixteenth was pronounced. "By the flaring light of the candles placed upon their table," says Lamartine, "the members could see the young Dauphin, sleeping on the bosom of the Queen, while they were passing the decrees which deprived him of empire, liberty, and life." As the terrible day drew to a close, the King and his family were conducted to apartments hastily prepared for their reception in the upper floor of the old monastery of the Feuillants, and served with supper.

When his elder brother was taken from the evil to come, Charles Louis, along with the title of Dauphin, and a prospective crown, inherited what he could better appreciate, a very pretty little dog named Moufflet. One story is worth relating, as showing the peculiar affection with which Moufflet was regarded by its owner. The Dauphin having, on some occasion, been idle and inattentive at his lessons, the Queen thought proper to take from him this canine favourite, and shut it up in a dark closet. This was so sad a privation to poor Moufflet, that after whining, growling, and scratching at the door, he began to bark loudly. The Dauphin, unable to bear this, ran to the Queen's apartment. "Mamma," said he, "Moufflet is very unhappy; yet it is not he that has been naughty; so if you will let him

out I will go into his place, and stay as long as you please." His proposal was accepted; Moufflet was set at liberty, and the real culprit committed to the dark closet.

Moufflet had been the Dauphin's faithful companion at Versailles and the Tuileries, but when the royal family were leaving the latter palace the dog had been left behind. While at supper, in the cloister-like room of the monastery of the Feuillants, the Dauphin remembered his favourite, and asked after it with eagerness. No information could be obtained, and Moufflet was sought for in vain. The Prince was assured it would return some day, but expressed his belief that it had been trodden under foot by the mob. Indeed, he manifested his grief in such a way, that Madame Elizabeth gently chid him. "Console yourself, my dear child; for there are sorrows more cruel than the loss of a dog," said she, and "continue to love God, that He may preserve you from them."

The Princess might well speak despondingly of earthly affairs, and appeal for protection to the God of her ancestors, for on every side was the royal family beset with danger, and on all hands men were heard clamouring for the King's head. Through all that night tumult and massacre prevailed in Paris; and on the following day the Dauphin, hearing the drums begin to beat, threw himself into the Queen's arms, and muttered in accents of despair, "Oh, mamma, is yesterday not finished?"

The Assembly now looked around for some edifice which might at once serve for the residence and the prison of the royal family. There was in the north-east of Paris an antique pile, so surrounded with buildings as to be invisible from the adjoining streets. The place was called the Temple, and derived its name from those military knights who had settled there about the twelfth century. Among the shapeless mass of buildings arose a high, square tower, flanked with turrets; and this was the place appointed by the Commune as the prison of the royal family. Hue, the King's valet, was, at the request of Louis, appointed one of their attendants; and, on the evening of the 13th of August, the royal captives were conveyed to the Temple. The poor Dauphin's clothes had all been lost in the sack of the Tuileries; and his wardrobe was in so pitiable a condition, that Lady Sunderland, wife of the English ambassador, sent some of the clothes belonging to her son of the same age.

The King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame Royal, made the best of their altered circumstances; and such was the precocious perception of the Dauphin that he never offended their feelings by seeming to regret or pine for the scenes of happier days. The King's greatest consolation was the education of his son, to whom he regularly gave lessons in French, Latin, history, and geography. At mid-day they were permitted to walk in the gardens under surveillance; and then the Dauphin had the privilege of

playing at quoits, foot-ball, and other games. They were, indeed, harshly treated. The King was under the necessity of surrendering his sword, and when they descended and passed the wicket the door-keepers insulted the Princesses by puffing tobacco in their faces. The National Guards impeded their way, hailing every puff with coarse laughter, and indulging in the rudest jests. Even the gardeners took part in trampling on the fallen. One man threatened to strike off the Queen's head with a tool he held in his hand; and every wall was covered with insults to "the Austrian she-wolf and her cubs." Scarcely one spark of generosity glowed in the heart of that degraded democracy.

On the 26th of August it was notified that Clery, the person who had been accustomed to wait on the Prince, would be allowed to return to his duty, and on that day he was introduced into the Temple. An incident less agreeable soon followed. At the massacre of the 2nd of September Hue was arrested and removed from the Temple. After being a fortnight in the dungeons of the commune Hue was restored to liberty, but without being allowed to return to the Temple.

Events of national importance now followed each other in rapid succession. On the afternoon of the 21st of September a trumpet sounded in front of the tower, and an officer, within hearing of the captives, read a proclamation to the effect that the Convention had formally abolished royalty and proclaimed a re-

public. About a week later commissioners came, and after reading a decree, ordering the separation of the King from his family, conducted him to the great tower. At the same time a demagogic mason, who was in the habit of sauntering about the Temple, and thought the Dauphin treated him with too little respect, said, "Dost thou not know that liberty has made us free, and that we are all equals?" "Equal, if you please," answered the Dauphin; "but it is not in this place you will persuade me that liberty has made us free."

During a severe illness, which at this time overtook the King, the Dauphin was attacked by a hooping-cough and an alarming fever. The Queen tended him by day, and caught the infection, and the malady soon extended to the Princesses. Hardly was the Dauphin restored to health when Clery fell ill, and the boy, scarcely leaving the attendant's sick-bed, manifested the kindest and tenderest feelings.

One evening, when Clery was somewhat recovered, and had put the Dauphin to bed, he retired to make way for the Queen and Princesses, who came to wish the youthful captive good night. Madame Elizabeth, prevented by the vigilance of the officers from addressing Clery, put into her nephew's hand a little box of lozenges, which she charged him to give to the faithful valet. When Clery returned somewhat later, thinking the Prince asleep, the boy called him in a low tone of voice. Clery, fearing he was indisposed, asked what had happened. "My aunt gave me this box for you,"

said the Dauphin, "and I would not go to sleep till I had given it you. I am glad you are come, for my eyes have shut several times." Clery's eyes filled with tears; and the Dauphin, perceiving his emotion, embraced him, and in a minute or two was fast asleep.

The King was still permitted to associate and take his meals with his family; but he felt that he was in the power of those who knew no mercy, and that his days were numbered. Seeing a mason making a hole to admit some large bolts at the door of his antechamber, Louis, taking the hammer and chisel, began to handle them with that mechanical skill for which he was celebrated. "When you leave this place," remarked the mason, "You will be able to say that you worked at your own prison." "Ah!" exclaimed the King with a sigh, "but when and how shall I leave it?" The Dauphin, who had been amusing himself with the tools, was so affected with the words, that he threw himsel into the King's arms and wept bitterly. How and when the ill-fated Bourbon was to leave the Temple, soon appeared.

It happened, that on the morning of the 11th of December, after the King had, according to custom, breakfasted with his family, the Dauphin pressed him to play a game at nine-pins. The boy, as it happened, never could get beyond sixteen. "I lose every time I have this number," exclaimed he in a tone of annoyance. The King was moved, for he knew that the number was considered most unlucky; and, having

finished the game, he went somewhat sadly to give his son the daily lessons. While the lessons were proceeding, municipal officers came to seek the Dauphin, and take him to his mother. "What is the reason of this removal?" demanded the King. "We are executing the orders of the Commune," was the conclusive reply; and the father and son having embraced, the Dauphin was taken to the Queen.

Soon after this scene intelligence reached the prisoners in the Temple that the King had been taken to the National Assembly, and the Queen indulged in no delusions as to the fate that awaited him. When informed that her husband had been brought back to the Temple, Marie Antoinette demanded to see him; but she was denied this satisfaction. In a few days, however, she was informed that Louis was to be tried at the bar of the National Convention. The news was more than his daughter, Madame Royal, could bear, and she was prostrated with illness.

The discussions on the King's trial had commenced on the 13th of November, and the principal charges against him arose out of papers found in an iron chest at the Tuileries, which revealed the intrigues of the Court against the Revolution, and the arrangements with Mirabeau and Bouillé. Other documents, found in the offices of the Civil List, were used to show that Louis had encouraged the movements in his favour throughout Europe. As King, however, the Constitution had declared him inviolable and moreover, he, being

deposed, could not, but in defiance of law, be condemned for acts anterior to his deposition. A majority of the Assembly, nevertheless, insisted; and Louis appeared before the members without challenging their jurisdiction. Although well-nigh crushed by adversity, he bore himself with a courage not unworthy of his name. His answers were touching, precise, and generally triumphant. But the judges being blind with passion, the King was declared guilty; and an appeal to the people having been refused, he was condemned to die.

Before being led to execution, Louis entreated that his family might be allowed to depart in peace from France. This was refused; but the King was, by a decree, permitted to see those who were so dear to him. It was the evening of the 20th of January, 1793—the last which he was to spend on earth. Followed by Madame Royal and Madame Elizabeth, and leading her son by the hand, Marie Antoinette presented herself in the King's apartment. Upon their entrance the Dauphin placed himself between his father's knees, and a mournful silence reigned for some minutes. After conversing for an hour, the King made them promise never to think of avenging his death; and, raising the Dauphin on his knee, made him hold up his little hand to heaven, and swear to obey the injunction. When this interview, which was heartrending in the extreme, came to an end, the King, promising to see his family next morning, bade them adieu; and they, with sobs

and groans, and piercing cries, returned to their chambers.

Louis that night slept calmly; and when he awoke, the Abbé Edgeworth, a priest whose ministrations he had requested during his last hours, was present to administer the consolations of religion. The King, having heard mass and taken the sacrament, alluded to a final interview with the Queen. Being exhorted by the Abbé not to put her to a trial under which she must sink, he said, "You are right, sir, it would kill her." However, he intrusted to Clery a seal for the Dauphin, a ring for the Queen, a favourite dog for his daughter, and a little packet, in which was inclosed the hair of every member of his family. "I charge you," said he, in broken accents, "to convey to them my last farewell.' Shortly after the dawn of day, the roll of drums was heard in the Tower, and the Commandant of the National Guard having arrived, the King went forth to execution. The morning was gloomy, for the night had been cold and rainy, and the city was wrapped in fog. The Abbé Edgeworth attended Louis to the scaffold. The King ascended with a firm step, and received the priest's benediction. He then allowed his hands to be tied; and, turning to the multitude, said, "I die innocent. I forgive my foes; and for you, oh wretched people ——!" But at this point his voice was drowned by the beating of drums, and the executioners seized him. "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" said the Abbé; and in an instant the King, in his thirty-ninth year, ceased to live.

While the King was being led to execution the misery of the royal captives in the Temple was extreme. The Queen's heart was wrung with agony; and the Dauphin, rushing to the guards, clasped their hands, clung to their knees, and cried in piteous accents, "Let me pass, gentlemen; let me pass." "Where to?" asked they. "To speak to the people, that they may not kill my father." As hours passed, and the clock struck ten, a discharge of guns, and a loud shout from without, proclaimed that all was over. "The monsters!" exclaimed Madame Elizabeth, "they are satisfied now;" and Madame Royal uttered a piercing shriek. The Queen, bending her head upon her bosom, looked the picture of despair; and the Dauphin, taking his mother's hand, bathed it with his tears, and tried to console her.

All that day, while salvos of artillery proclaimed to the suburbs of Paris that royalty had perished, and bands of armed men traversed the city, announcing the tyrant's death, the prisoners of the Temple remained in anguish and dismay. When, next morning, Marie Antoinette embraced the Dauphin, she said, "My son, we must turn our thoughts to Heaven;" and when, for the first time, her children were clad in mourning, the royal widow said, "My poor children! with you it is only for a short time, but with me it is for ever."

Misfortune had now ennobled the royal cause, and many were the chivalrous spirits that burned to set the captives free. The judicial murder of Louis caused

kings and loyalists, lovers of justice, and lovers of order to coalesce. The Count of Provence, who had assumed the title of Regent, acknowledged his captive nephew as Louis the Seventeenth of France; though—having no palace, no throne, no crown—the heir of St. Louis and Henry of Navarre was never recognised as King, save in the tents of the emigrant nobility, and beneath the thatched roofs of the peasantry of La Vendée. A project of escape was, indeed, formed, by which the captives were to have been conveyed to England; but this was frustrated, long ere matured, by Tison, a morose old man, formerly a clerk at the Barriers, who, having been placed in the Temple as a spy, and far from indifferent to what was passing, apprised the Council that a conspiracy was on foot.

Matters had reached this point when a slight incident led to the rumour that Marie Antoinette treated her boy as a king, and paid him each morning formal homage. The truth was, that when Charles Louis took his place at table, it was necessary to give the child a chair much higher than the others, and furnished with a cushion. Finding this one day occupied by a municipal, and aware that the man's temper was coarse, the Queen seated the little King on a chair of ordinary height. Tison entering, and perceiving that thus seated the boy could not reach his plate, requested the municipal to move; but the latter gruffly refused. "I never," he growled, "saw either chair or table given to prisoners before."

It had long been proposed to separate the young King from his family, that he might lose all thoughts of his rank; and in the spring of 1793, when the story of the high chair was in every mouth, and when there were so many plots and rumours of plots, the Committee of Public Safety decreed that "the son of Capet" be taken from his mother, and committed to the charge of a tutor. Accordingly, late one night—it was the 3rd of July—when the boy was calmly sleeping in his bed, and Madame Royal was reading to the Queen, and Madame Elizabeth was mending clothes, the tread of feet sounded on the staircase, and six municipals, turning the bolts of the door, entered the room. "We are come," said they, "to acquaint you that the son of Capet is to be separated from his mother and family." The Queen grew pale, rose to her feet, and slightly tottered from the suddenness of the shock. "Take my child from me?" she exclaimed. "No, no! it is impossible. I can never resign myself to such a separation. In Heaven's name lay not this terrible trial upon me." "What need of so much disturbance?" asked the municipals. "We are not going to kill the child. Give him up with a good grace, or we must use means to take him."

As the municipals approached the bed to execute this threat the young King awoke, and, apprehensive of their intentions, clung to his mother. "Mamma," he cried, "do not leave me." The Queen, encircling his slender form, clung to the bed-post. "Let us not fight

with women," muttered a municipal, "but call up the guard." Seeing that resistance was vain, the ladies yielded, and dressed the boy. "My child," said the Queen at parting, as with an effort she laid her hand on his shoulder, "we are about to part. Remember your duty. Never forget the good God who tries your faith, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, and straightforward, and your father will bless you from heaven." She then kissed his forehead and surrendered him. "Don't trouble yourself any more about him," said the municipals, as, after some heartless remarks, they were leaving the room. "The nation, always great and generous, will provide for his education." How the nation proved its greatness and generosity we shall by and by learn.

Among the people who, in one or other capacity, frequented the Temple, was a cobbler named Simon. This man, who was a *protégé* of Marat, notorious during the Revolution as the avowed apostle of murder, had been distinguished by a peculiar insolence towards Louis the Sixteenth, and was deemed a fitting instrument to brutalise his heir. Simon was one of the commissioners of the Commune, and had all the jailers and turnkeys of the Temple under his orders. He always spoke of the royal captives with bitter hatred, and once said, "If the executioner does n't behead this accursed family I will."

On being delivered into the hands of this ferocious cobbler, Charles Louis was seized with terror, and remained long crying in a corner of the room. Next morn-

ing when Simon's helpmate arrived, one of the duties assigned to the young King was to clean this woman's shoes. As yet, however, the boy would not submit to his fate. For two days he could not be made to eat anything but a morsel of bread; but at the end of that time he dried his tears, and seemed to resign himself, but would not speak. Simon presented him with a Jew's harp, saying, "Your she-wolf of a mother plays on the piano, doesn't she? Well, you must accompany her. What a row that will make!" The boy, stung to the quick with the mockery, pushed the Jew's harp away, and Simon beat him. "You are stronger than I am, but you have no right to beat me," said the Prince. "I will do just what I please," answered Simon.

And the democratic cobbler kept his word. Every success of the emigrant princes and their Austrian allies brought the Prince fresh blows and insults. "Wolf-cub!" said Simon, "you are half an Austrian, and therefore deserve to be half-murdered."

The boy's spirit was speedily crushed; he cleaned the shoes of Simon's wife, and did whatever he was told. One thing, for long, he would not do—he would not wear the red cap. At last, his hair having been cut off, he yielded, and the cap was put on. The Queen more than once had a glimpse of him in her walks, and the sight must have dispelled all delusions from her mind. The object of the demagogues who then ruled France was too clear. Simon was not to

kill or poison the Prince; he was to degrade and get rid of him as the "young wolf" of the throne.

While Simon was brutalising the young King, Marie Antoinette was removed from the Temple. After being immured for more than two months in the Conciergerie of the Palace of Justice, the Queen was tried and beheaded on the same day. Six months later, Madame Elizabeth, at the age of twenty-nine, suffered on the scaffold with forty companions, who all kissed her hand before giving their necks to the executioner.

After the Queen and Madame Elizabeth had left the Temple, Madame Royal remained utterly ignorant of their fate. The Princess, whom nature had endowed with much beauty—waving tresses of fair hair, delicate features, and a face of majestic beauty—was left in solitude and in rags. Her spirit, however, sustained her in the midst of doubt and dread, and she occupied herself with engraving on the window-sill of her prison—

> "Oh, my father! watch over me from heaven;
> Oh, my God! pardon the murderers of my father!'

While without consolation, save so much of heaven's light as found its way through the bars of her prison windows, Madame Royal was allowed occasionally to visit her brother. His appearance and conversation lacerated her feelings and doubled all her sorrows.

Simon, in fact, had executed his task with wonderful fidelity. The royal boy had been taught obscene songs, and scandalously forced to sign against his mother a deposition, the horrid nature of which he

did not comprehend. He was kept in a dungeon swept only once a-month, and served at certain hours with a morsel of dried meat in an earthen porringer. At night Simon slept on a truckle-bed near the Prince, and without scruple used to call the child up at all hours. "Here I am, citizen," the boy would say, as he came shivering with cold. "Come and let me touch you," Simon would exclaim; and when the captive heir of kings approached, his brutal cobbler would kick the boy with all his might, stretch him on the ground, and cry out savagely, "Now go to bed, you young wolf!"

Matters, after coming to the worst with this most hapless of kings, naturally began to improve. In the summer of 1794 Simon resigned, or was deprived of his office; and when Robespierre's career of crime was terminated, the Convention, having heard that the Prince was in a dangerous state of health, sent a deputation to ascertain his condition. The Commissioners, on presenting themselves at the Temple, were shown into a little dungeon, with hardly any furniture but an earthen stove, which communicated with the next room, in which there was a bed. At a small square table, dressed in a sailor's jacket of slate-coloured cloth, sat a bareheaded boy of ten, amusing himself with paper cards, some of which were bent into the shape of boxes, while others were piled into the form of castles. His body was deformed by confinement, harsh usage, want of exercise, and wallowing in his

horrible dungeon. His bust was short, his chest contracted, his arms long and slender, his shoulders high and narrow, his legs small and weak. The head alone, beautiful in all its details, with white skin, and long curling flaxen hair, indicated the solitary captive as the son of Marie Antoinette.

The Commissioners approached the orphan boy, and begged him to talk to the doctor. He did not answer, however, and the movements of his visitors seemed to make no impression. "I have the honour, sir," said one of the Commissioners, "to ask you if you wish for a dog, a horse, some birds, or one or two companions of your own age?" "Would you," asked another, "like to go down to the gardens, or up on the towers?" He did not reply, but regarded the questioners with a look of astonishment. They were told that since the day when he became aware that the Commissioners of the Commune had obtained from his ignorance infamous depositions against his mother, he had resolved never to speak again, for fear that he should be taken advantage of. They asked him to rise, which he did; but he walked with difficulty, and after a few steps sunk into his chair, and rested his elbows on the table.

The Commissioners, moved with compassion, gave instructions that the captive King should be more humanely treated, and sent a man, named Gonin, to take care of him. Gonin, whose heart was good, passed hours in the boy's company — acted towards him with the kindness of a father—allowed

him a light in the evening—took him into a saloon on the first floor, and encouraged him to walk in the garden that he might recover the use of his legs.

When the winter passed, a new keeper, named Lasne, made his appearance, and devoted himself with earnestness to improve the royal invalid's condition. It was, however, now too late to save him. The tortured limbs, the dull complexion, the sunk eye, the melancholy smile, the wasting and colourless cheek, told too clearly that the boy was dying as rapidly as his enemies could wish, and in May, 1795, Gonin and Lasne deemed it their duty to inform the government that "little Capet was unwell." No notice being taken of the information, they next intimated that he was "dangerously ill—that it was feared he would not live." This message had some effect; and, after a delay of three days, M. Desault, a physician, was appointed to attend and visit the prisoner.

Desault, a medical man of eminence, appeared at the Temple, examined "little Capet," and on leaving the patient, said he was attacked by the same scrofulous disease that had carried off his elder brother. He added, however, with emphasis, that the disease of which the captive was dying was exhaustion, and recommended an immediate removal to the country. To this proposal the Committee paid no attention, and Charles Louis became worse. Would it not be well to make the child walk in the garden?" asked Gonin, one day.

"How can you," said Desault, "when every movement gives him pain?"

Desault could do little under the circumstances, for change of air he declared to be the only remedy, and it appeared that a removal of his patient to rural regions was considered out of the question. His last visit took place on the 30th of May. "The child will die—won't he?" said a commissary on the occasion. "I fear so," said Desault; and then added, significantly, "but there may be many persons in the world who hope so." It is remarkable that next day Desault was a corpse.

After the death of M. Desault other medical men were, for form's sake, sent to the expiring Prince; but their efforts proved futile; in fact, the condition of the patient was now hopeless. He had enormous tumours on his knees and wrists, and so tender had his feet become that it was with difficulty he was dragged to the tower. When the keepers carried him thither, as at last they were obliged to do, he amused himself with watching the sparrows that came to drink from a little basin which, in the course of centuries, the rain had hollowed out in the battlement.

When the captive King's end drew nigh, he was, by order of the physicians, removed to a more comfortable room, and a nurse was recommended. She never appeared, however; and Hue, who, hearing of the boy's critical state, implored the Committee to allow him to wait upon the son of his beheaded master, was foiled in

his merciful design. The invalid, nevertheless, grew somewhat better. "Well, you are not suffering so much now," said Gonin, one day. "Not so much," said the boy, as a tear rolled down his cheek. "What is the matter?" asked Gonin, kindly. "Always alone," said the invalid. "My dear mother remains in the other tower."

At length, when the morning of the 9th of June arrived, the physicians visited their patient at eleven o'clock, and found the symptoms most alarming. On their leaving, Gonin sat down by the bedside of the dying Prince. "How unhappy I am to see you suffering so much," he remarked. "Take comfort," said the boy, casting an agonising glance on the keeper, "I shall not always suffer so." Gonin leant forward, and the boy taking his hand, kissed it gratefully, and then remained mute and motionless, with his eyes raised to heaven. "I hope you are not in pain just now," said Gonin. "Ah, yes," he replied, "I am still in pain; but not so much: the music is so beautiful." There being no music, Gonin asked, "From what direction do you hear it?" "From above; listen—listen—do you not hear it?" After a few minutes' rapt attention, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "From all the voices I have distinguished that of my mother." For a few moments he appeared to suffer no more; but the bright gleam left his countenance, he crossed his arms, and his eye wandered confusedly to the window. Gonin inquired what interested him. He looked, but made no reply.

About this time Lasne appeared to relieve Gonin, and took his place by the bedside. "Do you think my sister would hear the music?" asked the dying Prince with interest. Lasne's heart was too full to answer, and the boy once more glanced anxiously at the window. "I have something to tell you," said he, with a joyous exclamation. Lasne bent towards him, and took his hand. The captive rested himself on his keeper's shoulder, as if about to speak. No words came, however, and Lasne placed his hand on the boy's heart. It had ceased to beat. The spirit of Louis the Seventeenth had passed away without a struggle; and about mid-day, on the 9th of June, 1795, news of the young Prince's death was spread over the French capital. At the same time the doors of the Temple were thrown open, that any one who wished might see that "the son of Capet" lived no longer.

The fate of the youthful Princess was less melancholy. She was not, indeed, permitted to see her brother during his illness, nor after his death. When that event occurred, however, and public sympathy was loudly expressed on her behalf, the Convention, doubtless deeming there was nothing to apprehend from a Bourbon of her sex, consented to an exchange for some prisoners in Austria. She had been kept in ignorance of the fate of her family; and when informed of the truth, and the whole truth, she wrung her hands, and exclaimed, "It is finished!" It might be that the despair was less intolerable than the suspense had been.

Having been conducted at midnight to the outskirts of the Boulevards, the daughter of Louis the Sixteenth was received by her former under-governess, and taken to Vienna. The Emperor proposed to unite her in marriage to his brother; but, in compliance with her father's last will, she gave her hand to her cousin, the eldest son of Charles the Tenth; and, as Duchess of Angoulême, she subsequently figured so heroically during that eventful crisis known as the Hundred Days, and during the monarchy of the Restoration, that Buonaparte characterised her "as the only man of her race."

Meanwhile Louis the Seventeenth, who had entered the Temple full of health, and life, and grace, to leave it a wasted and deformed corpse, was buried with decent solemnity. His emaciated remains were laid in the churchyard of the parish of St. Margaret, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in a small grassy enclosure adjoining the church; but no kind of monument was raised to mark the place of sepulture; and search has since been instituted in vain for the grave in which was laid the heir of thirty-three kings of France.